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Drama

11:45

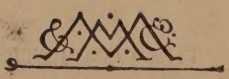
Describe and illustrate profusely the relation of Coleridge to the romantic movement in content and in form. — Chas. T. Phelps —

Julia Byrd Smith,

Kathleen B. Hollingsworth

Duncan College

January 8, 1929



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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

EDITED

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
AUTHORITIES CITED IN THE INTRODUCTION	vi
PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTION	xi
POEMS	1
DRAMATIC WORKS	211
EPIGRAMS, FRAGMENTS, ETC.	443
ADAPTATIONS	471
APPENDICES	475
NOTES	561
INDEX TO THE POEMS, ETC.	655
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	661

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3. Biographia Literaria [etc.] By S. T. Coleridge. Second edition, prepared for publication in part by the late H. N. Coleridge: completed and published by his widow. 2 vols. 1847.
4. Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge [Mrs. H. N. Coleridge]. Edited by her daughter. 2 vols. 1873.
5. Memorials of Coleorton: being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott, to Sir George and Lady Beaumont of Coleorton, Leicestershire, 1803-1834. Edited by William Knight, University of St. Andrews. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1887.
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19. The Life of William Wordsworth. By William Knight, LL.D. 3 vols. 1889.

PREFACE

THE present edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works is founded on that published in 1829, as being the last upon which he was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834, which has been followed in all subsequent collective editions, 'was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of his earliest editor, H. N. Coleridge.'[1] I have therefore taken the edition of 1829 as the standard for text; and to the poems comprised in it[2] I have added (*a*) all those dropped by Coleridge from the various collections issued in his lifetime; (*b*) all those hitherto added by his editors, from whatever source; (*c*) a number already in print which had escaped their notice; and (*d*) a further considerable number of poems and fragments, some of them important—such as *The Three Graves*, Parts I. and II.—and all of them interesting, which, hitherto, have remained in manuscript. The pieces composing the last category are here printed by arrangement with the poet's grandson and representative, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.[3]

Among the APPENDICES will be found the original versions of several poems which underwent much alteration before taking their place in the final edition, and which in their earliest form possess an independent interest—sometimes personal, as in the case of the two pieces addressed to Wordsworth (*Dejection*, and *Lines to a Gentleman*); sometimes artistic, as in the case of *The Ancient Mariner*, and others. In the same department

[1] Mrs. H. N. Coleridge in Preface to the one-volume edition of 1852. See 'APPENDIX K,' XVI. p. 557, and the first foot-note on that page.

[2] See 'APPENDIX K,' XIII. p. 553 for list of 'Contents.'

[3] Poems and Fragments now first printed, or first collected, are distinguished by an asterisk (*) in the 'INDEX TO FIRST LINES' (pp. 661-667).

are placed the full text of OSORIO (the first draft of REMORSE), included in no former edition of Coleridge's Works; the full text of the Greek ode with which he gained the Browne Medal in 1792, hitherto unknown; other compositions which did not seem to demand a more prominent position; and, finally, a collection of 'Titles, Prefaces, Contents, etc.' ('APPENDIX K'), which will, I hope, serve all the purposes of a more formal bibliography.

That no reader of the poems may be unnecessarily or unwillingly disturbed, the editor's 'NOTES' have been placed at the end of the volume. Some readers, he fears, may share his own opinion that they are too voluminous, but it is hoped that, on the whole, they may be found useful, not only to the student of the poems, but to those who wish to study more closely the poet's life. Few of his verses, and few of the alterations he made in them from time to time, are without some bearing on his loves, or friendships, or adventures; and this I have endeavoured to bring out as far as my limited knowledge could serve.

As regards the arrangement of the poems, it is in the main chronological. In 1828 and 1829, Coleridge made a kind of classification under the headings, 'Juvenile Poems,' 'Poems occasioned by Political Events,' 'Love Poems,' etc., but it was of the roughest and least consistent description. Had I felt any scruples in departing from it, they would have been dispersed by the following deliverance of the poet on the subject, which shows, both by its date and its phrasing, that in the edition of 1834 the old classification was adhered to in opposition to his own better judgment:—

'After all you [H. N. Coleridge] can say, I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.' (*Table Talk*, Jan. 1, 1834.)

A principle could hardly be stated more uncompromisingly, or more authoritatively, but, in practice, it is rarely wise to apply anything of the kind quite rigidly. For convenience sake, the DRAMATIC WORKS have been placed by themselves, apart from the POEMS; and, for reasons explained in the 'Notes,' a few allied poems have been grouped; but these departures from the settled order have been so rare as to be hardly worthy of mention. I cannot, of course, pretend to complete success in the attempt to fix

the dates of all the poems, but no pains have been spared in the endeavour; and in all doubtful cases a '?' has been attached to the dates conjecturally assigned. I think, however, that in the great majority of instances the true years have been ascertained.

As regards the INTRODUCTION, I believe I shall be readily excused for making it, not an estimate of Coleridge as a poet, but a plain narrative of the events of his life. Explanations have been offered when such seemed necessary or desirable, but comment, especially moralising, has been studiously avoided. I readily and gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness, in varying measure, to all the biographical sketches which have hitherto appeared. If I venture to claim for my own a position to some small extent independent, it is because, for its compilation, all the old material has been carefully sifted, and much of it corrected from sadly misused original documents; while I have been privileged to make use of a large quantity of important material which is either absolutely new, or which was unavailable to my predecessors. Coleridge's biography may be looked for in due time from the hands of his grandson, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, who has been engaged for some time past on its preparation; but I believe that in the narrative I have compiled there is enough that is new, not only as regards the facts, but in the order in which old and new are presented, to render it worthy of the attention of any who may be willing to reconsider their estimate of its subject. Such readers, of course, will not be satisfied with this necessarily meagre outline, and it is primarily for their convenience that the pages have been encumbered, somewhat unduly perhaps, with citations of authorities. The general reader will be pleased to ignore all the foot-notes in the INTRODUCTION to which the figures 1, 2, 3, etc., are attached, giving attention only to those bearing the signs *, †, etc.

In the NOTES I have found frequent opportunity of offering my sincere thanks for help rendered in the preparation of this work; to name all those to whom I am indebted for kind services, were I able to make the list complete, would be tedious; but I cannot conclude without special acknowledgment of the unwearied kindness and generosity of my friend Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, to whom all that is worthy in the editorial part of this volume owes more than I can adequately express. For nothing am I under greater obligation to him than for permission to use as freely as I have done, and with so much advantage, the *Letters from the Lake Poets*, which he edited and annotated for the daughters of their recipient, the late

Mr. Daniel Stuart of the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*. The volume was prepared and printed exclusively for private circulation, and the copyright of the contents is vested in Mr. Coleridge.

Portraits of Coleridge are numerous. To my mind, in none does he look very like a poet except in that which has been selected to form the frontispiece to the present volume. It has been reproduced directly from the original, now in the National Portrait Gallery. This belonged to Cottle, and was admirably engraved in his *Early Recollections*, where he thus writes of it: 'This portrait of Mr. Coleridge was taken in oils by a Mr. [Peter] Vandyke (a descendant of the great Vandyke). He was invited over from Holland by the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, to assist him in his portraits, particularly in the drapery department; in which capacity he remained with him many years. Mr. Vandyke afterwards settled in Bristol, and obtained great and just celebrity for his likenesses. His portrait of Mr. Coleridge did him great credit, as a better likeness was never taken; and it has the additional advantage of exhibiting Mr. C. in one of his animated conversations, the expression of which the painter has in good degree preserved.' Hancock's portrait of the following year has been more frequently engraved, and is therefore more familiar. Cottle says it 'was much admired at the time, and has an additional interest from having been drawn when Mr. C.'s spirits were in a state of depression, on account of the failure of the *Watchman*.'

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

St. Leonards-on-Sea,
March 23, 1893.

INTRODUCTION

I. Childhood—Christ's Hospital

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at the Vicarage of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on the 21st October 1772. His father was the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of the Parish, and Chaplain-Priest and Master of its Free Grammar School (commonly called the 'King's School'), founded by Henry VIII. His mother was the Vicar's second wife, and her maiden name was Anne Bowdon. By his first wife, Mary Lendon, the Vicar had three daughters, who were all alive in 1797; and by his second, nine sons (of whom Samuel Taylor was the youngest) and one daughter. The poet's paternal grandfather, who had been 'a considerable woollen trader in Southmolton,' fell into poor circumstances when his son was about sixteen (1735), and John was then supported at school by a friend of the family. When, in 1748,[1] he matriculated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, he was already married, and on leaving the University, without a degree, he settled as a schoolmaster at Southampton, where his wife died. Having remarried, in 1760 he removed to Ottery St. Mary, having in that year obtained both the living and the mastership of the school. At that time, besides a son who died in infancy, there were two children of his second marriage—John who died in 1786, a captain H.E.I.C.S., and William who died in 1780, both unmarried. In 1760 was born James, who entered the army and married one of the co-heiresses of Robert Duke, of Otterton, Esquire. James's eldest son became Sir John Taylor Coleridge (better known as 'Mr. Justice Coleridge'), the father of the present Lord Chief Justice. James's third son was Henry Nelson Coleridge, who married his cousin Sara, the poet's only daughter. The Vicar's next two sons, Edward and George, both took orders. The latter succeeded (though not immediately) to the Grammar School, and to the private boarding-school which his father had carried on. The seventh son, Luke Herman, became a surgeon, but died at an early age, in 1790, leaving but one child, a son, who became in 1824 the first Bishop of Barbadoes. Next came Ann ('Nancy'), whose early death, coming soon after that of Luke, deeply affected the young poet.[2] The eighth son was Francis

[1] When about 29 years of age, not '20' as stated by S. T. C. in his letter to Poole, *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 314.

[2] See *On receiving an Account that his only Sister's Death was inevitable*, and the poem next following, p. 13. See also *To a Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry*, p. 69. 'Nancy' died in her twenty-fifth, not in her twenty-first year, as misprinted in 'Note 22.'

Syndercombe, who died in 1792, a lieutenant H.E.I.C.S. The ninth son, and latest born of the Vicar's thirteen children, was the poet, baptized 'Samuel Taylor,' after one of his godfathers. Of all the thirteen there are now alive descendants of but three—James, Luke, and Samuel Taylor. Those of James are numerous; of Luke there are a grandson and great-grandson; and of the poet, a grandson with his four children, and a grand-daughter.

The Vicar is said to have been an amiable, simple-minded, and somewhat eccentric scholar, sound in Greek and Latin, and profound in Hebrew. Many stories of his absent-mindedness were told in the neighbourhood,[1] some of them probably true. His famous son thus describes him to Poole: 'In learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, he was a perfect Parson Adams.'[2] He printed several books[3] by subscription. In *A Critical Latin Grammar*, he proposed (among other innovations) to substitute for the vulgar names of the cases ('for which antiquity pleads in opposition to reason') 'prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective, and quale-quare-quidditive.'

The Vicar's wife was fortunately of a more practical turn than himself. She was, comparatively, an uneducated woman, and unemotional; but was an admirable wife, mother, and housekeeper; and although she disliked 'your harpsichord ladies,' determined to make gentlemen of her sons—an ambition in which their father was deficient.

Our knowledge of Coleridge's childhood is derived entirely from his letters to Poole written in 1797.[4] He describes himself as a precocious and imaginative child, never mixing with other boys. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school, where he remained till he was six. 'My father was very fond of me, and I was my mother's darling; in consequence whereof, I was very miserable. For Molly, who had nursed my brother Francis, and was immoderately fond of him, hated me because my mother took more notice of me than of Frank; and Frank hated me because my mother gave me now and then a bit of cake when he had none'—Frank enjoying many tit-bits from Molly, who had only 'thumps and ill-names' for 'Sam,' which through life was the family abbreviation of his name. 'So I became fretful and timorous, and a tell-tale; and the schoolboys drove me

[1] See Gillman's *Life of S. T. C.* chap. i., and De Quincey in his *Works* (1863), ii. 70.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 315.

[3] (I.) *Miscellaneous Dissertations* arising from the 17th and 18th chapters of the book of Judges, 1768. 8vo, pp. 275.

(II.) *A Critical Latin Grammar*, containing clear and distinct rules for boys just initiated; and Notes explanatory of almost every antiquity and obscurity in the Language, for youth somewhat advanced in Latin learning. 1772. 12mo, pp. xiv.; 161.

(III.) Also, 'For the use of Schools,' price 2s. bound, *Sententiæ Excerptæ*, explaining the Rules of Grammar, and the various signification of all the Prepositions, etc.

(IV.) *Government not originally proceeding from Human Agency, but Divine Institution*, shewn in a Sermon preached at Ottery St. Mary, Devon, December 13, 1776, on the Fast Day, appointed by reason of our much-to-be-lamented American War, and published at the request of the hearers. By John Coleridge, Vicar of and Schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary, Devon. London: printed for the Author, 1777. 4to, pp. 15.

To No. I. is appended a long school prospectus, setting forth the method of teaching, etc., and to No. II. an advertisement referring to the prospectus. From these we learn that the Vicar took about twenty boys, who paid two guineas entrance-fee, and sixteen guineas a year for board and the teaching of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. 'A Writing Master attends, for those who chuse it, at sixteen shillings per year; and a Dancing Master (at present *Mr. Louis* of *Exeter*) once a week, at two guineas per year.'

[4] 'Biog. Supplement' to *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 315 *et seq.*

from play and were always tormenting me. And hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly.' He read all the children's books he could find—*Jack the Giant-Killer*, and the like. 'And I used to lie by the wall and mope; and my spirits used to come upon me sudden, and in a flood; and I then was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard and act over again all I had been reading, to the docks and the nettles and the rank grass. At six years of age, I remember to have read *Belisarius*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Philip Quarll*; and then I found the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, one tale of which (the tale of a man who was compelled to seek for a pure virgin) made so deep an impression on me . . . that I was haunted by spectres whenever I was in the dark; and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it, I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask and read.[1] My father found out the effect which these books had produced, and burned them. So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity. I was fretful and inordinately passionate; . . . despised and hated by the boys . . . flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And before I was eight years old I was *a character*.' 'That which I began to be from three to six, I continued to be from six to nine.' 'In this year (1778) I was admitted into the Grammar School, and soon outstripped all of my age.' About this time the child had a fever. His 'nightly prayer' was the old rhyme, beginning 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,' and 'frequently have I (half-awake and half-asleep, my body diseased, and fevered by imagination) seen armies of ugly things bursting in upon me, and then four angels ["Four good angels round me spread"] keeping them off.' And so the child went on, living by himself in a fairy world of nursery rhymes, and Arabian Nights, 'cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the Seven Champions of Christendom.' 'Alas! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child.' Happily, wandering in Fairy Land is one of the habits of most children, but in Coleridge's case the usual correctives were wanting. One childish adventure is worth recalling, as it is not improbable that its effects on his constitution were never entirely got rid of. One evening, fearing punishment for a somewhat serious fault, he ran away, not stopping until he was a mile from home. Both rage and fear passed off, but he felt 'a gloomy satisfaction in making his mother miserable,' and determined not to go home. He fell asleep, and in his slumber rolled down to the unfenced bank of the Otter. The night had become stormy, and he awoke about five o'clock, wet, and so cold and stiff that he could not move. The Sir Stafford Northcote of the period, who, with many of the neighbours, had been searching all night for the lost child, found him, and he was carried home. 'I was put to bed,' he says, 'and recovered in a day or so. But I was certainly injured; for I was weakly and subject to ague for many years after.'

It was apparently when Coleridge was about eight that his future career was marked out for him. 'My father,' he writes, 'who had so little parental ambition in him, that but for my mother's pride and spirit, he would certainly have brought up his other sons to trades, had nevertheless resolved that I should be a parson.' On his father's knee and in their walks together, the child learnt the names of the stars and something of the wonders of the heavens. 'I heard him' (remembered Coleridge) 'with a profound delight and admiration, but without the least mixture

[1] See this reminiscence repeated, with some others, in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 251 *et seq.*

of wonder or incredulity. For, from my early reading of fairy tales and about genii, and the like, my mind had been habituated to the Vast; and I never regarded my senses in any way as the *criteria* of my belief. I regulated all my creeds by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age.'

The few glimpses of his childhood afforded by the poems[1] are invariably pleasant, and he seems to have been petted, not only by his parents, but by his brother George, whom he describes as his 'earliest friend.'[2] All this, or the best of it, came to an end when the boy had hardly completed his ninth year. His father died suddenly on the 4th October 1781, and his place, both as vicar and as schoolmaster, was taken by a Mr. Warren, with whom Coleridge remained as a day-scholar until the following April, when a presentation to Christ's Hospital was obtained for him from a Mr. John Way, but through the interest of Mr. Francis Buller (afterwards the famous judge), who had been a pupil of the Vicar. Thus 'too soon transplanted, ere his soul had fixed its first domestic loves,' Coleridge entered the great school on the 18th July 1782, an intervening period of about ten weeks having been spent in London with his mother's brother, Mr. John Bowdon, who had a shop in Threadneedle Street. This affectionate but injudicious uncle, he relates, 'used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house, and tavern to tavern, where I drank, and talked, and disputed as if I had been a man.'

After six weeks of the Junior School at Hertford—'where I was very happy on the whole, for I had plenty to eat and drink'—he was removed, in September, to the great London school, being placed in the second, or 'Jeffries' Ward, and in the Under Grammar School. Christ's Hospital, he says, then contained about seven hundred boys, about one-third being the sons of clergymen. The school and the Coleridge of those days have been described for all time in Lamb's *Essays*—'Recollections of Christ's Hospital' (1813), and 'Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago' (1820). The former is a serious historical account of the Foundation and its advantages; the latter presents the reverse of the medal, the side which impressed itself most vividly on the Blue-coat boys of the essayist's time. Although Lamb was Coleridge's junior by a little more than two years, he entered Christ's Hospital a few months earlier. His parents lived close at hand, and Coleridge was the 'poor friendless boy' for whom he speaks:

'My parents and those who should care for me were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. . . . One after another they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. . . . How in my dreams would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!'

'Calne,' of course, is only Lamb's device for concealing his friend's identity. His words about the boy's dreams are but a reflection of Coleridge's own lines in *Frost at Midnight* (ll. 23-43, pp. 126, 127). It is the same poem which contains the remarkable prophecy how his beloved Hartley should wander like a breeze by lakes and mountains, unlike his father, who was

[1] *Sonnet to the River Otter* (p. 23); *Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village* (p. 24); *Frost at Midnight* (p. 126), etc.; *Lines composed in a Concert-Room* (p. 148).

[2] *To the Rev. George Coleridge* (p. 81). See also *Monody on a Tea-Kettle* (p. 12); *A Mathematical Problem* (p. 13); and the 'Note' to the Greek Prize Ode (p. 653).

reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars

—sky and stars seen from the roof of Christ's Hospital, as we learn through Wordsworth—

Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,
Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile.[1]

A long exile it proved, for it seems probable that the boy did not return to Ottery until the summer of 1789. But Coleridge's school-days were not a monotony of weeping and day-dreaming. Such, in some measure, they may have been, perhaps, at first; but the clouds broke. He was full of 'natural gladness,' and possessed in an extraordinary degree the invaluable faculty of making friends. He had for such not only Lamb, but the two Le Grices and Bob Allen, and a little host beside; for protector and encourager, Middleton (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta); and as a tolerable substitute for a home, the house of Mrs. Evans, the mother of Mary and other daughters. Boyer (whose floggings did his pupil no serious harm that we know of) took a paternal headmaster's interest in him, and brought him up in the way a good scholar, and even a good poet, should go; so that Coleridge, whose talents were quite as great as his genius, took the best honours the school afforded, and this in spite of his persistent waywardness. In his sixth year as a scholar, which was the sixteenth of his life, he entered the ranks of the 'Grecians'—the small band selected by the headmaster for special training under his own birch for the University Exhibitions of the school,[2] one of which he gained in due time.

But there were interruptions. When about fifteen Coleridge took a fancy to be apprenticed to a friendly cobbler in the neighbourhood of the school, and induced the cobbler to make formal application to Boyer. This was more than Boyer could stand, and he drove the astonished applicant from his sanctum, with assault and battery. Coleridge himself seems to have escaped unhurt from the *mêlée*. Soon after this his brother Luke came up to walk the London Hospital, and Coleridge thought of nothing but how he too might become a doctor—read all the medical and surgical books he could procure, went round the hospital wards with Luke, and thought it bliss if he were permitted to hold a plaster. 'Briefly' (he says) 'it was a wild dream, which gradually blending with, gradually gave way to, a rage for metaphysics, occasioned by the essays on "Liberty" and "Necessity" in *Cato's Letters*,[3] and more by theology. After I had read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* I sported infidel! but my infidel vanity never touched my heart.'[4] Boyer took his

[1] *Prelude*, Book VI. Cf. Coleridge's *Sonnet to the River Otter* (p. 23), *Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village* (p. 24), and *Frost at Midnight* (p. 126).

[2] See Lamb's account of the group—'seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order'—in *Recoll. of Ch. Hospital*.

[3] By John Trenchard and Thomas Gordon. 4 vols. 12mo, 1755.

[4] Gillman's *Life*, p. 23.

'short way,' and reconverted his pupil by means of a sound flogging—the only 'just one,' Coleridge was pleased in after-life to say, he ever received from his master. This was doubtless but a fond and passing conceit, for elsewhere he blesses the floggings which saved him from being emasculated into a 'juvenile prodigy.' Yet prodigy he must have been, if his own and Lamb's reminiscences are to be accepted—accepted even with a substantial grain of salt; how he read straight through a whole circulating library, of which he was made free by a singular incident (his account of which is needlessly romantic); and how he invaded the murky caves of the third-century Neo-Platonists[1] with his boyish rush-light.

Truth there must be, and even something of fact, however, in Lamb's famous passage—'Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy!*'[2]

We hear nothing of games, but Coleridge enjoyed bathing excursions in the summer holidays. Once, as he told Gillman, he swam across the New River in his clothes, and let them dry on his back, with the consequence, apparently, that 'full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever.'[3] Coleridge was doubtless rendered the more susceptible by the effects of his runaway adventure eight years before. If the tradition that *Genevieve* was addressed to the daughter of his school 'nurse,' the attachment may have been formed during this illness—

> When sinking low the sufferer wan
> Beholds no hand outstfetcht to save,
> . . . . .
> I've seen thy breast with pity heave,
> And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

He has dated the poem '*æt.* 14,' and the illness '17-18,' but Coleridge was never sure of his own age, and such figures are, as a rule, untrustworthy. According, however, to his own statement[4] he was about sixteen (1788) when he made the acquaintance of the Evans family—a connection destined to exercise an important influence on his career.

About this time he became acquainted with a widow lady, 'whose son,'[5] says he, 'I, as upper boy, had protected, and who therefore looked up to me, and taught me what it was to have a mother. I loved her as such. She had three daughters, and, of course, I fell in love with the eldest [Mary]. From this time to

[1] Presumably by way of Thomas Taylor's translations (which he once described as 'difficult Greek transmuted into incomprehensible English'), though he unblushingly asserts (*Biog. Lit.* i. 249) that he had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics before his fifteenth year!

[2] 'Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago,' in *Essays of Elia*.

[3] Gillman's *Life*, p. 33.

[4] Gillman's *Life*, p. 28.

[5] Afterwards a fellow-clerk with Lamb in the India House.

my nineteenth year, when I quitted school for Jesus, Cambridge, was the era of poetry and love.' In 1822 he said in a letter to Allsop[1]: 'And oh! from sixteen to nineteen what hours of paradise had Allen and I in escorting the Miss Evanses home on a Saturday, who were then at a milliner's, . . . and we used to carry thither, on a summer morning, the pillage of the flower-gardens within six miles of town with sonnet or love-rhyme wrapped round the nosegay.'

The latter reminiscence reflects more accurately than the former the earlier relations between Coleridge and the Evans sisters. Of the letters he wrote to the family from Cambridge—which doubtless were numerous—five have been preserved,[2] the latest being dated 'Feb. 10, 1793.' They are all strictly family letters,[3] such as a son and brother would write, and are addressed indifferently to Mrs. Evans, Anne, and Mary. The only exception noticeable is that it is to Mary he addresses all his rhymes.[4] But there have been preserved also two letters addressed to Mary towards the end of 1794, in one of which Coleridge first declares himself her lover, a passion which he says he has 'for four years endeavoured to smother.' These letters will receive notice in their proper place—here it is enough to show that in all probability Coleridge was fancy-free until the end of 1790. As Mrs. Evans was as a mother or an aunt, so were her daughters as his sisters or cousins. Unless we are to believe implicitly the date and occasion of *Genevieve*, it is clear that 'Poetry' (or, at all events, verse) preceded 'Love' in Coleridge's development, for the contributions to Boyer's album[5] begin with 1787; and the dates attached to these are the only ones which can be depended on. But it was not until the end of 1789 that the poetical faculty in Coleridge was quickened. The school exercises were regarded by him strictly as such, and at this particular period poetry had become 'insipid,'[6] and everything but metaphysics distasteful.

From 'this preposterous pursuit' he was 'auspiciously withdrawn,' first by 'an accidental introduction to an amiable family' (Evanses); next, and 'chiefly,' by another accidental introduction—to the poetry of Bowles. 'I had just entered on my seventeenth year [October 1789] when the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles,[7] twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me.'[8] The donor was his friend Middleton, who had left Christ's Hospital for Cambridge a year before. These mild sonnets stirred Coleridge. 'My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I laboured to make proselytes. . . . As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made within less than a year and a half more than forty transcriptions' as presents for friends. One cannot help regretting that the inspiration did not come more directly from Cowper or Burns, or from both; but I confess my inability to join in the expression of amused wonder which has so often greeted Coleridge's acknowledgments of his obligation to Bowles. Had he first met with Cowper, or with Burns, doubtless Coleridge would have been less strongly impressed by Bowles—certainly less strongly impressed by his novelty

[1] *Letters*, etc., 1864, p. 170.

[2] Now in the Fonthill Collection. See 'Note 31,' p. 565.

[3] He seems to have been called 'Brother Coly' by the Evanses.

[4] *A Wish*, the two poems which follow it, and the *Complaint of Ninathóma*, pp. 19, 20.

[5] The book into which the headmaster of Christ's caused his boys to transcribe their best exercises. See 'Note 3,' p. 561.

[6] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 16.

[7] Probably the second edition, which contained twenty-one sonnets. The first was anonymous: *Fourteen Sonnets, Elegiac and Descriptive, written during a Tour.* Bath, MDCCLXXXIX. Quarto.

[8] *Biog. Lit.* i. 13.

or originality; perhaps (but only perhaps) less influenced by his work as a whole. As a matter of fact, however, it happened that the first breath of Nature, unsophisticated by the classical tradition, came to Coleridge from Bowles's sonnets; and he recognised it at once. Nor was he alone in this. Four years after, the same sonnets captivated Wordsworth. He first met with them as he was starting on a walk, and kept his brother waiting on Westminster Bridge until, seated in one of its recesses, he had read through the little quarto. Of course, much that Coleridge and Wordsworth saw in Bowles's sonnets cannot now be seen; but surely, even to eyes looking across the century, they exhibit qualities, both positive and comparative, which explain sufficiently the influence they exercised.

How this influence affected Coleridge is set forth in the opening chapters of the *Biographia*, and is best illustrated by the youthful poems of 1790 and following years, which can now be read in something which approximates to chronological order. In one of the earliest, the *Monody on Chatterton* (1790), he passed beyond his master, but the new influence pervades others of the same year. The old leaven was not purged all at once, and throughout there is discernible more of the besetting weakness of the new, as represented by the model, and less of the individuality it helped to emancipate, than we could have wished or expected.

II. Cambridge

On the 12th January 1791 the Committee of Almoners of Christ's Hospital appointed Coleridge to an Exhibition at Jesus College, Cambridge, on the books of which he was entered as a sizar on the 5th February. His 'discharge' from the school is dated September 7th, 1791, and he went into residence at Jesus in the following month. He became a pensioner on November 5, and matriculated on March 26, 1792. The Official 'List of [C.H.] University Exhibitioners' states that Coleridge 'was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, as the prospect of his preferment to the Church would be very favourable if he were preferred to that College.' His Exhibition from the Hospital (besides the usual allowance of £40) was fixed at £40 per annum for the first four years, and £30 for each of the three remaining years of the then usual period of C.H. Exhibition tenure. Mr. Leslie Stephen states,[1] on official authority, that Coleridge obtained one of the Rustat scholarships belonging to Jesus which are confined to the sons of clergymen. 'He received something from this source in his first term, and about £25 for each of the years 1792-94. He became also a Foundation scholar on 5th June 1794.'

There is no certainty that Coleridge's London school-life was ever broken by holiday visits to his old home. A letter to his mother of 1785 suggests a bare possibility that he went to Ottery in 1784; if we are to accept the family date of 1789 given to *Life* (p. 7), and that of 1790 to *Inside the Coach* and *Devonshire Roads* (p. 10), he must have spent some of the holidays of these years at Ottery. But these family dates seem little to be depended on. There is, however, no reasonable doubt that Coleridge went home in 1791, between school and college, or that *Happiness* was written at Ottery in that year. In some cancelled lines of that doleful poem he drew an unflattering portrait of himself, confessing to 'a heavy eye' and a 'fat vacuity of face.'[2]

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography*; Art. 'S. T. Coleridge.'
[2] See 'Note 29,' p. 564.

Of his University career we know little. On entering, he found Middleton at Pembroke College, and to this old school 'patron and protector' he probably owed the stimulus which made him an industrious student for the first year or two. He certainly began well, for in his first year (1792) he gained the Browne Gold Medal for a Sapphic Ode on the Slave Trade;[1] and in the winter of the same year he was selected by Porson as one of a 'short leet' of four (out of seventeen or eighteen) to compete for the Craven Scholarship. This was gained by Samuel Butler, afterwards headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield; but as Coleridge's failure has been reported to have depressed his spirits and injuriously affected his future, it may be mentioned that this view receives no confirmation from his letter to Mrs. Evans, written immediately after the award.

Unfortunately Middleton took his degree and left Cambridge in 1792,[2] and there seems to have been no one to take his place as a steadying influence. In a letter to the Evanses of February 14, 1792, Coleridge speaks of a wine-party he attended, at which 'three or four freshmen were most deplorably drunk.' On the way home two of them fell into the gutter, and one who was being assisted 'generously stuttered out' a request that his friend might be saved as he (the speaker) 'could swim.' Another, written a year later, describes himself as 'general' of a party of six undergraduates who 'sallied forth to the apothecary's house with the fixed determination to thrash him for having performed so speedy a cure' on Newton, their mathematical tutor, who had been half-drowned in a duck-pond a week before. The same letter announces that he is taking lessons on the violin in self-defence against fiddling and fluting neighbours. It also contains this passage—'Have you read Mr. Fox's letter to the Westminster Electors? It is quite the *political Go* at Cambridge, and has converted many souls to the Foxite Faith.' Coleridge himself had already been converted to a political faith far in advance of Fox. C. V. le Grice[3] describes Coleridge's rooms at this time as crowded by friends who came to hear their host declaim, and repeat 'whole passages verbatim' from the political pamphlets which then swarmed from the press. The rooms were also a centre for the sympathisers with William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus, who in May 1793 was tried in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for having too freely expressed liberal views in politics, and Unitarian opinions in religion. Coleridge made himself dangerously conspicuous at the trial. In October of that year Christopher Wordsworth entered at Trinity (of which he was afterwards Master), and speedily became acquainted with Coleridge.[4] In November they joined with some other undergraduates in forming a Literary Society. On the 5th the two discussed a review in the current *Monthly* of the poems of Christopher's brother William, when Coleridge spoke of the esteem in 'which my brother was holden by a Society at Exeter.[5] . . . Coleridge talked Greek, Max. Tyrius, he told us,[6] and spouted out of Bowles.' On the 7th he repeated his *Lines on an Autumnal Evening* (p. 24) and had them criticised. On the 13th the Society met for the first time at Wordsworth's rooms. 'Time before supper was spent in hearing Coleridge repeat some original poetry (he having neglected to write his essay, which is therefore to be produced next week).'

But there is no record of that essay having ever been read, and it is probable that

[1] See 'Appendix B,' p. 476, and 'Note 248,' p. 653.

[2] Failing to obtain a coveted Fellowship, which was withheld on account of his 'republicanism.'

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1834. He had come up, a year after Coleridge, with a C.H. Exhibition to Trinity.

[4] See 'Note 41,' p. 567.

[5] See an allusion to such a Society in *Biog. Lit.* i. 19.

[6] As the youthful Samuel Johnson had astonished his friends with Macrobius.

before the Society's next meeting Coleridge had left Cambridge. Of the immediate causes of his flight nothing positive is known. Gillman[1] attributes it to debts incurred for the furnishing of his college rooms; Coleridge himself[2] to his debts generally, denying passionately that (as had been believed by his family) they had been incurred disreputably; Cottle[3] quotes Coleridge as having told him he ran away in a fit of disgust arising from Mary Evans's rejection of his addresses. It is not improbable that debts and disappointed love combined to drive him out of his course. Debts, however contracted, were evidently weighing on him at the time. The *naïf* appeal *To Fortune*[4] seems to point to an attempt to retrieve his position by means of a lottery ticket. In one of his accounts of the adventure Coleridge speaks of having spent only a couple of days in London, in another he gives himself a week.[5] The latter is probably the correct version, for he may have come up to await the lottery drawing, and, having drawn a blank, he apparently could not face a return to Cambridge. On the 2nd December 1793 he enlisted under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbach, in the 15th, or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. Two days later he was inspected, attested, and sworn at Reading, the headquarters of the regiment. His Majesty's military needs must have been urgent at this time, for Comberbach was one of the few Englishmen of any degree who could truthfully confess to having had all his life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses. Of course, the dragoonship was a sorry farce. He could not stick on his horse; he could not even clean it, or the accoutrements. But he could charm his comrades into taking these latter duties off his hands by writing their love-letters, telling them stories, and nursing them when they were sick. In a little more than two months Coleridge, feeling that he had had enough of it, revealed his whereabouts to certain of his old cronies who were still at Christ's, and they in turn confided the intelligence to another—Tuckett, by name—who had gone up to Cambridge. About the same time the dragoon summoned courage to write to his favourite brother George, and, after some confidential correspondence with him, a properly humble and dutiful letter was concocted, and addressed, on February 20, 1794, by Samuel to the head of the family, his brother Captain James Coleridge.[6] His discharge was procured, but not until the 10th of April. The many romantic stories afloat as to the circumstances of Coleridge's release have little, if any, foundation. Miss Mitford's Captain Ogle may have rendered some kindly assistance, but the caged bird himself took the initiative, and the business of uncaging him, no doubt a troublesome one, was carried through by his brothers.

No time was lost by the prodigal son in returning to his Alma Mater—for according to Jesus College Register it was on the 12th April that he was admonished by the Master in the presence of the Fellows. No further notice of the escapade seems to have been taken by the College authorities, nor any report made to those at Christ's Hospital, so that Coleridge got off very cheaply. Before the middle of June, and in company with J. Hucks (who afterwards became a Fellow of Catherine Hall), Coleridge went to Oxford on a visit, which was prolonged to three weeks, to his old schoolfellow Allen, who had gone up two years before to University College with a C.H. Exhibition. One of Allen's friends was Robert Southey of Balliol, who thus wrote to Grosvenor Bedford on June 12th: 'Allen is with us

[1] *Life*, p. 42.

[2] *Ib.* p. 64.

[3] *Early Recoll.* ii. 54; and *Rem.* p. 279.

[4] Page 27; see also 'Note 42,' p. 567. This probably was the poem Stuart tells us Coleridge sold about this time to the *Morning Chronicle* for a guinea.

[5] Gillman's *Life*, pp. 57 and 64.

[6] See the letter (or part of it), in Brandl's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 65, where it was first printed.

daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit, -of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours.'[1] It was then that Pantisocracy was hatched. Southey gave his account of the matter to Cottle in a letter dated March 5th, 1836: 'In the summer of 1794 S. T. Coleridge and Hucks came to Oxford on their way into Wales for a pedestrian tour. Then Allen introduced them to me, and the scheme was talked of, but not by any means determined on. It was talked into shape by Burnett and myself, when, upon the commencement of the long vacation, we separated from them, they making for Gloucester, he and I proceeding on foot to Bath. After some weeks S. T. C., returning from his tour, came to Bristol on his way and slept there. Then it was that we resolved upon going to America, and S. T. C. and I walked into Somersetshire to see Burnett, and on that journey it was that he first saw Poole.* He made his engagement with Miss [Sarah] Fricker on our return from this journey at my mother's house in Bath, not a little to my astonishment, because he had talked of being deeply in love with a certain Mary Evans. I had previously been engaged to my poor Edith [Fricker]. . . . He remained at Bristol till the close of the vacation -several weeks. During that time it was that we talked of America. The funds were to be what each could raise—S. T. C. by the *Specimens of the Modern Latin Poets*,[2] for which he had printed proposals, and obtained a respectable list of Cambridge subscribers before I knew him; I, by *Joan of Arc*, and what else I might publish. I had no . . . other expectation. We hoped to find companions with money.'[3]

As far as regards himself, individually, Southey's rapid sketch needs little filling in. He omits to record the joint composition of *The Fall of Robespierre*, the history of which will be found in 'Note 228,' p. 646; and to describe 'Pantisocracy.' The most complete account of the scheme is to be found in a letter written by Thomas Poole a few weeks after it had been explained to him by Southey and Coleridge[4]—'Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles are to embark with twelve ladies in April next,' fixing themselves in some 'delightful part of the new back settlements' of America. The labour of each man, for two or three hours a day, it was imagined, would suffice to support the colony. The produce was

* See the account of this visit in *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs. H. Sandford, 1888, i. chap. vi. To Poole, 'Coldridge' appeared to 'possess splendid abilities.' 'He speaks with much elegance and energy, and with uncommon facility, but he . . . feels the justice of Providence in the want of those inferior abilities which are necessary to the rational discharge of the common duties of life. His aberrations from prudence, to use his own expression, have been great; but he now promises to be as sober and rational as his most sober friends could wish. In religion, he is a Unitarian, if not a Deist; in politicks a Democrat, to the utmost extent of the word.' Southey appeared 'more violent in his principles than even Coldridge himself. . . . In religion . . . I fear he wavers between Deism and Atheism.' Poole's nephew John, who was present, wrote in his Diary for the 18th August: 'Each of them was shamefully hot with Democratic rage as regards politics, and both Infidel as to religion.'

[1] *Life and Corr. of R. S.* i. 210. About this time Coleridge was advertising his projected *Imitations from Modern Latin Poets*. See 'Note 44,' p. 568.

[2] See 'Note 44,' p. 568.

[3] The letter is printed in Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 402-407, but very inaccurately. I quote from the original now in the Fonthill collection. Cottle has falsified the second sentence of the above extract, printing it thus: 'Allen introduced them to me, and the scheme of *Pantisocracy* was introduced *by them*; talked of, by no means determined on.' (The italics are Cottle's.) There are many other garblings, but this is the most important.

[4] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 96-99.

to be common property, there was to be a good library, and the ample leisure was to be devoted to study, discussion, and to the education of the children on a settled system. The women were to be employed in taking care of the infant children and in other suitable occupations, not neglecting the cultivation of their minds. Among other matters not yet determined was 'whether the marriage contract shall be dissolved, if agreeable to one or both parties.' Every one was 'to enjoy his own religious and political opinions, provided they do not encroach on the rules previously made.' 'They calculate that every gentleman providing £125 will be sufficient to carry the scheme into execution.'[1]

Coleridge's Welsh tour was minutely and not uninterestingly described by his companion Hucks;[2] and Coleridge himself wrote a brief account of a part of it in a letter to a friend at Jesus.[3] The letter contains a remarkable passage regarding Mary Evans. As Coleridge and Hucks were standing at the window of the inn at Wrexham (July 13th or 14th) Mary and one of her sisters passed. '"Mary," he exclaimed, "*quam afflictum et perdite amabam*, yea, even to anguish!" They both started, and gave a short cry, almost a shriek. I sickened, and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. Had I appeared to recognise her, my fortitude would not have supported me.

> 'Vivit, sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita
> Ah! dolor! alternis carâ a cervice pependit.
> Vos male fida valete accensa insomnia mentis
> Littora amata, valete! vale, ah! formosa Maria.

'. . . God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn from thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life. . . . But love is a local anguish: I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable.'

This relation makes it clear that the even flow of brother-and-sisterly affection between Coleridge and Mary Evans had been disturbed, and imparts some colour to the theory that disappointed love had had more or less to do with the flight from Cambridge eight months before. It explains, though it hardly justifies, the readiness with which Coleridge, to Southey's natural surprise, engaged himself, a few weeks afterwards, to Sarah Fricker. Under this hasty engagement he quitted Bristol for London about the end of August, there endeavoured unsuccessfully to find a publisher for *The Fall of Robespierre*, and saw much of an old schoolfellow, who recommended the Susquehanna as suitable for the Pantisocrats' purpose—'from its excessive beauty, and its security from hostile Indians and bisons.' 'Literary characters,' he said, 'make money there,' and 'the mosquitoes are not so bad as our gnats.' Writing to Southey from Cambridge, a fortnight later, he declares that he is evolving a scheme of Pantisocracy which shall have 'the *tactitian* excellence of the mathematician with the enthusiasm of the poet.' In the largest possible letters

[1] A less detailed account was written, August 24, 1794, to Mr. C. Heath of Monmouth, by Coleridge himself. It was printed in the *Monthly Repository* for October 1834. The previous number contains two highly interesting letters from Coleridge written to Benj. Flower in 1796.

[2] *A Pedestrian Tour through North Wales, in a Series of Letters.* By J. Hucks, B.A. London: printed for J. Debrett, 1795, 12mo, pp. 160. It was on this tour that Coleridge wrote the *Lines at the King's Arms*, *Ross*, and *On Bala Hill*, p. 33.

[3] H. Martin, to whom *The Fall of Robespierre* was dedicated, and afterwards a clergyman in Dorsetshire. The letter was first printed in the *New Monthly Mag.* for August 1836; and again in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 338, but somewhat inaccurately.

he adds, 'Shad goes with us: he is my Brother!'—'Shad' being the man-of-all-work of Southey's rich aunt, who a month later turned Southey out of her house on a wet night on hearing of his projected marriage and of Pantisocracy, vowing never to see his face again. If Coleridge gave any attention to his duties and privileges as an undergraduate at this period, it must have been intermittent. On the 24th October, Pantisocracy overflowed into, if it did not suggest, a serio-comic *Monologue to a Young Jackass in Jesus Piece*,[1] which he afterwards toned down and sent to the *Morning Chronicle*.[2] In November he lost a friend (a son of the Vicar of Ottery), and mourned over him in an elegy. It contains lines bewailing his own condition—lines ever memorable, though rather as a prophecy than as an expression of the passing mood which prompted them.[3]

But there was another and a principal cause of distraction and agitation of which nothing has hitherto been known. It is revealed in the two letters to Mary Evans before mentioned. The sight of her in July had stirred his heart; but out of sight was out of mind, and believing there was a vacuum he incontinently filled it—as he thought, honestly enough, no doubt—with love for Sarah Fricker. Again, out of sight was out of mind, and he learned that there had been no vacuum to be filled. On the 21st October the lines, *To my own Heart*,[4] were wrung from his despair of any fruition of the old love.

This very despair provoked a final attempt to fan an answering spark should such remain; or, in default, to learn beyond all doubt that none survived. This attempt was made by a letter to Mary Evans which, though undated, must have been written some time in December. It opens thus abruptly: 'Too long has my heart been the torture-house of suspense. After infinite struggles of irresolution, I will at least dare to request of you, Mary! that you will communicate to me whether or no you are engaged to Mr. ——— [*sic in orig.*] I conjure you not to consider this request as presumptuous indelicacy. Upon mine honour I have made it with no other design or expectation than that of arming my fortitude by total hopelessness. Read this letter with benevolence, and consign it to oblivion. For four years I have *endeavoured* to smother a very ardent attachment—in what degree I have succeeded, you must know better than I can. . . . At first I voluntarily invited the recollection [of her virtues and graces] into my mind. I made them the perpetual object of my reveries. . . . At length it became a habit. I awoke from the delusion and found that I had unwittingly husbanded a passion which I felt neither the power nor the courage to subdue. . . . I saw that you regarded me merely with the kindness of a sister. What expectations *could* I form? I formed no expectations. I was ever resolving to subdue the disquieting passion: still some inexplicable suggestion palsied my efforts, and I clung with desperate fondness to this Phantom of Love, its mysterious attractions, and hopeless prospects. It was a faint and rayless hope![5] Yet it soothed my solitude with many a delightful day-dream. It was a faint and rayless hope! yet I nursed it in my bosom with an agony of affection, even as a mother her sickly infant. . . . Indulge, Mary! this my first, my last request—and restore me to *Reality*, however gloomy. Sad and full of heaviness will the intelligence be—my heart will die within me. . . . I will not disturb your peace by even a *look* of discontent, still less will I offend your ear by

[1] See 'Appendix C,' p. 477.

[2] *Ib.* and p. 35.

[3] *Lines on a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever*, ll. 35-46, p. 35. See also 'Note 60,' p. 573.

[4] *On a Discovery made too late*, p. 34. See also 'Note 57,' p. 571.

[5] Compare *On a Discovery made too late*, p. 34.

the whine of selfish Sensibility. In a few months I shall enter at the Temple,[1] and there seek forgetful calmness where alone it can be found—in incessant and useful activity.'

The letter closes with an assurance that if his rival is to be made happy he will be congratulated and not hated; and ends as abruptly as it began, with the simple signature, 'S. T. Coleridge,' and this postscript, 'I return to Cambridge to-morrow morning.' This seems to show that the letter was written before the end of the term (middle of December), in which case Mary's answer was far from being prompt. Coleridge's response to it is dated 'December 24, 1794,' and opens thus: 'I have this moment received your letter, Mary Evans. Its firmness does honour to your understanding, its gentleness to your humanity. You condescend to accuse yourself unjustly: you have been altogether blameless. In my wildest dream of Vanity, I never supposed that you entertained for me any other than a common friendship. To love you habit has made unalterable. This passion, however, divested, as it now is, of all shadow of Hope, will lose its disquieting. . . . He cannot long be wretched who dares to be actively virtuous. . . . May God infinitely love you!—S. T. Coleridge.' About the middle of December, a few days before the close of the Michaelmas term, Coleridge quitted Cambridge without taking his degree.*

But not for Bristol. He did not even write, either to his *fiancée* or to Southey. They, and also Pantisocracy, seem to have been forgotten. He went to London and remained there, solacing his grief in the sympathetic society of Charles Lamb, and confiding his opinion on things in general to the public by way of Sonnets[2] addressed to 'Eminent Characters,' through the *Morning Chronicle*. It was of this period that Lamb wrote two years later: 'You came to town, and I saw you at a time when your heart was yet bleeding with recent wounds. Like yourself, I was sore galled with disappointed hope. . . . I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the "Salutation and Cat," where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.'[3] The friends at Bristol gradually lost all patience. 'Coleridge did not come back to Bristol,' wrote Southey to Cottle,[4] 'till January 1795, *nor would he, I believe, have come back at all*, if I had not gone to London to look for him. For having got there from Cambridge at the beginning of winter, there he remained without writing to Miss F[ricker] or to me.' With some

* Dr. Carlyon (*Early Years*, etc. i. 27), apparently on the authority of Dr. Pearce (Master of Jesus College in Coleridge's time), states that when remonstrated with on his conduct, Coleridge 'cut short the argument by bluntly assuring his friend and master, that he mistook the matter altogether. He was neither Jacobin (he said) nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat.' Dr. Brandl (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 80) suggests that Coleridge did not take his degree, because he could not have signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and adds (on what authority is not stated) that 'Dr. Pearce gave him the benefit of the whole winter term for his return, before removing, as he was bound to do, his name from the College boards. Finally, he obtained for him one reprieve more, up to the 14th June 1795.' In the official 'List of [C.H.] University Exhibitioners' it is stated that Coleridge's case was considered by the C.H. Committee on the 22nd April 1795, which then seems to have learnt for the first time of his absence from Cambridge from Nov. 1793 to April 1794; and also that he had left Cambridge a few days before the expiration of the Michaelmas term in 1794. In this way ended Coleridge's official relations with Christ's Hospital and Jesus College.

[1] So far as I am aware, no other record of this project exists.

[2] See pp. 38-43; and 'Notes' 64-73, pp. 574, 575.

[3] Letter to Coleridge, June 10, 1796. Cf. letters of June 14 and December 2, 1796. See also 'Note 57,' p. 571. The tavern (17 Newgate Street) survived as such till 1884, when it was burnt down.

[4] *Reminiscences*, p. 405—text corrected by the original letter.

difficulty, Southey found him at the 'Angel' Inn in Butcher Hall Street, and carried him off to Bristol. There was probably too much joy there over the recovery of the truant to permit of reproaches, for the relations with Sarah and with Pantisocracy, broken by Coleridge's long silence (the result, it is to be feared, of faded interest), were renewed. At all events they were patched up, and Coleridge recommenced ardent lover and Pantisocrat. The scheme, Cottle assures us, was 'the favourite theme of his discourse.'

Finance, naturally, was the difficulty. Coleridge, Southey, and Burnett lodged together at 48 College Street. Burnett's father was a well-to-do Somersetshire farmer, and sympathetic; Southey had nothing, and those of his relatives who had something were antagonistic; Coleridge had nothing, and ignored his relatives altogether. Lovell, who had married Mary Fricker, could probably have provided his share of the common capital, but without Coleridge and Southey no move could be made. About a month after Coleridge's recapture, Southey wrote to Bedford (February 8, 1795): 'Coleridge is writing at the same table;* our names are written in the book of destiny, on the same page'; and he went on to expound a scheme of publishing a magazine, to be edited by Coleridge and himself. Both hoped to get money by journalism, but opportunities failed; and they tried lecturing—Coleridge on politics and religion, Southey on history. Their relations seem to have been Pantisocratic, for Southey declared, two years later, that his earnings during the earlier half of 1795 were as four to one of Coleridge's, and that, besides supporting himself, he almost supported Coleridge. Of all the lecturing, nothing remains to us but what is contained in three little pamphlets.[1]

Lovell had lost no time in introducing Coleridge to Cottle, then a young printer, bookseller, and poetaster. He was very friendly to the Pantisocrats, and when they could not quite make up a seven weeks' lodging bill, he lent them a five-pound note, delighted to be thus assured that the foolish emigration scheme was not progressing materially. Soon after this he offered Coleridge thirty guineas† for a

* *Life and Corr. of R. S.* i. 231. On January 29, 1810, Southey wrote to Miss Barker (*Letters of R. S.* ii. 188) of his intercourse with Coleridge in 1795: 'Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault; when we were alone, and he talked his best (which was always at those times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same things repeated—repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in seven parties—still I was silent. . . . His habits have continued, and so have mine.' This habit of unlimited repetition was noted by Coleridge's clerk at Malta.

† A statement that he only received half the sum, having been forgetfully made by Coleridge in later life, and adopted by some biographers, it seems only fair to Cottle to say that I have seen Coleridge's stamped receipt for the whole. It runs as follows:—'Received, the 28th March 1796, the sum of Thirty guineas, for the copyright of my Poems, beginning with the "Monody on the Death of Chatterton," and ending with "Religious Musings.' (Signed) S. T. Coleridge.'

[1] *A Moral and Political Lecture*, delivered at Bristol, by S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. Bristol: printed by George Routh, in Corn Street. Price Sixpence. [1795.] This was probably published soon after the oral delivery in February. In November it was reprinted with some alterations as the first of two *Conciones ad Populum; or, Addresses to the People*. By S. T. Coleridge. 1795. I. Introductory Address. II. On the present War. The Preface is dated 'Clevedon, Nov. 16, 1795.' At the same time was published *The Plot discovered; or, An Address to the People against Ministerial Treason*. By S. T. Coleridge. Bristol, 1795. On the wrapper was the legend: 'A Protest against certain Bills. Bristol: printed for the Author, Nov. 28, 1795.' The 'Bills' were the Pitt and Grenville Acts for gagging Press and Platform. Both pamphlets are reprinted in *Essays on his own Times*.

volume of poems, the money to be advanced as required. Coleridge had a good many short poems ready in his portfolio, but his *magnum opus*, *Religious Musings*, was incomplete,[1] and it was not completed until the following year, after all the rest of the volume had been printed. Probably one of the first of his early poems which he revised was the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, adding the passages respecting Pantisocracy, which had become but a memory before the volume was published. We are principally dependent on Cottle for information regarding this period, and he may be believed when he pictures Coleridge as spending much time in 'conversation.' It was probably, as in after-days, chiefly monologue, and besides Pantisocracy ('an everlasting theme'), his 'stock subjects were Bishop Berkeley, David Hartley, and Mr. Bowles, whose sonnets he delighted in reciting.' Cottle forgets politics, but the lecture-pamphlets are there to testify to the vigour of Coleridge's campaign against the tyranny of Pitt.

The course of true love seems to have run smooth, but not so that of friendship. Letters written by Southey and Coleridge show that up to the middle of September no breach had taken place, but a letter of Southey (July 19, 1797)[2] shows that he had lost confidence 'as early as the summer of 1795.' The joint lodging had to be given up, for financial reasons, says Southey, who returned to his mother at Bath. '*Our* arrears were paid with twenty guineas which Cottle advanced to him. During all this . . . [Coleridge] was to all appearances as he had ever been towards me; but I discovered that he had been employing every calumny against me, and representing me as a villain.'[3] The only probable explanation of the conduct attributed to Coleridge is that he must have seen that Southey's enthusiasm for Pantisocracy had been waning. It had so far waned by the summer that, although he could not agree to prepare for the Church, as he was urged to do by his uncle Hill, he somewhat promptly determined to study law. In Coleridge's eyes this must have been black treason, and it is a thousand pities that he did not say so at once and openly. It was only in November, when Southey was about to sail for Lisbon, that he formally announced to Coleridge his abandonment of Pantisocracy. Coleridge broke out in extravagantly-worded upbraidings, and the quarrel was not made up until Southey's return in the summer of the following year.[4]

When he betook himself to his solitary lodging at 25 College Street, Coleridge must have earned some ready money by his pen, for the thirty guineas received for the copyright of his poems could not nearly have sufficed to support him during the many months which preceded publication, or the settlement of accounts with Cottle on the 28th March 1796. But Cottle must be held responsible for Coleridge's determination not to postpone his marriage. He offered to buy an unlimited number of verses from the poet at the fixed rate of a guinea and a half per hundred lines (which works out at nearly fourpence apiece), for when asked by a friend 'how he was to keep the pot boiling when married,' Coleridge 'very promptly answered that Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on that subject.'[5]

III. MARRIAGE—*THE WATCHMAN*

In August,[6] consequently, a little cottage was taken at Clevedon (it is still shown

[1] See 'Note 63,' p. 573; and 'Note 87,' p. 579. [2] *Letters of R. S.* i. 41.
[3] *Letters of R. S.* i. 41. See also letter in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 406.
[4] Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 104-107. [5] *Rem.* p. 39. [6] See 'Note 82.' p. 578.

to the pilgrim and the tourist), and on the 4th October 1795, Coleridge and Sarah Fricker were married at the great church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and the honeymoon began. The cottage wanted papering, and a good many indispensable housekeeping articles [1] had been forgotten, but Cottle promptly supplied all deficiencies. Burnett and one of Sarah's sisters for a time shared the limited accommodation of the rose-bound dwelling; and we learn by some jottings in the *Commonplace Book* [2] that the household work was shared by all. The two men got up at six, put on the kettle and cleaned the shoes; at eight Sarah laid the breakfast table, and so on. But Clevedon being found too far from Bristol Library, was soon abandoned for rooms on Redcliffe Hill. *Religious Musings* was still on the anvil, but it was left there, for the prosecution of a great project in which he had interested a number of friends, probably as inexperienced, if not quite as enthusiastic and unbusinesslike, as himself. One evening in December the party met 'at the Rummer tavern,' and it was settled that Coleridge should bring out a periodical, something between a newspaper and a magazine, to be called *The Watchman*. To avoid the stamp-tax it was to be issued, not weekly, but on every eighth day; and No. I. was announced to appear on the 1st of March, 'price fourpence.' Early in January, Coleridge started on a tour of the north country to procure subscribers—'preaching,' as he says,[3] 'by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (i.e. *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion.' Through eight pages of the *Biographia* Coleridge gives a most vivid and humorous account of his tour, from which, he says, he returned with a subscription list of nearly a thousand names.[4]

On the appointed day, March 1st, No. I. appeared, but it disappointed the subscribers by its dulness. No. II. offended many by the choice of Isaiah xvi. 11 as motto for an essay on 'National Fasts'; succeeding numbers gave umbrage to Jacobin, Democrat, and Godwinite [5] patrons, without attracting opposite factions—and on the last page of 'No. X.' (May 13, 1796) an 'address to the reader' informed him that 'this is the last number of the *Watchman* . . .; the reason is short and satisfactory—the work does not pay its expenses.' Six weeks before, the ever-helpful Thomas Poole had foreseen the inevitable. He set to work to gather a little money for Coleridge, and on the last 'magazine-day' of the *Watchman*, its baffled proprietor was cheered by the receipt of a purse of forty pounds, together with a kindly and delicately-worded letter.[6] This produced a grateful reply to Poole, which the ex-dragoon closed by asking for 'a horse of tolerable meekness' on which to ride over to Stowey. The request was granted, and he spent a peaceful fortnight with Poole.

Before this, late in March, the *Poems on various subjects* [7] had been published. The volume attracted the notice of the principal reviews and magazines—its reception being generally favourable, and in one or two instances enthusiastic. Some reviewers detected 'turgidness'—the *Monthly* thought that 'Religious Musings' reached 'the top scale of sublimity.' Coleridge [8] agreed with both sets of critics, and so did Lamb.[9]

1 The amusing list is given in *Rem.* p. 40.

2 See p. 453, *post*.

3 *Biog. Lit.* chap. x.

4 See also an account of the *Watchman*, with some letters written by Coleridge on the tour, in Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 74 *et seq.*

5 See 'Note 70,' p. 575, *post*.

6 Which see, with Coleridge's response, in *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, i. 142-145.

7 'Appendix K,' p. 537, *post*.

8 *Ib.* p. 540.

9 See 'Note 87,' p. 581, *post*.

At the end of June, Grey, the co-editor with Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, died, and through Dr. Beddoes, Coleridge received a proposal that he should replace him. This he at once accepted, and on the 5th July expected to hear particulars from Perry. 'My heart is very heavy' (he wrote to Estlin),[1] 'for I love Bristol, and I do not love London. Besides, local and temporary politics are my aversion. . . . But there are two giants leagued together, whose most imperious commands I must obey, however reluctant,—their names are BREAD and CHEESE.' An undated letter from S. Purkis to T. Poole[2] shows that Coleridge intended to go up to London to see Perry, but at this point our information fails, and we only know that the negotiations ended fruitlessly. Next came an arrangement by which Coleridge was to undertake the education of the sons of Mrs. Evans of Darley Abbey, near Derby—a lady, it may be as well to mention, entirely unconnected with the family of his old sweetheart, Mary Evans. This having been settled during a visit to Darley Abbey, Coleridge left his wife there, and, about the end of July, paid a visit of reconciliation to his family at Ottery. Of this visit he wrote to Estlin[3]: 'I was received by my mother with transport, and by my brother George with joy and tenderness, and by my other brothers with affectionate civility.'

On his return home on the 7th August, a fresh disappointment awaited him in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Evans, informing him that her trustees would not consent to the arrangements which had been made, but begging him to come to her at once. This request he complied with. At the end of a ten days' visit there was an affectionate parting, and Mrs. Evans, he wrote, 'insisted on my acceptance of £95, and she had given Mrs. Coleridge all her baby-clothes, which are, I suppose, very valuable.'[4] Before leaving Derby, Coleridge was further consoled by a proposition made by Dr. Crompton, that he should set up a school at Derby, under the active patronage of Mrs. Evans's influential family connections. An unfinished house was at once engaged 'to be completed by the 8th October, for £12 a year,' and the landlord won Coleridge's heart by promising 'to Rumfordize the chimneys.'[5] This scheme also came to nothing. On September 24, Coleridge writes to Poole[6] that his 'heart is heavy respecting Derby'—which I interpret as meaning that he feared to settle so far away from Bristol and from Poole. A house at Adscombe (near Stowey), with some land attached, was his desire, and apparently with Poole's approval Derby was given up,[7] and a letter written to Dr. Crompton to which Coleridge received 'a very kind reply.'[8]

On his way home from Derby, Coleridge had spent a week at Moseley, near Birmingham,* and there renewed the acquaintance with the Lloyds which had been formed during the *Watchman* tour in January. Charles Lloyd had been fascinated by Coleridge, and having a turn for verse-making and meditation, rather than for the

* 'I preached yesterday morning from Hebrews iv. 1, 2. It was my *chef d'œuvre*. I think of writing it down and publishing it with two other sermons. . . . I should like you to hear me preach them. I lament that my political notoriety prevented my relieving you occasionally at Bristol.' S. T. C. to Estlin, August 22, 1796 (*Estlin Letters*, p. 15).

1 *Unpublished Letters of S. T. C. to the Rev. J. P. Estlin*, printed for the Philobiblon Society, p. 17.

2 Printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 151, 152.

3 *Estlin Letters*, p. 11. The letter is there misplaced.

4 *Estlin Letters*, pp. 12, 13.

5 *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 372. See 'Note 89,' p. 581, *post*.

6 *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 158.

7 *Ib.* i. 188.

8 *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 377. See Lamb's letters to Coleridge of October 17 and 24, and November 8, 1796 (Ainger's ed. i. 39 *et seq.*)

family business of banking, was extremely desirous of becoming a philosopher and a poet under the guidance and under the roof of the philosopher and poet who was but two years his senior. Nothing was then settled, but towards the end of September, Lloyd's parents gave their consent, and invited [1] Coleridge to pay them a visit. Mrs. Coleridge having miscalculated times and seasons allowed him to go, and while at the Lloyds' house he was surprised by an announcement that on the previous day, the 19th September, he had become the father of a son. He hastened home, taking Charles Lloyd with him. The poet's and the father's tumultuous feelings in presence of this crisis required three sonnets [2] for their expression, but they were summed up in these lovely lines:—

> So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
> And dearer was the mother for the child.

The father having at this period a great dislike for all sacramental rites,[3] the son was not baptized, but he was named 'David Hartley,' in honour of the 'wisest of mortal kind,' [4] and solemnly dedicated to the service of the truths 'so ably supported by that great master of Christian Philosophy.' [5] So he informed Poole, going on to write about his other son, born to him, as it were, on the same day as David Hartley. 'Charles Lloyd wins upon me hourly. . . . I believe his fixed plans are of being always with me. . . . My dearest Poole, can you conveniently receive us in the course of a week? We can both sleep in one bed, as we do now; and I have much, very much, to say to you, and to consult you about; for my heart is heavy respecting Derby; and my feelings are so dim and huddled, that though I can, I am sure, communicate them to you by my looks and broken sentences, I scarcely know how to convey them in a letter. C. Lloyd also wishes much to know you personally.' [6] Poole, of course, replied, 'Come at once'; and truly Coleridge was never more in need of the wise sympathy and advice which always awaited him at Stowey. He had no settled prospects. Lloyd's contribution to the household expenses was limited to £80 a year, and this was supplemented only by the proceeds of a little reviewing, etc., which Coleridge hoped might yield £40 in a year.[7] The deficiency could not always be filled up by sympathetic offerings, nor could he have contemplated with complacency the continued acceptance of such aid. His consuming desire was to live in the country, near Poole, and to support himself by a mixture of literature and husbandry.

We are fortunate in possessing a vivid and comprehensive picture of his views and tastes at this period in a series of unprinted letters addressed by him to Thelwall, once in the late Mr. F. W. Cosens's MS. collections. I have room for only a few sentences: 'I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything. . . . I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historic writers, but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry and "facts of the mind" (*i.e.* accounts of all strange phantasms that ever possessed your philosophy-dreamers, from Theuth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan) are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge—

[1] S. T. C. to Poole, September 24; printed in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 374.

[2] Page 66, and 'Notes,' 94-96, p. 582, *post.*

[3] Letter to Estlin (*Estlin Letters*, p. 35).

[4] *Religious Musings*, ll. 368, 369, p. 60, *post.*

[5] Letter to Poole, Sept. 24, 1796 (*T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 157).

[6] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 375.

[7] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 189.

I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry—all else is blank—but I will be (please God) an horticulturist and farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition. Such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it.' A month later he writes to the same unseen friend: 'As to my own poetry, I do confess that it frequently, both in thought and language, deviates from "nature and simplicity." But that Bowles, the most tender, and with the exception of Burns, the only always *natural* poet in our language, that he should not escape the charge of Della-Cruscanism, this cuts the skin and surface of my heart.' His own poetry, he goes on to say, 'seldom exhibits unmixed and simple tenderness or passion; my philosophical opinions are blended with or deduced from my feelings, and this, I think, peculiarises my style of writing, and like everything else it is sometimes a beauty and sometimes a fault. But do not let us introduce an Act of Uniformity against Poets. I have room enough in *my* brain to admire, aye, and almost equally, the *head* and fancy of Akenside and the *heart* and fancy of Bowles, the solemn lordliness of Milton, and the divine chit-chat of Cowper, and whatever a man's excellence is, that will be likewise his fault.' He speaks of Bowles as 'the bard of my idolatry,' and sends a commission to Thelwall to buy for him the works of Jamblichus, Proclus, Porphyry, the Emperor Julian, Sidonius Apollinaris, and Plotinus[1]—a little Neo-Platonic library.

In the summer of this year (1796) Southey had returned from Portugal. The quarrel revived, but about the time of Hartley's birth Southey made overtures which were accepted with seeming cordiality.[2] But it was only seeming, for at the end of the year Coleridge wrote to Thelwall: 'We are reconciled . . .; we are *acquaintances*, and feel *kindliness* towards each other, but I do *not esteem* or *love* Southey as I must esteem and love whom I dare call by the holy name of Friend! . . . And *vice versa*, Southey of me.'[3] As the days shortened, Coleridge grew more and more impatient with the delays and disappointments which dogged his efforts to find a house near Poole. He was sick at heart, and the depression brought on neuralgia, and the neuralgia brought on laudanum—a disease of which he was never completely cured. The attack of the temporary evil, which began on the 2nd November, was renewed on the 3rd, when Coleridge took 'between 60 and 70 drops of laudanum, and *sopped* the Cerberus just as his mouth began to open. . . . My medical attendant decides it to be altogether nervous, and that it originates either in severe application or excessive anxiety. My beloved Poole, in excessive anxiety, I believe, it might originate. I have a blister under my right ear, and I take 25 drops of laudanum every five hours, the ease and *spirits* [italics in original] gained by which have enabled me to write you this flighty but not exaggerating account.'[4]

The baby son flourished, but not so Lloyd; and the epileptic fits to which he was subject, caused the household much anxiety. Its master had yet found no money-making employment, so that a gift of fifteen guineas, which came through Estlin, must have been welcome. On the 15th November he wrote to Poole: 'My anxieties eat me up. . . . I want consolation—my Friend! my Brother! write and console me.'[5] Poole's consolation was of a modified character. He told his friend of a wayside cottage obtainable at Stowey, but had little but evil to say of its accom-

[1] See also Lamb's letter to Coleridge, July 1st, 1796.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 376.

[3] Unprinted letter once in Mr. F. W. Cosens's collection.

[4] S. T. C. to Poole, Nov. 5, 1796 (*T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 177, and *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 380).

[5] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 179.

modations. These seemed to be unequal even to the poor poet's modest requirements. But by the end of the month Coleridge confesses to Poole that he is 'childishly impatient,' and, as nothing better offers, will put up with the cottage. One day he writes, 'I will instruct the maid in cooking'; the next that he will 'keep no servant'—will himself be everything, even 'occasional nurse.' This last heroic resolve was communicated to Poole in a letter of the 11th December. It was crossed by one in which Poole not only reiterated the disadvantages of the cottage, but dissuaded the poet strongly from burying himself in a village so remote, as was Stowey, from libraries and from the society of a stimulating and helpful group of friends. This letter caused Coleridge 'unexpected and acute pain.' His frenzied reply must be read at its full length of ten printed pages in Mrs. Sandford's book.[1] No summary could do it the least justice. It is a whirl of appeals, adjurations, reproaches, cries *de profundis*, plans and plans of life framed and torn up, and resumed to be again abandoned, in bewildering profusion: a vivid and sincere (because unconscious) revelation, not merely of the passing mood, but of the very deeps of character and nature, which is probably unique in autobiography. As truly as of any Lucy Gray—

> 'Tis of a little child
> Upon a lonesome wild,
> Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
> And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
> And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.[2]

IV. STOWEY—*LYRICAL BALLADS*

This letter was begun immediately on the receipt of Poole's, and concluded on the following day, but it concluded as it began, with the expression of a determination to settle at once in the cottage, if only Poole will assure him that he has kept back no reason to the contrary—for he fears that Poole's family connections are at the bottom of the dissuasion. He must have received the reassurance he wanted, for he took up his abode in the cottage on the last day of the year. A poor cottage now, then a poorer; but then it had a garden of an acre and a half, and that garden touched Poole's at the rear. Just then no place in the world could have been more attractive. 'Literature,' he told Poole, 'though I shall never abandon it, will always be a secondary object with me. My poetic vanity and my political furor have been exhaled, and I would rather be an expert self-maintaining gardener than a Milton, if I could not unite both.' To Thelwall he wrote, in an unpublished letter, a few days later: 'My farm will be a garden of one acre and a half, in which I mean to raise vegetables and corn for myself and wife, and feed a couple of snouted and grunting cousins from the refuse. My evenings I shall devote to literature, and by reviews in the Magazine [*Monthly*] and other shilling-scavengering, shall probably gain £40 a year—which Economy and Self-denial, gold-beaters, shall hammer till it covers my annual expenses. . . . I am not fit for *public* life; yet the light shall stream to a far distance from the taper in my cottage window.'

Coleridge's last employment before finally quitting Bristol with his wife and child on the 30th December was 'to get some review-books off his hands.'[3] A week before, he had executed an order from his friend Benjamin Flower for an ode to be published

[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 184-193. [2] *Dejection: an Ode*, p. 162.
[3] *Estlin Letters*, p. 25.

on the last day of the year in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*—the paper he had recommended to the disappointed subscribers to the *Watchman*. The ode duly appeared, and at the same time Coleridge published it in an expanded form in a thin quarto pamphlet with the title, *Ode on the Departing Year*,[1] and a dedication to Thomas Poole. The superfluous page at the end he filled with the lines to Charles Lloyd in his character of a young man of fortune who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless melancholy (p. 68).

When Lamb heard of the 'farm,' he asked sceptically, 'And what does your worship know about farming?' and recommended the cultivation of the muse as something more in his friend's way, reminding him of a project for an epic on the Origin of Evil. But the first thing to be done at Stowey was to continue preparations begun three months before for a second edition of the *Poems*, the first having been sold out. The lines contributed to Southey's *Joan of Arc* were to be reclaimed, and recast into an independent poem, *The Visions of the Maid of Arc*, with which the new edition was to lead off. 'I much wish' (wrote Coleridge to Cottle early in January 1797) 'to send my *Visions of the Maid of Arc* and my corrections to Wordsworth, who lives not above 20 miles from me, and to Lamb, whose taste and *judgment* I see reason to think more correct and philosophical than my own, which yet I place pretty high.'[2]

The arrangement for a 'second edition' of the *Poems* had been made in October 1796. Cottle proposed to give Coleridge twenty guineas for an edition of five hundred, reminding us (as he probably reminded Coleridge) that this was an act of pure charity, the copyright being his. If the poet chose to omit and alter and add, it was his affair. In his reply, Coleridge hinted very strongly that he thought the proposal unjust, but that 'bartering' with Cottle was 'absolutely intolerable.' He was clearing out the rubbish, and especially the political verses—the absence of which would 'widen the sphere of his readers'—and supplying their place with new poems of better and more attractive quality. If he left Cottle to reprint the old volume, and himself published the new, he would make more money, and save the copyright in them. He ends, however, by accepting Cottle's proposal, being 'solicitous only for the omission of the sonnet to Lord Stanhope, and the ludicrous poem' (*Written after a Walk before Supper*, p. 44).[3] The printing dragged on till March 1797, and when the volume was almost completed, Coleridge wrote thus to Cottle, in a letter which has not been fully published: 'Charles Lloyd has given me his poems, which I give to you on condition that you print them *in this volume*—after Charles Lamb's poems.' He goes on to explain that although the bulk of the volume will thus be increased, so also will be its saleability, seeing

[1] *Estlin Letters*, p. 26, 'I have printed *that* ODE—I like it myself.' See also 'APPENDIX K,' p. 539, and 'Note 103,' p. 586, *post*.

[2] The letter is mutilated and inaccurately printed by Cottle. This portion occurs at p. 130 of the *Reminiscences*—another at p. 100. Wordsworth and his sister were then living at Racedown, in Dorsetshire (the post-town being Crewekerne), a house lent to them by a member of the Bristol family of Pinney. The precise date of the first meeting of Coleridge and Wordsworth (a point which has been discussed) has not been ascertained, but a careful examination of all the evidence available, published and unpublished, has all but convinced me that the meeting took place in either September or October 1796. Mr. Ernest Coleridge arrived, independently, at the same conclusion. I may add that there are various indications, too minute for detail here, that the intercourse which took place between the two poets, previous to June 1797, had been more considerable than has hitherto been suspected.

[3] See Cottle's *Rem.* p. 115. In the *E. Recoll.* (1837) Cottle suppressed most of Coleridge's letter; but pretends to give it complete in the *Rem.* I have not seen the original.

that, he doubts not, 'Lloyd's connections will take off a great many, more than a hundred.'

It was about this time that Coleridge received a request from Sheridan that he would write a play for Drury Lane, and with a feeling in which confidence and misgivings were pretty equally mingled, Coleridge began the attempt. The composition occupied a good deal of his time until the middle of October, when the finished manuscript of *Osorio* was despatched to the theatre.[1] But these months were varied by many other interests and occupations, and by one fateful event—the settlement of the Wordsworths at Alfoxden. On most Sundays—whether in blue coat and white waistcoat, or in some more conventional costume, is unknown—Coleridge preached in the Unitarian chapels of Bridgwater or Taunton, often travelling on foot, and never receiving hire: on week-days he learned potato-culture and tanning, in the kindly companionship of Thomas Poole: Charles Lloyd occupied some hours of each morning when the neophyte's health permitted. Nor were the duties of 'occasional nurse' neglected. 'At my side, my cradled infant slumbers peacefully,' he says in *Frost at Midnight*, and to Thelwall he writes, 'You would smile to see my eye rolling up to the ceiling in a lyric fury, and on my knee baby-clothes pinned to warm.'[2] Stowey had not brought wealth or even competency, but it had revived hope, and Coleridge generally found that a sufficing diet. He had not, perhaps, like another great poet, waited very patiently, but, nevertheless, his cry had been heard, he felt that his feet had been set upon a rock, and his goings established, and he was soon to learn that a new song had been put into his mouth.

About the beginning of June, Poole saw that a fresh subscription for Coleridge's benefit was needful, and confiding his views to Lloyd and Estlin, begged the latter to be treasurer, and to apply to none 'but to those who love him, for it requires affection and purity of heart to offer, with due associations, assistance of this nature to such a man.' Coleridge had 'preached an excellent sermon at Bridgwater' on the previous day 'on the necessity of religious zeal in these times,'[3] and from Bridgwater he seems to have proceeded to Racedown on a visit to Wordsworth. Thence, probably on the 9th, and again on the 10th, he wrote to Estlin[4] asking him to give to Mrs. Fricker and to Mrs. Coleridge five guineas each, out of the subscription money, expressing 'a hope and a trust that this will be the last year' in which he can conscientiously accept of those contributions, which, 'in my present lot, and conscious of my present occupations, I feel no pain in doing.' To Cottle he wrote[5] with some corrections for the *Ode on the Departing Year* (then at press for the *Poems*, 1797) and announcing his return to Stowey on a 'Friday,' which may be calculated as probably the 16th June. Wordsworth, he announces, admires his tragedy, 'which gives me great hopes'; and then he goes on to estimate Wordsworth's own tragedy in terms which, when we remember he is speaking of *The Borderers*, compel a smile. 'His drama is absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those *profound* truths of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the *Robbers* of Schiller, and often in Shakespere, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' He feels himself a 'little man' by Wordsworth's side; and adds (a passage suppressed

[1] The history of this effort, from its inception to its triumphant accomplishment at Drury Lane in 1813, is fully detailed in 'Note 230,' p. 649.

[2] Unpublished letter of Feb. 6, 1797.

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 231, and *Estlin Letters*, p. 39.

[4] *Estlin Letters*, p. 40.

[5] Cottle prints this important letter (*Rem.* p. 142) in a form both garbled and incomplete, and with the date 'June 1796.' The original was lent me by the late Mr. F. W. Cosens.

by Cottle), 'T. Poole's opinion of Wordsworth is that he is the greatest man he ever knew. I coincide.' This seems to point to a previous visit or visits to Stowey paid by Wordsworth of which direct record is lacking. Curiously enough the letter makes no mention of Miss Wordsworth. Yet in 1845 across the mists of nearly half-a-century—she as well as her brother retained the liveliest possible image of 'Coleridge's appearance' on his arrival at Racedown, how 'he did not keep to the high road, but leapt over a gate and bounded down the pathless field, by which he cut off an angle.'[1]

This is the portrait of Coleridge she drew at the time: 'He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an over-hanging forehead.'*

If Coleridge carried out his first intention of returning to Stowey on the 16th June, he must soon have gone back, for he appears to have arrived again at Stowey from Racedown on the 28th, and again on the 2nd July, on the last occasion bringing with him[2] the two Wordsworths on that famous visit to the Quantock country, which was destined to be prolonged for a whole year.† The visitors spent a fortnight with Coleridge, and it was then that he drew his famous portrait of Wordsworth's 'exquisite sister.'[3] And it was in the course of the same fortnight that Charles Lamb came and spent his week's holiday at the cottage—the visit

* *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 99. About six months earlier Coleridge sent this portrait of himself to Thelwall: 'Your portrait of yourself interests me. [The two men had not yet met.] As to me, my face, unless animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic, good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face: fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the Deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough, if measured—but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. . . . I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth with sensual thick lips is almost always open.' It is curious to find Carlyle noting, in 1824, the same indication in Coleridge's general appearance, — 'weakness under possibility of strength' (*Life of J. Sterling*, p. 69). The self-portrait may be compared with the oil-sketch by Hancock done in the same year, and engraved in Cottle's books. The much more attractive drawing by Peter Vandyke, a reproduction of which forms the frontispiece to the present volume, was done for Cottle a year earlier, in 1795.

† It was about this time that the second edition of the *Poems* appeared. A full account of the contents of the volume will be found in 'APPENDIX K,' pp. 539-544. Lamb's contributions took the second place on the title, and the third in the book — regarding which changed order, and the feelings it occasioned, see Lamb's letter to S. T. C. of June 13, 1797 (Ainger's ed. i. 77). Cottle pretends to remember that the beautiful and touching dedication to the poet's brother George was prompted by himself, but the reasons he assigns for his alleged suggestion are so absurd that his memory most probably was at fault throughout. The 'Ode on the Departing Year' took the first place in the volume, *vice* 'The Visions of the Maid of Arc,' abandoned in deference to the criticisms of Lamb—possibly also to those of Wordsworth. See 'Note 102,' p. 584, *post*.

[1] Knight's *Life*, i. 111.

[2] Information kindly given me by Mr. Ernest H. Coleridge.

[3] Letter to Cottle. *Rem.* p. 144.

which the host commemorated in *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison** (p. 92). In this poem Coleridge addresses his guests as—

'Friends whom I never more may meet again.'

Lamb, of course, was a bird of passage, and so, to all appearance on that evening, were the Wordsworths, for Alfoxden had not yet been seen, or if seen had not yet been secured. But the delay was short. On the 14th August, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote thus from Alfoxden: 'We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's; in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society. It was a month yesterday since we came to Alfoxden.'[1] The Coleridges' guests had scarcely quitted them—Lamb for London, and the Wordsworths for Alfoxden—when, on the 17th July, a new claimant for hospitality, in the person of John Thelwall,† arrived at the cottage. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and he found only Sara, who had left her husband at Alfoxden for a day or two that she might 'superintend the washtub.' In the morning, between five and six, Sara and her guest 'walked over to Alfoxden—a distance of about three miles—to breakfast.'[2] 'Faith, we are a most philosophical party' (he writes to his wife), 'the enthusiastic group consisting of Coleridge and his Sara, Wordsworth and his sister, and myself, without any servant, male or female. An old woman, who lives in an adjoining cottage, does what is requisite for our simple wants.' The party remained there for three days. It was at this time, and in one of Alfoxden's romantic glens, that (as Wordsworth remembered long afterwards) Coleridge exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world!' and Thelwall replied, 'Nay, to make one

* The marginal note which Coleridge in 1834 wrote on the explanatory introduction to the poem (see 'Note 110,' p. 592) has led to the assumption that Mary Lamb accompanied her brother to Stowey in 1797. There can be little doubt that Coleridge's memory — after thirty-seven years — had failed him. In none of Lamb's letters to him, written either before or after the visit, is there any indication that he was to be, or had been, accompanied by his sister. Mary Lamb was at that period in a very precarious state of health, and living apart from her father and brother; and when six months later (Jan. 1798) Coleridge invited the Lambs to visit Stowey, Lamb replied: 'Your invitation went to my very heart; but you have a power of exciting interest, of leading all hearts captive, too, forcible to admit of Mary's being with you' (Ainger's ed. i. 86. In other editions this letter is misdated and misplaced).

† Known as 'Citizen Thelwall' in those days, and hardly known at all in these. Coleridge and he had been carrying on an extensive correspondence for about a year, but they had now met for the first time. By this time Thelwall had abandoned his somewhat silly, but always honourably conducted career of political martyrdom, and desired to settle as meditative and poetical farmer in some remote part of the country. In quest of a suitable retreat he had travelled, mostly on foot, from London, and had now arrived at Stowey in acceptance of an invitation from the ever-hospitable Coleridge. . . .

1 The agreement, dated 14th July 1797, is printed in full in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 225. It provided for a year's tenancy of the furnished house, etc., from Midsummer to Midsummer at the rent of £23, including all rates and taxes. Wordsworth may retain the house, etc., for an indefinite period beyond Midsummer 1798 at the same rent. In *Thomas Poole and his Friends* also is to be found the first accurate account of all the circumstances attending Wordsworth's occupation and forced quittance of Alfoxden—circumstances which have been the subject of much misrepresentation.

2 The details respecting Thelwall are partly taken from a letter to his wife printed in *T. Poole and his Friends* (i. 232); and partly from Thelwall's MS. Diary, now in my own possession.—'Sarah' had now become 'Sara.'

forget them altogether!'[1] A few days at Stowey succeeded. The Wordsworths saw their guests part of the way, and they talked of the 'moral character of Democrats' (meaning their *immoral* character), and of 'pursuits proper for literary men —unfit for management of pecuniary affairs— Rousseau, Bacon, Arthur Young!'[2] This visit of Thelwall shocked the neighbourhood, which considered Poole responsible, and he was called upon to answer for Wordsworth to the owner of Alfoxden. This Poole did manfully,[3] but a Government spy was sent down to watch the poets and their patron.[4] Most of the stories of the spy's proceedings wear a dubious complexion, but there is no room for doubt that it was Thelwall's visit which brought about the cessation of Wordsworth's tenancy of Alfoxden. In late life he stated, in reply to assertions that he had been refused a renewal, that he had never asked for one—but his memory had failed, and the truth was that he either received notice to quit, or did not think it worth while to attempt to assert the right to remain which the agreement accorded him. Coleridge's friendship with Thelwall, begun by correspondence, was cemented by personal intercourse, and continued for some years; but later on, when the ex citizen had become temporarily prosperous, he showed himself the poor creature he was by alternately patronising and sneering at Coleridge. After leaving Stowey, he asked Coleridge to interest Poole in securing him a farm in their neighbourhood, but the passing visit had caused Poole trouble enough, and Thelwall had to move into Wales. He ultimately procured a farm at Llyswen, in Brecon, where he was visited by the Wordsworths and Coleridge in 1798.[5]

The intercourse between Coleridge and the Wordsworths was almost daily. Coleridge says somewhere that they were 'three people but one soul.' The character of the intimacy is fully shown in *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem*,[6] and in Dorothy Wordsworth's 'Alfoxden Journal.'[7] The entries cover the first four months of 1798, but doubtless illustrate equally the whole year during which the two families were neighbours. 'Feb. 11th. Walked with Coleridge near to Stowey. 12th. Walked alone to Stowey. Returned in the evening with Coleridge. 13th. Walked with Coleridge through a wood.' On the 17th they walked together. On the 19th Dorothy walked to Stowey. On the 21st 'Coleridge came in the morning. . . . William went through the wood with him towards Stowey: a very stormy night. 22nd. Coleridge came in the morning to dinner. . . . 23rd. William walked with Coleridge in the morning. 26th. Coleridge came in the morning . . . walked with Coleridge nearly to Stowey after dinner'—and so on. They saw as much of one another as if the width of a street instead of a pair of coombs had separated their several abodes. It was a rich and fruitful time for all three—seed-time at once and harvest; and its happy influences spread far beyond their own individual selves. The gulf-stream which rose in the Quantocks warmed and is still warming distant shores. Although Dorothy Wordsworth produced nothing directly, her influence on both men was of the highest importance. Coleridge answered to many a touch which the slower Wordsworth could not feel; but Dorothy's quiet sympathy, keen observation, and rapid suggestion—qualities she possessed in greater measure than her brother—were invaluable to both. The

1 *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 105.
2 MS. Diary of Thelwall, July 21, 1797.
3 *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 240.
4 *Life and Corr. of Southey*, ii. 343.
5 Fenwick-note to *Anecdote for Fathers*.
6 Page 131. 'Note 121,' p. 611, *post*.
7 Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. i. chap. ix.

best work of both poets was done, alike by the Quantocks and by the Lakes, under the direct influence of her companionship. Nor was the influence, in action and reaction, of the men on one another less potent. Coleridge's was by far the most active, as well as the finer and more penetrating, and the immense receptiveness of Wordsworth must have acted as a strong incentive to its exercise. And this is true, I believe, notwithstanding that there are more distinct traces of Wordsworth's influence on Coleridge's poetry than of the converse, for Coleridge, by virtue of his quicker sense, was the more imitative, while in Wordsworth's case, influences from without never reacted directly, but permeated his whole being, and were so completely assimilated as to have become part of himself before any of their results came to the surface.[1]

There are several indications that this summer of 1797 was not to Coleridge one of unmingled happiness. The letter of Poole to Charles Lloyd, written on 5th June, already quoted, seems to show that Lloyd was then no longer 'domesticated' with Coleridge. The particular date at which domestication ceased, and with it the payment of the £80 a year, is unknown; but although Lloyd came and went until the final rupture in the spring of 1798, he probably ceased to contribute regularly to Coleridge's household expenses after the summer of 1797. This probably caused the fit of 'depression too dreadful to be described,' of which he wrote in an undated letter to Cottle[2]: 'A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Indeed every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese, has been, one after another, torn away from me; but God remains. I have no immediate pecuniary distress, having received ten pounds from Lloyd. I employ myself now on a book of morals in answer to Godwin, and on my tragedy.' We have already seen that, in June, Coleridge was accepting pecuniary aid from Poole and other friends. Poole at that time describes him as 'industrious, considering the exertion of his mind necessary when he works,' adding that three acts of the tragedy are completed.[3]

About the 6th of September, having completed *Osorio* to the middle of the fifth act, he took it over to Shaftesbury to exhibit it to the 'god of his idolatry, Bowles.'[4] Idol and worshipper then met for the first time, and if we may believe Cottle,[5] some disillusion must have resulted on Coleridge's part, at all events.* A month later *Osorio* was completed and sent off to Drury Lane, without much hope that it would be accepted. Although Coleridge's memory so far failed him that, during all his later life, he made it his pet grievance that Sheridan returned him neither MS. nor reply, he really received the reply by the beginning of December. It was to the effect that *Osorio* was rejected on account of the obscurity of Acts III., IV., and V. The history of the play, both as *Osorio* and as *Remorse*, and of the author's views respecting it, are so fully treated in other parts of this

* During his residence at Calne in 1814-1816, Coleridge saw much of Bowles, whose parsonage at Bremhill was not far off. Coleridge showed Bowles the first chapter of his *Biographia*, and wondered what Bowles thought of it—'if, indeed, he collated the passages concerning himself, with his own speeches, etc., concerning *me*. Alas! I injured myself irreparably with him by devoting a fortnight [probably about 1815] to the correction of his poems. He took the corrections, but never forgave the corrector. *Nihil fecisse benigne est: Imo etiam tædet, tædet obestque magis*' (Letter to Brabant, December 5, 1816, in *West. Rev.* July 1870, p. 21).

[1] The substance of the foregoing remarks is reproduced from a fugitive paper on the *Lyrical Ballads*, written by me, and printed some years ago.

[2] *Rem.* p. 102.

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 231.

[4] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 133.

[5] *Ib.* p. 21.

volume,[1] that nothing need be said here. Wordsworth stated[2] that in November 1797 *Osorio* was offered with his own tragedy to Covent Garden, but his statement is made doubtfully, and there is no corroborative evidence. Both tragedies were about this time proposed to Cottle for publication, and he offered thirty guineas for each, but the offer was declined—'from the hope' (says Cottle) 'of introducing one or both on the stage.'[3] The air, as usual, was full of projects. An epic, to which at least twenty years should be devoted, was not, strictly speaking, one of them, but the necessary preparations were suggested—ten years for collecting material, five in composition, five in correction—'So would I write, haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly whispering voice, which speaks to mighty minds, of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering.'[4] A great poem on Man and Nature and Society, to be symbolised by a brook in its course from upland source to sea, was planned in conversation with Wordsworth, and a translation of Wieland's *Oberon* seems to have been actually undertaken.[5] This was in November 1797. On the 13th of that month, 'at half-past four in the afternoon,' Coleridge and the two Wordsworths set off to walk to Watchet *en route* to Linton and the Valley of Stones—a little tour the expense of which they meant to defray (*solvitur ambulando*) by a joint composition of the two poets, to be sold for £5 to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. Before the first eight miles had been covered the attempt at joint composition broke down, and Coleridge took the business into his own hands. The magnificent result was *The Ancient Mariner*.[6] But it was not sent to the *Monthly Magazine*, and the travellers' expenses must have come from some other fund. It 'grew and grew' (says Wordsworth) until March came round. On the 23rd of that month (1798), Dorothy records: 'Coleridge dined with us; he brought his ballad finished. We walked with him to the miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.' No doubt the poet read the poem to his friends—his one perfect and complete achievement—'inimitable,' as with just pride he affirmed.

Of *Christabel*, which, he tells us, was begun at Stowey in 1797, there is no contemporary record. But the originals of the 'thin gray cloud,' which made the moon 'both small and dull,' and 'the one red leaf the last of its clan,' appear in Dorothy's 'Journal' for January 31 and March 7, 1798, respectively.'[7]

Sometime in 1797, possibly earlier, Coleridge had been introduced by Poole to Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood, sons of the great potter. Their brother John resided at Cote House, Westbury, near Bristol; Thomas was a patient of Dr. Beddoes, and the combined circumstances made the brothers, Thomas and Josiah, frequent visitors to Bristol. Coleridge probably often met them there and at Poole's, and both being cultivated men they could not fail to be greatly interested in the poet. In December 1797, and during the absence of the Wordsworths in London, Coleridge received an invitation to preach at the Unitarian chapel at Shrewsbury, with the view of succeeding to its pastoral charge, about to become vacant by the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Rowe. In spite of old prejudices against the preaching of the Gospel for hire, he was tempted by the emolument of £150 per

1 'APPENDIX K,' p. 545; and 'Note 230,' p. 649, *post*.

2 Fenwick-note to *The Borderers*.

3 *Rem.* pp. 166, 167.

4 To Cottle. *Rem.* p. 103.

5 See Coleridge's account of the project in *Biog. Lit.* chap. x.

6 A full account of the circumstances will be found in 'Note 112,' pp. 593-598, *post*.

7 For the history of *Christabel*—the first part of which, only, was written at Stowey—see 'Note 116,' pp. 601-607, *post*.

annum, and became a candidate. This step coming to the knowledge of the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, they hastened to send him a present of £100 to relieve his immediate necessities, and to dissuade him from abandoning poetry and philosophy for the ministry. This Coleridge returned with a grateful letter, explaining that the £100 would soon be consumed, and prospectless poverty recur. He therefore proceeded to Shrewsbury, and preached there 'with much acceptance' on the second Sunday of 1798. One of his hearers was William Hazlitt, then a youth of twenty, his father being Unitarian minister at Wem, a village ten miles from Shrewsbury. A quarter of a century afterwards, Hazlitt gave an account of his experiences of that Sunday which is immortal.[1] He describes how he walked in to Shrewsbury from Wem on that winter morning 'to hear this celebrated person preach.'

'When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, "And he went up into the mountains to pray, *Himself, alone.*" As he gave out this text, his voice "rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. . . . The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war: upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another.'

The discourse seemed to young Hazlitt as the music of the spheres, and he conveyed an invitation from his father to the preacher to visit the manse at Wem. On the following Tuesday Coleridge came, and spent the first two hours in talking to the youth. 'His complexion' (says Hazlitt) 'was at that time clear, and even bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. "A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread," a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round, but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. . . . Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent. . . . His hair . . . was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead.'

The day passed off pleasantly, and the next morning Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury. 'When I came down to breakfast, I found that he had just received a letter from his friend T. [J.] Wedgwood, making him an offer of £150 a year if he chose to waive his present pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. . . . He was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a Shepherd on the Delectable Mountain. Alas! I knew not the way thither,' mourned Hazlitt; but Coleridge invited him to Stowey. He accompanied Coleridge part of the way back to Shrewsbury, and 'observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. . . . He seemed

[1] *The Liberal*, No. III. (1823): 'My first acquaintance with Poets.' Part had been printed in *The Examiner* for Jan. 12, 1817.

unable to keep in a straight line.' * But the talk was divine. 'The very milestones had ears, and Harmer Hill stooped with all its pines to listen to a poet.'

The letter which Coleridge had received, and which had been written by Josiah Wedgwood, on his own and his brother Thomas's behalf, is printed in full in *T. Poole and his Friends* (i. 259-261). The terms of their offer, which had not previously been made known, were contained in these sentences: 'After what my brother Thomas has written [with the present of a hundred pounds], I have only to state the proposal we wish to make to you. It is that you shall accept an annuity for life of £150, to be regularly paid by us, no condition whatever being annexed to it. Thus your liberty will remain entire. . . . I do not now enter into the particulars of the mode of securing the annuity, etc.—that will be done when we receive your consent to the proposal we are making; and we shall only say that we mean the annuity to be independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune.' † Coleridge delayed not a post in accepting the proposal (January 16), and in announcing this to Poole, he wrote: 'High benevolence is something so new, that I am not certain that I am not dreaming.' He adds that he is obliged to remain two Sundays longer at Shrewsbury. 'The congregation is small, and my reputation had cowed them into vast respectfulness, but one shrewd fellow remarked that he would rather hear me talk than *preach*.' On the 19th, Coleridge sent in his official resignation of candidature,[1] and at the earliest possible moment (January 29) went off to meet his benefactors at Cote House.[2] With the letter mentioned in the footnote, there went one from Daniel Stuart, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, suggesting subjects for contributions in prose and verse, the remuneration for which (as we gather from an allusion in Poole's accompanying letter) was to be a guinea a week. Stuart's letter incidentally reveals the fact that Coleridge had been already a contributor to his paper. Poole urges Coleridge to attend at once to Stuart's request, but on the 27th he tells Poole he will be 'vexed to hear that he has written nothing for the *Morning Post*—but shall write immediately to the editor.' He has been much fêted at Shrewsbury, he says; and I suspect that his detention there beyond the date of his resignation was voluntary. It was certainly unwise to postpone his visit to the Wedgwoods, and his contributions to the newspaper. The introduction to Daniel Stuart, who had become proprietor and editor of the *Morning Post* in 1796, must have come from the Wedgwoods, either directly or through their intimate friend (Sir) James Mackintosh, who in 1789 had married Stuart's sister Catherine.

I have not detected any of Coleridge's contributions to the *Morning Post* before the beginning of 1798, but between January 8 and the departure for Germany several poems of various merit appeared.[3] The magnificent *Ode to France* was by far the most important of these. In calling it *The Recantation*, Coleridge meant, of course, that he recanted his previous loudly-expressed belief in the French Revolu-

* Compare Carlyle in the *Life of Sterling*: 'A lady once remarked that he [Coleridge, at the Grove, Highgate] never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both' (p. 71).

† It is unaccountable how the unconditional terms of this offer came to be forgotten by all parties when in 1811 Josiah Wedgwood saw fit to withdraw his half of the annuity. Thomas had died in the meantime, but his half had been secured legally, and was paid regularly until Coleridge's death.

[1] His letter is printed in full in the *Christian Reformer* for 1834, pp. 838.

[2] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 172; but Cottle mistakes in supposing the letter there printed to be Coleridge's acceptance of the annuity. It was in reply to an invitation from T. Wedgwood dated 'Penzance, January 20,' which had been forwarded by Poole.

[3] *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter* (pp. 111, 527)

tion as the incarnation of the principle of Liberty. The Revolutionist leaders' base treatment of Switzerland had opened his eyes.* Though not published till April, the ode was dated 'February 1798'; *Frost at Midnight* bears the same date; and in April came *Fears in Solitude*, 'written during the alarm of an invasion.' In the meantime these three poems were published in a little quarto pamphlet.[1] *The Wanderings of Cain*[2] and *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem*[3] belong to this rich spring and summer, which also saw the gathering together of the *Lyrical Ballads*. We have seen that before the end of March *The Ancient Mariner* was ready; on the 12th April, Wordsworth tells Cottle he has been going on 'very rapidly, adding to his stock of poetry.' The season, he adds, is advancing with extraordinary rapidity, 'and the country becomes almost every hour more lovely.'[4] It was of this season of traditional splendour that he reminded Coleridge in the closing lines of *The Prelude*:—

> That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
> Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
> Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
> Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
> And I, associate with such labour, steeped
> In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
> Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
> After the perils of his moonlight ride.

The prospect of Wordsworth's enforced quittance of Alfoxden at Midsummer seems to have produced as early as March a feeling of unrest among the whole party. 'We have come to a resolution' (wrote Wordsworth to his Cumberland friend Losh),[5] 'Coleridge, Mrs. Coleridge, my sister, and myself, of going into Germany, where we purpose to pass the two ensuing years in order to acquire the German language, and to furnish ourselves with a tolerable stock of information in natural science.' As time and discussion went on, this large scheme underwent some modification. It was probably in April that Hazlitt paid the visit to Coleridge which he has brilliantly described in *The Liberal*.[6] He heard Coleridge recite 'with a sonorous and musical voice the ballad of *Betty Foy*.' He saw Wordsworth, 'gaunt and Don Quixote-like,' in his 'brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons.' 'Wordsworth read us the story of *Peter Bell* in the open air. There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth which acts as a spell on the hearers, and disarms judg-

The Raven (pp. 18, 475); *Lewti* (p. 27); *The Recantation* [i.e. *France: an Ode*, p. 124]; and *The Mad Ox* [i.e. *Recantation*, p. 133].

* 'No man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution; it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. *Before 1793, I clearly saw, and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery of the whole affair*' (*Table Talk*, July 23, 1832). The editor of *T. T.* quotes, in support of Coleridge's imperfect recollection, stanzas iv. and v. of *France*. It would have been more useful had he quoted stanzas ii. and iii. in correction of it.

[1] See 'Notes' 117, 118, 119, pp. 607-610, and 'Appendix K,' V. p. 544.

[2] See p. 112, and 'Note 115,' p. 600. Hazlitt says Coleridge told him the Valley of Stones near Linton was to have been the scene. (*My first acquaintance with Poets.*)

[3] See 'Note 121,' p. 611.

[4] *Rem.* p. 175.

[5] Letter of March 11, 1798, quoted in Knight's *Life*, i. 147.

[6] No. III., 1823, *My first acquaintance with Poets.*

ment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. . . . Coleridge told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood. . . . Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm-trees and listening to the bees humming around us while we quaffed our flip.' Coleridge took Hazlitt on a walk to Linton. That the long distance of roughest road was covered in one day—'our feet kept time to the echo of Coleridge's tongue'—speaks convincingly as to Coleridge's robust health at this time.

Of Coleridge's literary likes and dislikes as then pronounced, Hazlitt gives a tolerably long list. His narrative is not improbably tinged a little by his own prejudices, and distorted by the perspective of a quarter of a century, but it is doubtless in the main a true account of the vivid impressions he carried away, and should be read in its entirety. Another account of the Coleridge of this period has survived; but as it was written by himself to his brother George, on whom he was doubtless anxious to produce a favourable impression, it must be received with due caution. It is a very long and deeply interesting letter, and will doubtless be printed in full in the biography now preparing by the poet's grandson. Coleridge begins by saying that he has been troubled by toothache, and has found relief in laudanum—not sleep, but that kind of repose which is as a 'spot of enchantment, a green spot of fountains and trees in the very heart of a waste of sand.' He has 'snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition,' and given himself over entirely to poetry and philosophical contemplation—but he decorously refrains from mentioning the preaching in Unitarian chapels. The letter ends by proposing an early walk down to Ottery. Had he carried out this intention he would doubtless have announced the German plan which was then chiefly occupying his thoughts.

This was written in April. In the same month, probably, but certainly about this time, came the rupture with Lloyd; and, consequent on the painful depression it produced, that famous retirement 'to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton,' and resort to 'an anodyne,' of which *Kubla Khan* was the costly but delightful result.*

On the 14th May his second child was born, and named (but not baptized) 'Berkeley' in honour of the philosopher, the keystone of whose system was still, in his disciple's eyes, indestructible. In announcing this event to Poole, then waiting by his brother's death bed, he claims to be the better able to sympathise with him because of 'sorrows of his own that have cut more deeply into his heart than they

* In the Preface to *Kubla Khan* (see 'Note III,' p. 592) the date is given as 'the summer of 1797,' and I have so placed the poem (p. 94). But, since the 'Poems' and 'Notes' were printed off, a MS. note by Coleridge, dated Nov. 3, 1830, has been discovered, in which it is stated that the retirement to the farm-house, and the recourse to opium—he calls it 'the first,' meaning, doubtless, the first recourse for relief from *mental* trouble—were caused by the breach with Lloyd. He goes on to say that the nervous disquietude and misery which he suffered prevented him from finishing *Christabel*. Coleridge is generally unreliable in the matter of dates assigned to particular single events, but I think we may trust him when he synchronises. Besides, it seems far more probable that *Kubla Khan* was composed after *Christabel* (I.) and *The Ancient Mariner*, than that it was the first breathing on his magic flute.

ought to have done,' alluding, doubtless, to the rupture with Lloyd, and to his knowledge that Lamb was being alienated from him by Lloyd.

In March there had been talk of a third edition of Coleridge's poems, and on hearing of it Lloyd begged Cottle to 'persuade' Coleridge to omit his. This caused Coleridge to reply, smilingly, that no persuasion was needed for the omission of verses published at the earnest request of the author; and that though circumstances had made the Groscollian motto[1] now look ridiculous, he accepted the punishment of his folly, closing his letter with the characteristically sententious reflection—'By past experience we build up our moral being.'[2] The story is much obscured by Cottle. He mixes up with it the Higginbottom Sonnets of November 1797, and omits to supply his documents with dates, but it would seem that by June some sort of reconciliation between Lloyd and Coleridge had been patched up. 'I love Coleridge,' wrote Lloyd to Cottle,[3] 'and can forget all that has happened'; but things must have gone wrong again, for Lloyd resumed, and too successfully, his attempt to poison Lamb's mind. On July 28, Lamb wrote thus to Southey: 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia. "Poor Lamb" (these were his last words), "if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me." . . . I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Göttingen'; and then come the *Theses quædam Theologicæ*.[4] If any such speech was ever uttered by Coleridge, it must have been curiously misrepresented to have aroused in Lamb's gentle spirit the extreme bitterness manifested in the letter[5] he wrote to Coleridge conveying the *Theses*. In after-years[6] Lamb told Coleridge that the brief alienation between them had been caused by Lloyd's tattle, adding that Lloyd's unfortunate habit had wrought him other mischief.* The quarrel must have been a source of much pain to Coleridge, who was doubtless conscious of having thought no evil of Lamb. His feelings towards Lloyd had by this time (July 1798) been embittered by the publication of *Edmund Oliver*, the novel in which, under the thinnest disguise, and in no particularly friendly spirit, Coleridge's enlistment and other adventures had been introduced. The irritation could not have failed to be increased by the circumstances, that the book was dedicated to Charles Lamb, and published by Cottle.

In May, Cottle was invited to Alfoxden and spent a week there. During this visit, arrangements were made for the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and he carried off with him the MS. of *The Ancient Mariner*. The price of the copyright was fixed at thirty guineas, payable in the last fortnight of July—the 'money being necessary to our plan,' wrote Coleridge—the plan being doubtless the German one,

* '[Coleridge, in 1821] spoke in the highest terms of affection and consideration of Lamb. Related the circumstance which gave rise to *The Old Familiar Faces*. Charles Lloyd, in one of his fits, had shown to Lamb a letter, in which Coleridge had illustrated the cases of vast genius in proportion to talent, and predominance of talent in conjunction with genius, in the persons of Lamb and himself. Hence a temporary coolness, at the termination of which, or during its continuance, these beautiful verses were written' (Allsop's *Letters*, etc. p. 141). *The Old Familiar Faces* was first printed in *Blank Verse* (by C. L. and C. Ll.) 1798, and dated 'January 1798. As this date is probably correct, the 'friend of my bosom' was certainly Coleridge; the friend whom Lamb had 'left like an ingrate,' Lloyd,—and Allsop's (or Coleridge's) recollection, therefore, as regards Lamb's verses, at fault.

[1] See 'APPENDIX K,' IV. p. 539.

[2] S. T. C. to Cottle, March 8, 1798, in *Rem.* p. 164.

[3] Birmingham, June 7, 1798. In the same letter he mentions that Lamb had quitted him the day before after a fortnight's visit, and that he will write to Coleridge (*Rem.* p. 170).

[4] Ainger's *Letters of Lamb*, i. 88.

[5] Ainger's *Letters of Lamb*, i. 321.

[6] See 'Note 113,' p. 600, and 'Note 116,' p. 607.

although its details had not then been finally arranged. It was probably with the view of consulting the Wedgwoods * that about the middle of June, Coleridge paid them a visit at Stoke d'Abernon, near Cobham,[1] during which he learnt that Godwin was anxious to be reintroduced to him. Coleridge hopes to see him in the following week, but I do not think the meeting took place until 1800. On the 3rd August he was with the Wordsworths at Bristol, and wrote to Poole that he considered 'the realisation of the [German] scheme of great importance to his intellectual activity, and, of course, to his moral happiness.'[2] He is doubtful whether Mrs. Coleridge should accompany him, but inclined to think that as this would involve 'borrowing,' he had better go alone—at first, at all events. He begs for Poole's advice to be laid before him on his return to Stowey, in a week, after he has taken a 'dart into Wales.' The Wordsworths had quitted Alfoxden at Midsummer, and, after staying a week with the Coleridges, they walked to Bristol, where they took lodgings, and superintended the printing of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Before the end of August they were in London, in readiness for their journey.

We have no details, but during these weeks it must have been settled that Mrs. Coleridge should remain at Stowey, under the wing of Poole, and that Coleridge should take with him a young Stowey man named John Chester, of whom Hazlitt has left a graphic account in *My first acquaintance with Poets*.† Coleridge met the Wordsworths in London about the 10th September, and spent a few hurried days. He arranged with Johnson (Cowper's publisher), in St. Paul's Churchyard, for the printing of the little quarto which contains *Fears in Solitude*, etc.,[3] but unfor-

* It may be as well, at this point, to clear away a misunderstanding with regard to the relations between the Wedgwoods on the one part, and Coleridge and Wordsworth on the other, in the matter of the cost of the German expedition. In her very interesting *mélange*, *A Group of Englishmen* (1871, p. 98), Miss Meteyard quotes from the accounts-current between the Wedgwoods and their Hamburg Agents, P. and O. Von Axen, entries of large payments to Coleridge and Wordsworth during the poet's residence in Germany. She jumps to the conclusion, which unfortunately has been accepted by biographers of both, that (1) Wordsworth's expenses came out of the Wedgwoods' pockets, and (2) that this was the case also with Coleridge's, *over and above his annuity*. I know nothing at all about the matter as regards Wordsworth, but I would submit that nothing could well be more improbable than that he received any pecuniary assistance from the Wedgwoods, with whom he was never on any specially intimate terms. He needed none, his narrow means being strained no more by residence in Germany than at Alfoxden. I have no doubt that Wordsworth simply banked with Von Axens under an ordinary 'Letter of Credit' issued, for due consideration, by the Wedgwoods. In Coleridge's case there could have been no 'consideration,' and he seems to have been allowed to overdraw the instalments of his annuity, but I know that all such overdrawings were debited to it, and that no extra allowance was granted to him over and above. Whether he ever repaid these overdrawings, I cannot say, but I know nothing to the contrary. In Dec. 1799 he told Southey that he was striving hard to clear himself, his German expenses having necessitated the anticipation of the whole of his annuity for the year 1800. There are other allusions to the same effect in his correspondence with Poole. There are also several indications that the amounts appearing to Coleridge's debit in the Von Axens' accounts include Chester's expenses as well as his own.

† He describes Chester as having been attracted to Coleridge's discourse as bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan, and as following the poet about as a faithful collie. Coleridge makes no allusion to Chester in his published letters from Germany, but Carlyon (*Early Years and Late Reflections*, i. 131) speaks of him as one 'whose honest good nature had made him a favourite with us all.' He remained with Coleridge in Germany and returned with him.

[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 271.

[2] *Ib.* i. 272.

[3] See 'APPENDIX K,' V. p. 544, *post*.

tunately he found no time for his most important call—that on Daniel Stuart respecting promised contributions to the *Morning Post*. The party left London on the 14th, and, having taken packet at Yarmouth on the 16th, reached Hamburg on the third day after.

The volume of *Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems*, had been published a few days before. It was anonymous, and in the preface ('Advertisement') no hint was given that more than one author was concerned. Coleridge's contributions were :—*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere* (p. 512; see also 'Note 112,' p. 593); *The Foster-Mother's Tale* (p. 83); *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem* (p. 131; see also 'Note 121,' p. 611); and *The Dungeon* (p. 85). The reception accorded to the little volume was far from being enthusiastic, but, everything considered, was not altogether discreditable to the reviewers. If they were shocked by the *Ancient Mariner*, so were Southey and Lloyd, and so, a little, was William Wordsworth. They saw merit in *Goody Blake* and in *The Thorn* and in *The Idiot Boy*, but only Southey, among them all, took the least notice of *Lines at Tintern Abbey*. He was likewise alone in noticing the *Lines left on a Yew-tree Seat*; and not even he was attracted by 'It is the first mild day of March,' or 'Written in Early Spring,' or by the exquisite close of *Simon Lee*—plain evidence of the small extent to which the sweet influences of Cowper and Burns had up to that time affected the dry places of metropolitan criticism. The sale of the volume was slow, but the poets heard nothing at all about it during their absence, except a cheerful report from Mrs. Coleridge that 'the *Lyrical Ballads* are not liked at all by any.'[1]

V. Germany

The passage from Yarmouth and the events of the early days spent by the united party at Hamburg, are amusingly described by Coleridge in his 'Satyrane's Letters.'[2] In Hamburg they greatly enjoyed themselves in simple tourist fashion. They met Klopstock and had discussions, of greater length than importance, with him on the literatures of their respective countries. After four days' junketing, Coleridge went off by himself to Ratzeburg, carrying a letter of introduction to the *Amtmann* (Magistrate) of that town, who introduced him to a pastor, with whom he arranged to live (himself and Chester) *en pension*. He then returned to Hamburg, said good-bye to the Wordsworths, and on the 1st October departed again for Ratzeburg, remaining there for the next four months. The early separation from the Wordsworths has never been explained, and has given rise to unfounded suspicions, such as those which seized on Charles Lamb when he heard the news[3] that the poets had quarrelled. The only allusion to the reasons

[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 301. Cottle wrote to neither. The account he gives of his dealings with the book (*Rem.* pp. 257-258) must be untrue, and the letter from Wordsworth (p. 258) is garbled. The original is in the Forster Library.

[2] Spenser's Satyrane (*F.Q.* I. vi.)—

'Who far abroad for strange adventures sought.'

The Letters were first printed in *The Friend* for Nov. 23, Dec. 7, and Dec. 21, 1809. They were reprinted in the *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. Coleridge, I believe, saw Klopstock only on the first occasion, and the whole of the account of the conversations must have been taken from Wordsworth's notes, for the language used was French, which was unintelligible to Coleridge.

[3] Lamb to Southey, Nov. 28, 1798 (Ainger's ed. i. 98).

with which I am acquainted is contained in a letter from Poole,[1] which apparently reflects Coleridge's account of the matter. 'The Wordsworths have left you so there is an end of our fears about amalgamation, etc. I think you both did perfectly right. It was right for them to find a cheaper situation; and it was right for you to avoid the expense of travelling, provided you are where *pure German* is spoken.' He adds, 'You will, of course, frequently hear from Wordsworth,'—which proves that the separation took place under no shadow even of momentary unfriendliness. On the day on which the Wordsworths left Hamburg for Goslar (*viâ* Brunswick), William wrote to Poole: 'Coleridge has most likely informed you that he and Chester have settled at Ratzeburg. Dorothy and I are going to speculate further up the country.' They went further only to fare worse, for at Goslar they were nearly frozen to death, and saw little or nothing of German society, and learnt little or nothing of the language[2] or literature. Wordsworth, however, did better, for he wrote some of his best poetry, though of course he could have done that under more comfortable circumstances in England. Correspondence with Coleridge was kept up,[3] and in February the brother and sister seem to have visited him at Göttingen.[4] They also spent a day or two with him, in April, on their way home.[5]

Coleridge's purpose in remaining at Ratzeburg was to acquire a thorough knowledge of German. 'It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor with whom I lived, from the cellar to the roof, through garden, farm-yard, etc., and to call every, the minutest thing, by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest-books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them, contributed their share to a more home-like acquaintance with the language than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society.'[6] By the end of those six weeks he 'amazes' his Stowey friends by his report of progress; and vexes them by the accounts of his home-sickness. 'You say you wish to come home,' responds Poole, and advises him to be of good cheer and think of nothing but the accomplishment of the object of his exile. He adds that Stuart is anxiously expecting the promised contributions to the *Morning Post*—contributions which never came.[7]

Coleridge certainly wrote warmly affectionate and home-sick letters to his wife and to Poole, but my impression is that he had distractions. He made little excursions into the adjoining country; the 'nobility and gentry' of the little town paid him much attention, for he was Coleridge, and Englishmen were naturally popular in a town which fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the battle of the Nile. But the mails were very irregular, and he no doubt fretted sometimes—especially when news came that little Berkeley's inoculation had been swiftly followed by an attack of smallpox which spoiled his fair beauty. He tried total abstinence from fermented liquors, and ate little animal food, but after three months' experience of the regimen, found that though his digestion was improved and his spirits more equable, sleeplessness had been induced. With what he considered a sufficient stock

[1] To Coleridge, Oct. 8, 1798. *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 278.

[2] The little dictionary they used lies before me—his autograph on the title-page, and some pencilled additions to the vocabulary of the second part in Dorothy's hand. It is a little Leipsic *Taschenwörterbuch*—Französich-Deutsches and Dsch.-Fr., costing eighteen groschen say half-a-crown.

[3] Knight's *Life*, i. 184. See also *Hexameters*, p. 137, and 'Note 125,' p. 614; and *Ad Vilmum Axiologum*, p. 138.

[4] Knight's *Life*, i. 183.

[5] *Ib.* i. 193.

[6] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 201 *n.*

[7] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 282.

of German, he left Ratzeburg on Feb. 6 for Göttingen, where he arrived on the 12th. He matriculated at the University, where he found three Cambridge men, including two Parrys, elder brothers of the Arctic explorer. He attended the lectures[1] of Blumenbach on Physiology and Natural History; those of the rationalising Eichhorn on the New Testament[2] he studied at second-hand from a student's notes. 'But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature,' and he went deep into the earlier forms of the language—Gothic, etc. All this he did, and, in addition, he 'read and made collections for a history of the *belles lettres* in Germany, before the time of Lessing, and made very large collections for a life of Lessing.'[3] 'For these last four months,' he adds, 'I have worked harder than, I trust in God Almighty, I shall ever have occasion to work again: this endless transcription is such a body-and-soul wearying purgatory. I shall have bought thirty pounds' worth of books, chiefly metaphysics, and with a view to the one work, to which I hope to dedicate in silence the prime of my life; but I believe, and indeed doubt not, that before Christmas I shall have repaid myself.'

On the 22nd March Carlyon arrived at Göttingen fresh from Pembroke College (Cambridge) with a travelling fellowship. With him came one or two other young men, so that there was then a friendly little band of Englishmen, with Coleridge for its centre, if not its leader. For he, we are assured, was 'the noticeable Engländer.' From Carlyon's rather dreary farrago of a book,[4] thrown together when he was an old man, we learn that, as at Ratzeburg, so at Göttingen, Coleridge was not without distractions. Of course he talked—he never wearied of talking, and frequently over the heads of his companions, for he tried to make metaphysicians of them. He was the life and soul of an excursion to the Harz Mountains, the outcome of which was the *Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode* (p. 145) and *Home-sick* (p. 146), and a picturesque letter to Mrs. Coleridge ('Notes' 145 and 147, pp. 620, 621). He dressed badly, 'but I have heard him say, fixing his prominent eyes upon himself (as he was wont to do whenever there was a mirror in the room), with a singularly coxcombical expression of countenance, that his dress was sure to be lost sight of the moment he began to talk, an assertion which, whatever may be thought of its modesty, was not without truth.'

He had, however, fits of depression, especially when the intervals between home letters were prolonged. He describes himself as languishing for hours together in vacancy. Love, he cries out, is the vital air of his genius,[5] and in Germany he has seen no one to love. A sad blow fell on him in the first days of April. Letters from Mrs. Coleridge and from Poole reached him with news that little Berkeley was dead. They were dated March 15, but the child had died on the 10th of February. Poole's letter reveals the reason of the delay[6]—he feared to disturb Coleridge's mind, and would have kept him in ignorance until his arrival in England. Mrs. Coleridge seems to have shared Poole's notion, but both must have seen that they could not write at all without mentioning the sad news, and so, in a month, their hand was forced. So far from having 'never forgotten herself,' as Poole feigned, Mrs.

1 *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 202.

2 'Coleridge, an able vindicator of these important truths [Christian Evidences], is well acquainted with Eichhorn, but the latter is a coward, who dreads his arguments and his presence.' Parry, a fellow-student with Coleridge at Göttingen in 1799, quoted in CARLYON, i. 100 *n.*

3 Letter to J. Wedgwood, May 21, 1799, in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 427.

4 *Early Years and Late Reflections*, vols. i. ii. iii. 1856; vol. iv. 1858.

5 See *The Pains of Sleep*, ll. 51, 52 (p. 171), and 'Note' thereon, p. 632, *post*.

6 Poole's letter is very interesting. See *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 290-295.

Coleridge was distracted with grief, and her letter to her husband is very touching. She adjured him not to fail to return in May as he had promised. Coleridge was simply stunned. So perfect was his confidence in the love and affection which had dictated the delay that he uttered no word of reproach. In his letter to Poole he recalls the lines in *Osorio*—altering them slightly—

> 'Grief, indeed,
> Doth live and dally with fantastic thought,
> And smiling like a sickly moralist,
> Finds some resemblance to her own concerns.
> In the straws of chance, and things inanimate!

'But I cannot truly say that I grieve—I am perplexed—I am sad, and a little thing, a very little thing would make me weep; but for the death of the baby, I have *not* wept. Oh! this strange, strange, strange scene-shifter, Death—that giddies one with insecurity, and so unsubstantiates the living things that one has grasped and handled'; and he goes on to transcribe the 'sublime Epitaph' which Wordsworth had sent him some months before—'A slumber did my spirit seal' He fancies that perhaps the thought of the possibility of Dorothy's death had prompted the lines. A month later (May 6) he writes: 'O my God, how I long to be at home!' The nightingales are singing around him and make him think, he writes, of his own verses, 'only because I thought of Hartley, my only child.[1] Dear *lamb*, I hope *he* won't be dead before I get home. . . . I have a strange sort of sensation, as if, while I was present, none could die whom I intensely loved.'[2]

In the same letter Coleridge informs Poole that the Wordsworths had passed through.[3] 'They were melancholy and hipp'd. W. was affected to tears at the thought of not living near me—wished me, of course, to live in the north of England, near them and Sir F. Vane's great library. I told him that, independent of the expense of removing, and the impropriety of taking Mrs. Coleridge to a place where she would have no acquaintance, two insurmountable objections, the library was no inducement, for I wanted old books chiefly. . . . Finally, I told him plainly that *you* had been the man in whom *first*, and in whom *alone*, I had felt an anchor.' But Wordsworth reiterated that a library was a necessity.[4] Coleridge goes on to say that it is painful to him to think of not living near Wordsworth, 'for he is a *good* and *kind* man, and the only one whom in *all* things I feel my superior.'

On the 24th June Coleridge left Göttingen for England. On the evening before, he and some of his English friends were entertained at supper by Professor Blumenbach. Coleridge was in the best of spirits, talking away 'with the worst German accent imaginable,' and occasionally appealing to his pocket dictionary for a word.[5] Carlyon and Greenough accompanied Coleridge and Chester as far as Brunswick, paying a second, and again unsuccessful, visit to the Brocken Spectre, and spending a day over the Lessing relics at Wolfenbüttel on the way.

1 Page 131. See also 'Note 121,' p. 611; and 'Fragments' 37 and 42, p. 456.

2 *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 297.

3 This visit must have taken place about April 25. See Dorothy Wordsworth's letter to Poole in Knight's *Life of William Wordsworth*, i. 193. There had been a previous visit, 'soon after Coleridge's arrival at Göttingen,' and previous to March 22. See CARLYON, i. 196.

4 Up to July the Wordsworths were willing to go to the Stowey neighbourhood if Poole could find them a place. See Knight's *Life*, i. 194.

5 CARLYON, i. 161 *et seq.* In 1828 Coleridge met Schlegel at Godesberg. His German was so little intelligible that Schlegel had to beg him to speak English. *Mem. of C. M. Young*, 1871, p. 121.

VI. Greta Hall

Coleridge arrived at Stowey at some uncertain date between the 2nd and 29th July, and on the latter day he wrote a friendly letter to Southey, who was at Minehead. Southey seems to have responded tentatively, accusing Coleridge of evil-speaking. Coleridge denies that he ever accused Southey of anything but enmity to himself—an enmity founded on delusion, and appealed to Poole. Poole backed Coleridge, who, he says, had always spoken of Southey with affection. 'As for C. Lloyd,' adds Poole, 'it would be cruel to attribute *his* conduct to aught but a diseased mind.' Southey being satisfied, brought his wife to Stowey,[1] and they remained for two or three weeks. It was during this visit that the two poets concocted *The Devil's Thoughts*,[2] after the casual, light-hearted fashion described, long after, by Southey—

> There while the one was shaving
> Would he the song begin,
> And the other when he heard it at breakfast,
> In ready accord join in.

Before the end of August the brothers-in-law and their wives set out from Stowey—the Southeys for Sidmouth, and the Coleridges for Ottery St. Mary, on a visit to the old home. To Poole, Coleridge wrote assurances that he and his wife were 'received with all love and attention,' and Southey, who was detained a few days at Ottery, gives a lively account of the family party.[3] 'We were all a good deal amused by the old lady [Coleridge's mother]. She could not hear what was going on, but seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must have been wrong, and cried out, "Ah, if your poor father had been alive, he'd soon have convinced you!"' The visit was prolonged until near the end of September, and Coleridge tells Poole that he enjoyed himself. Finding that his brothers' opinions, tastes, and feelings differed fundamentally from his own, he held his peace, and amiably pledged 'Church and King' when the toast was going round, relieving his feelings occasionally in the company of some friends at Exeter, whose views more nearly coincided with his own—amongst them being Hucks, the travelling companion of 1794. On the 30th September he writes to Southey of a rheumatic attack, which reminds him of his rheumatic fever at school, and a fortnight later, of much pain and sleeplessness, with sickness, through indigestion of food taken by compulsion—symptoms not, one fears, without their suggestiveness. Southey was at this time collecting verses for the second volume of his *Annual Anthology*, and Coleridge had promised contributions—even *Christabel*, it would appear, for he promises to set about the finishing of it with all speed, though he doubts if it would make a suitable poem with which to open the volume. He thinks he may go to London. A week later he went to London—but not directly. He had received alarming accounts of Wordsworth's health, and on the 26th October, in company with Cottle,[4] he arrived at Sockburn, where the Wordsworths were residing with the Hutchinsons.[5] Fortunately the cause of alarm had passed away, and almost immediately the three men started on a tour

[1] *Letters of R. S.* i. 78.

[2] See page 147, *post*; and 'Note 149,' p. 621

[3] *Letters of R. S.* i. 81-83.

[4] *Rem.* p. 259. Wordsworth and Coleridge each wrote some account of the tour. See Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, i. 198-200.

[5] The parents of Mary and Sarah Hutchinson. The former became, in 1802, the wife of Wordsworth, and the latter one of Coleridge's most attached friends. He then met both sisters for the first time.

of the Lake Country. Cottle having been dropped at Greta Bridge, his place was taken by Wordsworth's sailor brother, John, and the tourists penetrated into Gilsland, seeing Irthing Flood, and Knorren Moor, and Tryermaine, and other places whose names give local colour to the second part of *Christabel*. Both poets were most strongly attracted by Grasmere, and with Wordsworth it became merely a question of whether he should build a house by the lake, or take one which was then available. He adopted the latter alternative, and, with his sister, entered Dove Cottage, which all the world now goes to see, on the 21st December following.

Coleridge did not return to Stowey. While in the north he seems to have received a definite proposal to live in London, and write political articles in the *Morning Post*. Stuart seems in return to have promised to defray all his expenses. To London accordingly he went directly by coach from Sockburn, arriving on November 27. He immediately took lodgings, which at the time he described to Poole as 'quiet and healthful,' at 21 Buckingham Street, Strand;[1] and before the 9th December Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley had joined him. He tells Southey that their *Devil's Thoughts* has been a great success, and that though he fears he has not now poetical enthusiasm enough to finish 'Christabel' for the *Anthology*, he will be ready in time with his other verses.[2] As to permanent residence, beyond the four or five months he will be detained in London, nothing is decided. Both for his own and his wife's sake he should like to fix it near Southey. To Southey he says nothing (in any of the letters which have been printed) of the engagement he had then taken to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein* for Longmans (see 'Note 229,' p. 646); but in one dated Christmas Eve, he says that he 'gives his mornings to the booksellers'—the translation doubtless—and the time after dinner to Stuart, 'who pays all expenses, whatever they are'—the earnings of the morning going towards replacing the anticipated annuity-money spent in Germany. Before this time he had renewed his intercourse with Godwin. On New Year's Eve he wrote to Poole,[3]—'I work from I-rise to I-set (that is from 9 A.M. to 12 at night) almost without intermission.' Up to that time his contributions to the *Morning Post* had been confined almost entirely to a few verses; in January 'a good many political 'leading paragraphs' (as 'leaders' were then called) appeared; in February they dwindled, and on the 14th Coleridge[5] informed Poole that he has given up the *Morning Post*, adding that the editor is 'importunate against it.' He did not give it up all at once, for on the 17th he reported Pitt's speech from scanty notes made in the House. He tells Wedgwood[6] he has been three times to the House—one of them being 'yesterday,' when he made that famous report. He went on Monday at 7.15 A.M., remained till 3 A.M. on Tuesday, and afterwards wrote and corrected at the office till 8,—'a good 24 hours of unpleasant activity.' He was very proud of

[1] The lodging at Howell's in King Street, Covent Garden, mentioned by Stuart (*Gent. Mag.* May 1838), was occupied not then, but in 1802.

[2] He must have been as good as his word, for the volume contained:—*Lewti, The Mad Ox, Lines at Elbingerode, A Christmas Carol, To a Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry, The Lime-tree Bower my Prison, To W. Linley, The British Stripling's War-song, Something childish, Homesick, Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire, Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, The Raven, To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre*, and a number of 'Epigrams.'

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 1.

[4] In 1850 Mrs. H. N. Coleridge collected her father's journalistic productions under the title, '*Essays on his own Times*, being a second series of *The Friend*. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by his Daughter.' 3 vols. (paged continuously).

[5] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 6.

[6] Letter printed in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 433.

that feat in 'reporting' in Johnson's manner. To Poole he wrote at the time,[1] 'My report of Pitt's speech made a great noise here,' and in after-years he seems to have told Gillman that it brought Canning next day to the office to inquire of the editor the name of the reporter. On the other hand, Stuart[2] says the report in the *True Briton* was both 'more faithful and more splendid,' and that the story about Canning is 'altogether a romance. . . . I never spoke to Mr. Canning until after I had left the *Morning Post*.' This is a fair specimen of the little controversy which in 1838 arose between Coleridge's biographers and Stuart regarding the poet's connection with the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1838, Stuart printed his version of it, lest, as he said, some future editor of the *Table Talk* should 'hold him out as an ungrateful person, who was rolling about in his carriage while Coleridge, who made his fortune, was starving in Mr. Gillman's garret.' In the *Biographia* (chap. x.) Coleridge asserted that on Stuart's papers he had 'wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect,' adding thereby 'nothing to his fortune or reputation.' The imputation was much resented by Stuart, who called at Highgate and warmly expressed his feeling, though he refrained from taking any public notice. Then, in the *Table Talk* (1835, i. 173) (the sentence was suppressed in later editions) Coleridge is made to say, 'I raised the sale of the *Morning Post* from an inconsiderable number to 7000 per day in the course of one year.' To this Stuart replied with figures showing that the statement had no foundation. Only three of Coleridge's contributions, he says, made any sensation—a paragraph on Lord Grenville's state-paper, the 'Character of Pitt' (March 19, 1800), and *The Devil's Thoughts*. A companion 'Character of Buonaparte' was promised over and over again, but was never written. Stuart let every one know who wrote the 'Pitt.' Except for a few months in 1799-1800 Coleridge was away from London—how could he, asks Stuart, make the fortune of a daily morning newspaper, the success of which depends on constant temporary effect? As regards his remuneration, one sees clearly from Coleridge's letters that in his own opinion he had been over-paid. At the same time it cannot be doubted that although Coleridge exaggerated his services, the general reputation of the *Morning Post* and *Courier* must have been heightened by his contributions. Mr. Traill, whose opinion on such a matter is entitled to the greatest respect, considers that so far from Coleridge's newspaper articles being tainted with the defects which might have been looked for—over-rhetorical diction, too much refinement in argument, too much philosophic reflection—'nothing is more remarkable than their thorough workmanlike character . . . and the steadiness with which he keeps his own and his readers' attention fixed on the special political necessities of the hour.'[3] In March 1800 Coleridge wrote to Poole: 'I am not anxious—I am sure, if God gives me health, to make all even before the end of the year; and I find that I can without any straining gain 500 guineas a year, if I give up poetry—*i.e.* original poetry. If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of £2000 a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, if I would devote myself with him to them—but I told him I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, that beyond £250 a year I consider money as a real evil—at which he stared.' He goes on to say that he will go on writing for Stuart until he is 'clear'—clear, that must have been, of advances both from Stuart and the Wedgwoods. Coleridge's statement has

[1] *Essays on his own Times*, p. 1009.

[2] *Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 488.

[3] All that Mr. Traill has to say on this subject is valuable. 'English Men of Letters' series.—*Coleridge*, 1884, pp. 79-86.

been considered to receive corroboration from a passage in a letter of Stuart, written long years afterwards to H. N. Coleridge: 'Could Coleridge and I place ourselves thirty years back, and he be so far a man of business as to write three or four hours a day, there is nothing I would not pay for his assistance. I would take him into partnership, and I would enable him to make a large fortune.' I do not share this view. On the contrary, had Stuart ever offered a partnership, he would have remembered the circumstance; he knew that regular work for any length of time it was not in Coleridge's nature to give. Besides, Stuart's offer would have been communicated to Wordsworth, and in such case Wordsworth could not have written to Mrs. H. N. Coleridge: 'So convinced was I of the great service that your father rendered to Mr. Stuart's paper, that I urged him to put in his claim to be admitted a proprietor, but this he declined, having a great disinclination to any tie of the kind' (Introd. to *Biog. Lit.* 1847). I have little doubt that the 'offer' was a mere affair of 'ifs' dropped by Stuart in conversation with Coleridge, when urging him to contribute more than he was doing.[1] In journalism, as in other matters, it was with Coleridge 'indolence capable of energies'; and so uniform was Stuart's experience of his friend, that it is incredible that he should have ever seriously proposed to take him as a partner. Except in that unfortunate passage in the *Biographia*, Coleridge always acknowledged Stuart's generosity—a generosity which was continued down to the latest months of the poet's life.

We left Coleridge at Buckingham Street, in the middle of February, having given up his engagement with Stuart. His immediate purpose must have been to get on more quickly with *Wallenstein*. Towards the end of the month Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley left London, going probably to her mother's house at Bristol; Coleridge himself going to the Lambs', who were then living at Pentonville. The reconciliation between these old friends had taken place some time before this. The first evidence we have of this is in a letter from Lamb, dated in all editions 'Jan. 2, 1800,' but which must have been written about the 23rd-27th. On March 17th Lamb wrote to Manning: 'I am living in a continuous feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks, and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress, the more cause I see to love him and believe him a *very good man*, and all those foolish impressions fly off like morning slumbers. He is engaged in translation, which I hope will keep him this month to come.'

Coleridge graphically describes his situation and prospects at this time in a letter to Stuart:—'These cursed Plays play the Devil with me. I have been writing from morning till night, and almost half the night too, and yet get on slowly for the printer. . . . My wife and child leave London to-morrow; and I was particularly desirous to have done enough to have given me some *claim* on him [Longman] for a few pounds, which I must draw on him for their journey. These things I mention, not as justification of my breach of promise, but as palliations. . . . In about four or five days I shall have finished the first Play; and, that being finished, I may go on more leisurely with the others. I shall then be able to give some assistance, probably as much as you may want. A certain number of Essays I consider myself bound to send you AS SOON AS POSSIBLE in common honesty. AFTER these, if it be worth your while, I will do what I can, only not for any regular *stipend*. That harasses me. I know that hitherto I have received from you

[1] There is a mass of printed matter connected with this controversy, but I do not think I have omitted anything essential. See *Gent. Mag.* May, June, July, and August 1838; Introduction to *Biog. Lit.* 1847; and editorial notes in *Essays on his own Times*.

much more than I have earned, and this must not be. . . . I will certainly fill you out a good paper on Sunday.'[1]

How long Coleridge remained with Lamb is unknown, for the next glimpse we have of him is in a letter written to Josiah Wedgwood on the 21st April, from Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere: 'To-morrow morning I send off the last sheet of my irksome, soul-wearying labour, the translation of Schiller.' 'Of its success I have no hope,' he says, adding 'but with all this I have learnt that I have Industry and Perseverance—and before the end of the year, if God grant me health, I shall have my wings wholly un-birdlimed.' He expects to be back in London in a week. But he went to Stowey[2] instead. To Godwin he writes from Poole's house on May 21st:[3] 'I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey, I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such prospect, that, if, according to you and Hume, impressions constitute our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. . . . Hartley sends his love to Mary. "What, and not to Fanny?" Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary [afterwards Mrs. Shelley]. . . . In Bristol I was much with Davy [afterwards Sir Humphry]—almost all day.'* No house was procurable at Stowey, and some time in June Coleridge took his wife and child to Dove Cottage. On the way thither they stayed eight or nine days at Liverpool as the guests of Dr. Crompton (a connection of Mrs. Evans of Darley Abbey), and saw much of the remarkable group of which Roscoe, Rathbone, and Dr. Currie (editor of Burns) were the principal members—all Liberals in politics and religion. The Coleridges remained with the Wordsworths from the 1st July until the 24th, when they moved into Greta Hall.[4] On the 11th of that month Coleridge writes to Stuart of a sort of rheumatic fever, the result of a cold caught on the journey north, from which he was hardly then recovered, and, making this the excuse for having sent no contributions for two months, promises the second part of 'Pitt' and 'Buonaparte' immediately. He will at same time say 'whether or no he will be able to continue any species of regular connection with the paper'; and closes by announcing that his address henceforward will be 'Greta Hall.'[5]

On the day on which he entered that famous dwelling, he wrote to J. Wedgwood[6]: 'I parted from Poole with pain and dejection, for him, and for myself in him. I should have given Stowey a decided preference for a residence . . . but there was no suitable house, and no prospect of a suitable house.' Coleridge, however, was by no means inconsolable. As far back as March, Poole had grown jealous of his ever-growing attachment to Wordsworth—accusing him even of 'prostration,'[7] and I share Mrs. Sandford's view that 'Coleridge would never have been contented to live in the west of England whilst Wordsworth was living in

* Davy had been, since October 1798, at Bristol, in charge of Dr. Beddoes's Pneumatic Institution. Coleridge was introduced to him in 1799 before going to London. In January 1800 Coleridge tells T. Wedgwood, who took much interest in Davy, that he had 'never met with so extraordinary a *young* man' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 431).

[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets . . . to Daniel Stuart.* 1800-1838. Printed for private circulation, 1889, pp. 5, 6.

[2] *Letters to the Lake Poets*, p. 7.

[3] Portions of Coleridge's letters to Godwin were printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April 1864. These, with some additions and some omissions, were reprinted in *William Godwin: his Friends and Acquaintances*, by C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 1876. Vol. ii. Coleridge and Godwin had become very intimate in the winter of 1799-1800.

[4] Knight's *Life*, i. 266.

[5] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 11.

[6] July 24th, 1800; in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 436.

[7] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 8, 9.

the north.' Coleridge, no doubt, believed himself to be regretful at the necessity which carried him to the north, and the two men parted the best of friends; and so they continued for some years longer. But Coleridge had always some one chief friend, generally the one nearest to him, to whom he gave away so much of himself as to find it impossible to meet other claims which, not the less, he eagerly acknowledged.

There is no need to describe Greta Hall. The house and its surroundings are well known, and Coleridge's impressions may be found recounted at length in his published letters.[1] He was simply enchanted with everything. 'I question if there be a room in England which commands a view of mountains and lakes, and woods, and vales, superior to that in which I am now sitting. I say this because it is destined for your study if you come.' So he wrote to the unlovely Godwin.[2] To Poole he wrote, after three weeks' experience: 'In gardens, etc., we are uncommonly well-off, and our landlord,* who resides next door in this two-fold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours, and perhaps larger, well stored with Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, and Histories, etc.,[3] all modern. The gentry of the country, titled and untitled, have all called, or are about to call on me, and I shall have free access to the magnificent library of Sir Gilfrid Lawson, a weak but good-natured man. I wish you could come here in October, after your harvesting, and stand godfather at the christening of my child.† We are well, and the Wordsworths are well. The two volumes of the *Lyrical Ballads* will appear in about a fortnight.'

But they did not appear for about six months, and in the interval there was much coming and going between Dove Cottage and Greta Hall, as may be seen even in the few extracts from Miss Wordsword's 'Grasmere Journals,' printed in Prof. Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*. The interchange of visits was so frequent that the friends seem to have thought little more of the twelve miles which lay between Grasmere and Keswick, than they had of the three between Stowey and Alfoxden. Having left Dove Cottage on the 23rd, Coleridge was back again on the 31st, bringing with him the second volume of the *Annual Anthology*. The party spent two days walking, rowing on the lake, and reading one another's poems 'in the breeze and the shade,' and, on the 2nd September, the two poets walked back to Greta Hall, Wordsworth returning home on the 6th. Two days after, Wordsworth and his sister went over on a week's visit. As it has been said that Coleridge *never* went to church, one may oppose to that scandalous report Miss Wordsworth's entry for Sunday, August 10th: 'Very hot. The C.'s went to church. We sailed upon Derwent in the evening.' Three Sundays later, Miss Wordsworth records: 'At 11 o'clock Coleridge came when I was walking in the still, clear

* Jackson, a retired carrier. He was the master of Wordsworth's *Waggoner*, and admirable in all relations of life.

† Derwent—born September 14th, 1800, three weeks after the letter was written. Coleridge had also asked Godwin (of all men in the world!) to be godfather, meeting with a refusal. See a curious passage on Coleridge's then very unsettled views respecting Baptism, in a letter to Godwin (*W. Godwin*, ii. 9).

Derwent, when a little baby, was supposed to be dying, 'so,' writes Coleridge to Davy, 'the good people would have it baptized.' This was doubtless a private rite. In November 1803 all three children were publicly baptized—but only, again, 'to please the good people,' not the father.

1 To Wedgwood in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 436, and to Godwin in *William Godwin*, ii. 6-8.

2 *William Godwin*, ii. 8.

3 To Godwin, he describes Jackson's books as 'almost all the usual trash of Johnson's, Gibbon's, Robertson's, etc.'

moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. . . . We sate and chatted till half-past three . . . Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel*.' On the 4th October 'Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had sate up all the night before writing essays for the newspaper. . . . Extremely delighted with second part of *Christabel*. 5th October.—Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; we had increasing pleasure. . . . 6th October.—After tea read *The Pedlar* [*Excursion*]. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the *L.B.* 7th October.—Coleridge went off at 11 o'clock.' The further history of *Christabel* and of the new edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* will be found in 'Note 116' (p. 601), where it will be seen that he undertook to make up for the omission of *Christabel* by contributing other poems. Ten days later Miss Wordsworth records that 'Coleridge had done nothing for *L.B.*'; but on October 22nd he was back at Dove Cottage reading *Christabel*. 'We were very merry. . . . William read *Ruth*, etc.' Stoddart was with them, and went to Greta Hall with Coleridge. It may have been then that Stoddart received the copy of *Christabel* which he read to Scott. In November and December the Wordsworths and Coleridge continued to go and come, but no extracts from the *Journals* are printed between December 9, 1800 and October 10, 1801. The *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800 were published in January 1801.

On November 1, 1800, Coleridge tells Wedgwood[1] of his labours on *Christabel*. 'In the meantime I had got myself entangled in the old sorites of the old sophist —procrastination. I had suffered my necessary business to accumulate so terribly that I neglected to write to any one, till the pain I suffered from not writing made me waste as many hours in dreaming about it as would have sufficed for the letter-writing of half a life.' He goes on, in this extremely interesting letter, to declare that although his situation at Keswick is delightful, he feels the loss of Poole's society, and of opportunities of meeting with the Wedgwoods. Yet when he revises the step he has taken, he cannot see how it could have been avoided. 'You will in three weeks see *The Rise and Condition of the German Boors*. I found it convenient to make up a volume out of my journey, etc., in North Germany, and the letters (your name of course erased) are in the printer's hands. I was so weary of transcribing and composing, that when I found those more carefully written than the rest, I even sent them off as they were.' The volume never reached 'the printer's hands.' Certain asterisks which follow probably represent a demand for money, for twelve days later Coleridge thanks his correspondent for his 'kind letter with the £20,' adding that he believes he has 'anticipated on the next year to the amount of £30 or £40, probably more.' He still complains of trouble in his eyes. I am much afraid that apart from spasmodic efforts to complete *Christabel*, Coleridge had been simply idling—so far, at least, as a poet and philosopher whose eye and mind are in a state of activity can be said to idle. But he was also a bread-winner, and well as it may be for such to 'gather in summer' it is unwise to 'sleep in harvest.' The volume about 'German Boors,' though not a myth, might as well have been one, for he 'suspended' it for months, and then tried to get Longmans to accept a metaphysical work instead, which they probably suspected would equally come to no result. Another book, on which he had received an advance from Phillipps, was also abandoned and the money refunded. The newspaper articles, of which he told the Wordsworths in October, were, save the introductory paper, Poole's.[2] After these Stuart received nothing for a whole year, except

[1] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 439. The present quotation follows directly on that printed in 'Note 116,' at pp. 602, 603, *post*.

[2] *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 413 and 1020, 1021.

the satirical verses on his brother-in-law, Mackintosh,[1] who was Coleridge's rival in the good graces of the Wedgwoods—a production therefore which, brilliant as it is, he had much better have retained for private consumption, or, at most, private circulation. His letters for the earlier part of the winter are full of 'work for the booksellers' in arrear, yet he seems to make no effort to rescue it from that always crowded limbo of his. But he talks of 'undertaking' a huge geographical school-book of '12 or 1400 pages'(!) if Godwin does not decide on doing it himself.[2] Eight days later he tells Thelwall that he 'amuses' himself by studying the most ancient forms of the Northern Languages, his 'serious' occupation being a metaphysical investigation of the laws by which our feelings form affinities with each other, with ideas, and with words. As to Poetry, he has abandoned it, 'being convinced that he never had the essentials of a poet's genius.'

Before the end of the year he seems to have had an illness of some severity—rheumatic fever, followed by other troubles. The illness was intermittent, but before the end of January he was quite well again. He was, however, in serious pecuniary straits—owing money to Wordsworth and Lamb and Poole, and behind with his annual allowance of £20 to his mother-in-law, while a considerable part of his annuity for 1801 had been drawn in advance. Poole came to the rescue as regards one or two of the most pressing obligations. How the others were met, if met at all, there is no record. Coleridge proposes to publish his tragedy 'as a poem,' and also *Christabel*. The £60 he 'hoped' to get for these cannot have been got, for they did not go to the printers. 'A drama and a sort of farce,' 'works written purposely vile' for the theatre, are supposed to be available 'if aught good come of them'; but Coleridge must have known he was romancing, for he adds—'that is a dream.' The only bright spot in the letters of this time is that wife and children are well—Derwent 'a fine, fat fellow,' and Hartley 'an universal darling,' 'a fairy elf,' 'a spirit of joy dancing on an aspen leaf.'

As soon as Coleridge recovered, he gave himself up entirely to metaphysics, 'thinking with intense energy'—the outcome being a series of letters addressed to the Wedgwoods, attacking Locke, Descartes, and Hobbes, but mainly the first, making him out to be a mere plagiarist.[3] The intensity of the study does not relax until the middle of March, when he takes 'a week's respite, that he may make *Christabel* ready for the press . . . in order to get rid of his engagements to Longman.' One of them, 'the German book,' he has put aside owing to metaphysical preoccupations, although he confesses that 'poverty is staring him in the face.' The distress throughout the country—the Birmingham poor-rate, Wedgwood tells Poole, is fifty shillings in the pound—distresses Coleridge. His distaste for 'booksellers' work' grows; he thinks he will go to America; then, he will not, until he is starved out of his native land. Such is the burthen of his letters for months. Yet all the time his bread and butter were secured to him in the annuity; he had books to write for which the publishers were waiting, and Stuart would gladly have paid for the copious remarks on the 'condition of England question' which he spent much of his time inditing in the form of letters to his unpaying correspondents! With the best will in the world to extend nothing but sympathy towards a man of genius beating his wings against

[1] *The Two round Spaces on the Tombstone*, p. 157. See also 'Note 158,' p. 625, *post*. Stuart, in 1838, believed that he had detected the purpose of the verses, and refused to publish them—a piece of forgetfulness which tends to invalidate to some extent what he put forward solely on the authority of his recollections, in the controversy respecting Coleridge's services to the *Morning Post* and *Courier* (*Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 486).

[2] *William Godwin*, ii. 14 (Letter of Dec. 9 1800).

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 31.

he realities of life, one finds it difficult to be quite patient with his perplexities. Even Poole's patience gave way.

It is impossible to keep pace with Coleridge's schemes at this period. To Thelwall he says he has for ever renounced poetry for metaphysics; to Poole and Davy he announces the resumption of *Christabel*; to Davy [1] he proposes the serious study of chemistry, aided by a laboratory to be set up by Wordsworth's friend Calvert; his, in addition to the devotion of four or five months to what his heart '*burns* to do,' an essay 'Concerning Poetry, and the nature of the Pleasures derived from it'—a work which 'would supersede all the books of metaphysics, and all the books of morals too.' He is 'proud of himself' on account of the results, which will some day be visible, of his vigorous thinking during his illness.

On the 18th April, at the end of a very long letter to Poole, Coleridge tells him of his complex troubles. For ten days he has kept his bed. His complaint he can scarce describe. 'It is a species of irregular gout . . . it flies about in unsightly swellings of my knees, and dismal affections of my stomach and head. What I suffer in mere *pain* is incredible, but that is a trifle with the gloom of my circumstances. . . . If the fine weather continues, I shall revive. . . . Another winter in England would *do for me*. . . . It is not my bodily pain, but the gloom and distresses of those around me for whom I ought to be labouring and cannot.' [2] Poole replied [3] sympathetically, but almost ignored the account of the bodily pain. On the 17th May Coleridge responded by another long letter recounting his sufferings during the previous months. He does not regret the metaphysical studies, which he fears broke him down again after his January fever. 'In the course of these studies I tried a multitude of little experiments on my own sensations and on my senses, and some of these (too often repeated) I have reason to believe did injury to my nervous system. However this be, I relapsed, and a devil of a relapse it has been. . . . The attacks on my stomach and the nephritic pains in my back, which almost alternated with the stomach fits—they were terrible! The disgust, the loathing, which followed these fits, and no doubt in part, too, the use of the brandy and laudanum which they rendered necessary. . . . On Monday, May 4th, I recovered all at once as it were,' and he went over to Wordsworth, improving every day until the 12th, when a walk of six miles brought on a sleepless night and a swollen knee. He is now at home, and recovering, and proposes (*D. V.*) to spend the next winter at St. Michael's, one of the Azores. [4]

I think there can be no doubt that this letter gives the true account of the beginning of what Coleridge, in after-years, was accustomed to call his 'slavery' to opium. It fully confirms his reiterated contention that it was begun as a relief from pain, and not in a search after unholy pleasure. 'My sole sensuality was *not* to be in pain.' [5] That there was in Coleridge a notable disposition to resort to opium, not only for relief from pain, but also from mental depression, we have already seen. It is therefore not at all surprising that he should have resorted to it under the double pressure of mental and bodily distress in the winter of 1800-1. In 1804, 1814, 1820, and in 1826, Coleridge made statements regarding the immediate cause of his beginning to take opium. They all agree, almost literally, in stating that the relief was sought from rheumatic affections and knee-swellings which had kept him

[1] Letter of Feb. 3, 1801, in *Fragmentary Remains . . . of Sir H. Davy*, 1858, p. 86.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 43, 44.

[3] May 7, 1801. *Ib.* ii. 44-47.

[4] Parts of these letters are printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. p. 48.

[5] 'Note from Pocket-Book [Malta] December 23, 1804,' quoted in Gillman's *Life*, p. 246. See also Coleridge's statement of 'April, 1826,' *ib.* p. 247; Letter to Cottle, April 26, 1814, in *Rem.* p. 366; and letter to Allsop, July 31, 1820, in *Letters*, etc., i. 41.

almost bed-ridden for six months. The 'six' months is an immaterial exaggeration, but it is clearly to the illness and the sudden temporary cure described to Poole, that Coleridge was referring.* The account given to Cottle (1814) speaks of a 'medical journal' which recommended 'laudanum,' internally and externally, for swelled knees. 'It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I need not go through the dreary history.' In the Gillman memorandum (1826) the account is the same, except that for the plain 'laudanum' a mythical 'Kendal Black Drop' is introduced as working all the woe, with a suggestion that he did not know it to be a preparation of opium. To Allsop (1820) Coleridge makes no mention of any medical journal, but blames 'unhappy quackery' and 'that most pernicious form of ignorance, medical half-knowledge,' whether his own or some one else's is not clear, for his being '*seduced* into the use of narcotics.' In all these accounts—which are essentially true accounts, in spite of the alloys pardonably introduced for apologetic purposes, and easy of elimination—much is made of the 'ignorance' which 'seduced' him into the use of the opiate, and of the openness with which the use was proclaimed to all and sundry. Here, I fear, Coleridge's memory served him badly, for long before 1799 he well knew the good and the bad effects of opiates; while, so far as I can learn, his correspondence of this period, full as it is of his sufferings, contains no allusions to opiates, excepting only the passing mention in that one letter to Poole. I doubt if any of Coleridge's friends knew of his habitual and excessive addiction to opium, until his return from Malta. De Quincey says he made confession to him in 1807, and the statement seems, though only on the surface, to be confirmed by the Gillman memorandum of 1826, but Cottle declares that he heard of opium first in 1814. I do not think there is any more to be said of Coleridge's 'slavery.' All that De Quincey has written on the subject may wisely be disregarded; and this applies generally to his numerous stories about Coleridge. So many of them are demonstrably inaccurate, that the credit of all is vitiated.

VII. Greta Hall—(*continued*)

We have seen that about the middle of May Coleridge thought of seeking a renewal of health in the Azores. Health improved, and the idea was abandoned. The end of June brought a relapse, and the idea was resumed. Of course there was a money difficulty. On July 1 he asked Poole's advice, and proposed to raise money by getting an advance from a publisher. About the same time, Wordsworth, who was in much anxiety about Coleridge, also wrote to Poole[1] putting the case; he disapproved strongly of Coleridge's plan of getting funds, and suggested that Poole might be disposed to advance £50, and if more should be needed, procure it from other friends in the west. On July 21 Poole replies, to both letters, in one addressed

* Coleridge's dates were not generally well assorted in his memory, but this one may probably be trusted. The passage has much significance as to the duration of the opium-eating as well as to the date of its beginning: 'I now write to say that if God . . . hath worked almost a miracle of grace in and for me by a sudden emancipation from a thirty-three years' [1832-33—1799] fearful slavery, if God's goodness should come home, and so far perfect my convalescence as that I should be capable of resuming my literary labours [etc.].' S. T. C. to Rev. H. F. Cary, 'Highgate, April 22, 1832,' in *Memoir of H. F. Cary* 1847, ii. 194.

[1] See the whole of this interesting correspondence, with valuable editorial elucidations, in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 56-65.

to Coleridge, full of sympathy, but regretting that the multiplicity of claims on him at the time disable him from lending more than £20, and suggesting that Wade and some other friends might make up the rest. Coleridge was deeply hurt. He allowed six weeks to pass before replying; and though his letter is not without bitterness, it concludes with some assurances of affection, and some details as to his health and the impossibility of 'staying in this climate.' He has asked John Pinney if he may go and stay for a while on his estate in Nevis (West Indies). 'My spirits are good, I am generally *cheerful*, and when I am not, it is because I have exchanged it for a deeper and more pleasurable tranquillity.' (Is it possible that this is a periphrasis for opium dreams?) A fortnight after this Coleridge tells Godwin[1] he has had to give up going abroad for want of money, and if a last effort to get to Mr. John King's estate in St. Lucia fail, 'he may perhaps go up to London and maintain himself as before, by writing for the *Morning Post*.' Poole was 'painfully affected' by Coleridge's letter of September 7, though it had been followed quickly by one of affectionate sympathy on the occasion of his mother's death. Coleridge replies by one in which honey and gall are mingled in almost equal proportions. Poole thought both letters 'outrageous,' but the friendship stood the strain, and Poole lent Coleridge £25 to enable him to pay a visit to London and Stowey. Coleridge promises not to stay there less than two months; the remainder of the time till March he will pass with the Wedgwoods and other friends in the west country. The plan, one need hardly say, was not fully accomplished. He arrived in London on the 15th November.[2] He tells Davy[3] he means to stay a fortnight there, and Godwin that he 'planned a walk into Somersetshire,' but he remained in London until Christmas, first with Southey and then at a lodging in Covent Garden.* On December 14 he wrote to Poole[4]: 'I am writing for the *Morning Post*, and am reading in the old libraries, for my curious metaphysical work, but I hate London.' He left for Stowey on Christmas Day,[5] returning to Howell's about January 21st.[6] Thomas Wedgwood had been his fellow-guest at Poole's during the visit. Poole went to London with Coleridge, and both attended Davy's popular lectures[7] at the Royal Institution, Coleridge saying that his object was 'to increase his stock of metaphors.'[8] On February 6, 1802, Southey informs W. Taylor[9] that T. Wedgwood and Mackintosh are hatching a great metaphysical work, to which Coleridge has promised as preface 'a history of metaphysical opinion,' for which he is reading Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas. But during all this time Coleridge was writing 'heart-rending'

* 'I took a first floor for him in King Street, Covent Garden, at my tailor's, Howell's, whose wife was a cheerful good housewife, of middle-age, who I knew would nurse Coleridge as kindly as if he were her son. . . . My practice was to call on him in the middle of the day, talk over the news, and project a leading paragraph for the next morning. In conversation he made a brilliant display . . . but I soon found he could not write daily on the occurrences of the day' (D. Stuart in *Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 487). As before pointed out, Stuart here misdates the Howell period. He does not say here that Coleridge gave him hardly any contributions, but in *Essays on his own Times* there is nothing between December 3, 1801, and September 21, 1802.

1 Letter of September 22, 1801. *William Godwin*, ii. 81.

2 *William Godwin*, ii. 83.

3 *Frag. Rem.* p. 92.

4 See also *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 73.

5 Unprinted letter to Poole of Christmas Eve; also undated and misplaced letter to Stuart in *Letters of Lake Poets*, p. 7.

6 *Ib.* p. 24, and Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, i. 288.

7 *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 102.

8 Paris's *Life of Sir H. D.* i. 138.

9 *Mem. of W. T.* i. 398. A week after this Coleridge informs Poole that his 'health has been on the mend ever since Poole left town, *nor has he had occasion for opiates of any kind*' (*T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 77).

accounts of his health to the Wordsworths,[1] and on 19th March, 'on a very rainy morning,' he appeared at Dove Cottage.[2] 'His eyes were a little swollen with the wind. I was much affected by the sight of him, he seemed half-stupified.' Next day the party 'had a little talk of going abroad.' 'William read *The Pedlar*. Talked about various things—christening the children, etc. etc.' When Coleridge had gone, his hosts 'talked about' him, as they paced the orchard walk.

We may be sure that when, on the 19th March, Coleridge walked over to Dove Cottage, he had not been long at Greta Hall. He was in sad case of body and mind, and sought Dove Cottage as naturally as the thirsty hart seeks the water-brooks. What he thought of himself and of Wordsworth at this time we may read in '*Dejection: an Ode*, written on April 4, 1802.'[3] But let the ode be read in its original form,* before the frosts of alienation had withered some of its tenderest shoots. For it was addressed to Wordsworth, and, before printing, addressed to him by name. No sadder cry from the depths was ever uttered, even by Coleridge, none more sincere, none more musical. Health was gone, and with it both the 'natural joy' which had been his in rich abundance, and that rarer kind which, as he tells us, dwells only with the pure; nor was this all, for he discovered that he had lost control of his most precious endowment, his 'shaping spirit of imagination'—and that his 'sole resource' was the endeavour to forget, in metaphysical speculations, that it had ever been his. He felt that poetically he was dead, and that if not dead spiritually, he had lost his spiritual identity. I make no quotations, for the ode is a whole, and must be read as a whole. But it is incomplete. The symptoms of the disease are stated with great and deeply-affecting fulness, but the causes are only vaguely hinted at. In addressing Wordsworth, there may have been no need for more. Besides the bodily ailments, there were at least two causes—fatal indulgence in opium, and growing estrangement between his wife and himself. If the opium-eating was unknown to the Wordsworths, it may have been suspected, and Coleridge may have known that it was suspected. The domestic trouble must have been known to them. In these earlier days the discord was not constant,† there were intervals of peace, but even then Coleridge had accustomed himself to seek happiness, or, at least, relief from cares, elsewhere than in the house which should have been his home. By the end of this year the estrangement had made considerable progress, and Greta Hall knew

> those habitual ills
> That wear out life, when two unequal minds
> Meet in one house, and two discordant wills.

If there be any mystery here, I shall not attempt to fathom it; but I do not think there is any mystery at all. The marriage had not been made in Heaven, but in Bristol, and by the meddlesomeness of Southey, a man superlatively admirable, but self-sufficient and sometimes obtuse. Attachment there had been, strong enough to bear a good deal of strain; but if there had been love, its roots had found no sustenance, and when it withered away, root and branch, there was nothing left, no bond of community of mind and tastes—nothing but the unsheathed material fetters

* 'Appendix G,' p. 522. April 4 was probably the day on which the poem was completed. The Wordsworths were at Greta Hall on the 4th and 5th, and doubtless it was read to them.

† 'I am at present in better health than I have been, though by no means strong and well—*and at home all is Peace and Love*' (original underlined). S. T. C. to Estlin, 26th July 1802, in *Estlin Letters*, p. 82.

1 See Miss Wordsworth's Journals in Knight's *Life of W. W.* i. 288 *et seq.*

2 *Ib.* i. 302.

3 Page 159. See also 'Note 162,' p. 626.

which galled, and which, when the galling became intolerable, were laid aside. There is nothing in this simple theory inconsistent with the view that Coleridge was a difficult man to manage, and that his wife was unequal to the task. It is doubtless a correct view, but it does not go deep enough. Coleridge's many faults as a husband have been made patent enough, perhaps more than enough; of Mrs. Coleridge's as a wife, I have heard of none save that sometimes she was 'fretful.' Had she not fretted, and often, it would have been a miracle, for she had provocation in abundance; but 'fretting' is one of the habits which bring about consequences that seem disproportionate, and which are apt rather to propagate than to abate the provocation.

Although evidence of Coleridge's undue indulgence in opium, and of some of its consequences, comes earlier than that of conjugal estrangement, I am inclined to believe that both began about the same time. Of each the predisposing cause had long been latent, but whether the quickening of the one brought the other to life, and if so, which was cause, and which effect, it would now be idle to inquire. What may be considered as certain is, that each acted and reacted to the aggravation of both. I have thought it best to deal somewhat fully with these painful matters at their first appearance, seeing that as they coloured Coleridge's subsequent life, so must their existence be assumed (for I shall mention them as seldom as possible) in what remains of this narrative. The winter of 1801-1802 was the turning-point in Coleridge's life.

After his home-coming about the middle of March, Coleridge spent much of his time at Dove Cottage,[1] and when he was not there, correspondence was frequent. On the night of April 29th Wordsworth could not sleep after reading a letter from his friend. On May 4th Coleridge looked well and parted from his friends 'cheerfully'—evidently an exception which proves the rule. On the 9th Wordsworth began his verses 'about C. and himself,'* on the 11th he finished them, but they were not sent to Coleridge until June 7. On May 15th 'a melancholy letter from Coleridge' took kind Dorothy over to Greta Hall, but four days later he was able to walk halfway back with her. On the 22nd he met the Wordsworths at a favourite trysting-place and they 'had some interesting, melancholy talk' about his private affairs. Two days before that they had warning *not* to come to Keswick.† When the Wordsworths left Dove Cottage for Gallow Hill on their way to the Continent, they spent the first two nights at Greta Hall, and when they left (July 11) Coleridge walked with them 'six or seven miles. He was not well, and we had a melancholy parting after having

* *Stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence*, in which Coleridge is described as 'a noticeable man with large grey eyes.' 'Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, Coleridge living with us much at the time,' is the 'Fenwick-note.' But these were not the only verses regarding Coleridge which Wordsworth wrote at this time. On the 3rd May he began, and on the 7th completed, *The Leech-gatherer; or, Resolution and Independence*. It is impossible to doubt that Stanza VI. refers not to the poet himself, but to Coleridge, who had lived 'as if life's business were a summer mood.' 'But how can he expect that others should build for him, sow for him, and at his call love him, who for himself will take no heed at all.' See, on this point, Canon Ainger in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1887, p. 86.

† Possibly Mrs. Coleridge may have hinted some passing disinclination to another visit. But I seize the opportunity of remarking that De Quincey's story (*Works*, 1863, ii. 63) about a young lady (evidently Miss Wordsworth) of whom, shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Coleridge was furiously jealous, has, I believe, little or no foundation. So far as I am aware, friendly relations between Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth were never seriously interrupted.

1 Knight's *Life*, i. 302 *et seq.*

sate together in silence by the roadside.' The friends were not to meet again until the middle of October, Wordsworth's marriage[1] taking place in the meantime.

Reverting to the beginning of May, we find Coleridge answering a friendly letter from Poole.[2] It is only a month since the *Dejection* ode, but he is in better health and spirits, promising that by the end of the year he will have disburthened himself of all metaphysics, and that the next year will be devoted to a long poem! His small poems are about to be published as a second volume,[3] but he will not write many more of that order. He has had an offer from a bookseller to travel on the Continent, for book-making purposes, but has declined on account of his ignorance of French, and that, in spite of many temptations to acceptance—'household infelicity,' for one. He sees by the papers that a portrait of him is in the Exhibition, and supposes it must be Hazlitt's. 'Mine is not a picturesque face. Southey's was made for a picture.' The sheet is filled up with a transcript of Wordsworth's latest compositions —*The Butterfly* and *The Sparrow's Nest*—and an intimation that on the 4th April last he had written to Poole a letter in verse, but thinking it 'dull and doleful,' had not sent it. He meant, no doubt, a transcript of the ode *Dejection*. Soon after this, Poole went on his travels in France and Switzerland, and did not return until December. From a letter of Southey * we gather that in August Coleridge was full of projects, and in September–November he sent a few miscellaneous contributions to the *Morning Post*.[4] August was cheered by an unexpected visit from Charles and Mary Lamb unexpected, because time, as Lamb tells Manning,[5] did not admit of notice. 'Coleridge received us with all hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of his country. . . . Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons . . . and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais.' The greater part of the months of November and December were spent in a tour in South Wales[6] with Thomas and Miss Sarah Wedgwood, the tour being followed by visits at country-houses of the Wedgwoods and their connections. Coleridge seems to have made himself very popular, and the tour was a great success, but T. Wedgwood was a dangerous companion, for he was an amateur in narcotics, and just then in hot pursuit of Bang[7]—'the Nepenthe of the Ancients,' as Coleridge, who helped to procure a supply, delighted to remember.

On December 24 Coleridge and Wedgwood called at Dove Cottage on their way to Greta Hall, when Coleridge learnt from the Wordsworths that a daughter had

* R. S. to S. T. C., August 4, 1802:—'As to your essays, etc. etc., you spawn plans like a herring; I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion. . . . Your essay on Contemporaries I am not much afraid of the imprudence of, because I have no expectation that they will ever be written; but if you were to write, the scheme projected on the old poets would be a better scheme' (*Life and Correspondence of R. S.* ii. 190).

[1] October 4, 1802. *Dejection: an Ode* was printed in the *Morning Post* on that day, a sad enough Epithalamium. See Lamb's letter to Coleridge, October 9, 1802, (Ainger's ed. i. 185), and 'Note 162,' p. 626.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 79.

[3] Nothing came of this.

[4] Including the comparison between Imperial Rome and France; 'Once a Jacobin, always a Jacobin'; the letters to Fox; the account of The Beauty of Buttermere, whose story fills so large a space in De Quincey's article on Coleridge (*Works*, 1863, ii. 81); and the *Ode to the Rain* (p. 168). The last recorded contribution to the *M.P.* is dated November 5, 1802. See *Essays on his own Times*.

[5] Letter of September 24, 1802 (Ainger's ed. i. 181). See also 'Note 163,' p. 628, *post*.

[6] *A Group of Englishmen*, pp. 159-166; also p. 208.

[7] *Ib.* p. 215; Paris's *Life of Davy*, i. 173; and Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 459 and 464.

been born to him that morning.[1] The Grasmere Journals, unfortunately, are printed only as far as January 11, on which day Coleridge is reported as 'poorly, in bad spirits.' He was still anxious to go abroad; so was Tom Wedgwood, and with Coleridge; but the latter was unwilling, though he did not like to refuse outright, and until February he professed to be at Wedgwood's call.[2]

On January 9th he describes graphically a foolish adventure in a storm in Kirkstone Pass, which resulted in his 'feeling unwell all over.' He 'took no laudanum or opium,' but ether (Scylla and Charybdis), and recovered at once. Only temporarily, however, for on the 14th* a relapse is described, from which he had recovered (again an exception which proves the rule) 'without any craving after exhilarants and narcotics.' But eleven days later, existence at Greta Hall having again become intolerable, Coleridge is at Cote House,[3] ready, professedly, to go anywhere with Tom Wedgwood[4]—*Arcades ambo*. But the other Arcadian was in low spirits, and undecided, and by February 4 Coleridge was with Poole, after having spent a few days at Bristol with Southey,[5] who found Coleridge 'a poor fellow, who suffers terribly from this climate.' At Stowey, Coleridge's health improved, but not, he thinks, sufficiently to permit of his accompanying Wedgwood in his travels.[6] He must go south alone, and accordingly, in March, his friend crossed the Channel with a hired companion. Coleridge's mythical 'History of Metaphysics' is still dangled before his friend's eyes. 'I confine myself to facts in every part of the work, excepting that which treats of Mr. Hume: *him* I have assuredly besprinkled copiously from the fountains of Bitterness and Contempt.'[7] After a visit to Gunville (Josiah Wedgwood's country house), Coleridge returned to Keswick, *viâ* London. Davy gives a sad account of him.[8] 'During his stay in town I saw him seldomer than usual; . . . generally in the midst of large companies, where he is the image of power and activity. His eloquence is unimpaired; perhaps it is softer and stronger. His will is probably less than ever commensurate with his ability. Brilliant images of greatness float upon his mind . . . agitated by every breeze, and modified by every sunbeam. He talked, in the course of one hour, of beginning three works, and he recited the poem of *Christabel*, unfinished, as I had before heard it.'

During this visit it was arranged that Lamb should see a reprint of Coleridge's poems (1796 and 1797) through the press, and the volume was published in the

* One of Coleridge's finest letters: 'I never find myself alone, within the embracement of rocks and hills, . . . but my spirit careers, drives, and eddies, like a leaf in autumn; a wild activity of thoughts, imaginations, feelings, and impulses of motion rises up within me. . . . The further I ascend from animated nature . . . the greater in me becomes the intensity of the feeling of life. Life seems to me then an universal spirit, that neither has nor can have an opposite! God is everywhere, and where is there room for death?' and he asserts that he does not think 'it possible that any bodily pain could eat out the love of joy, that is so substantially part of me, towards hills, and rocks, and steep waters; and he has had some trial.' This is an immense recovery from the *Dejection* of nine months before. (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 454).

1 Miss Wordsworth's Journals (Knight's *Life of W. W.* i. 359).

2 Letters of January 9 and 14, 1803, in Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 450, 454.

3 Unprinted letter to T. Poole, Feb. 2, 1803.

4 Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 458-461.

5 *Life and Corr. of R. S.* ii. 201. In a letter of February 6, 1803, he writes to W. Taylor: 'I am grieved that you never met Coleridge: all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet he is palsied by a total want of moral strength' (*Mem. of W. T.* i. 455).

6 Cottle's *Rem.* p. 459.

7 Letter to Purkis, Stowey, February 17, 1803, in Paris's *Life of Davy*, i. 173.

8 Letter to Poole, May 1, 1803, *ib.* i. 176.

summer.[1] At the beginning of June, Coleridge informs Godwin[2] that his health is 'certainly better than at any former period of the disease,' and asks him to find a publisher for a work of six hundred pages octavo, the half of which can be ready for the printer at a fortnight's notice. 'I entitle it "Organum verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in the Business of Real Life"; to which will be prefixed (1) a familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools; (2) . . .' and so on for a page of close print. When this work is fairly off his hands—more and more metaphysics to follow; not a word of the poetry, with the promise of which he pleased Poole. (Meantime, as a little relaxation, if Godwin will find a publisher for Hazlitt's abridgment of Search's—Tucker's—'Light of Nature pursued,' Coleridge will write a preface and see the sheets through the press.) I suppose Godwin knew as well as Coleridge that this newer *Organum* had not and never would pass beyond the stage of synopsis, and acted accordingly.

At Greta Hall, Coleridge seems to have remained with his 'mind strangely shut up'[3] until Sunday the 14th August, when in company with William and Dorothy Wordsworth he set out on a Scotch tour.* Incidentally we learn that an Irish jaunting-car, drawn by a jibbing old screw, carried the party (when the road happened to be level or not very steep on either grade), and that poor Coleridge did not enjoy the bumping so much as his robuster companions enjoyed the scenery. In a fortnight, on the day after the meeting with that 'sweet Highland girl, ripening in perfect innocence,' by the Inversnaid ferry-house, Coleridge parted from his friends, professing to be very unwell, and unable to face the wet in an open carriage. He sent on his trunk to Edinburgh, and would follow it.[4] On arriving at Tyndrum,[6] a week later, the Wordsworths were astonished to learn that Coleridge, 'whom we had supposed was gone to Edinburgh, had dined at this very house . . . on his road to Fort-William . . . on the day after we parted from him'—but the kindly Dorothy has no word of reproach for her errant friend. I suppose Coleridge had found the close companionship incompatible with that free indulgence in narcotics which had become to him a necessity of pleasurable or even tolerable existence. In his solitude, as he told Beaumont and Poole, he walked to Glencoe, on to Cullen (between Fochabers and Banff), back to Inverness, and thence over the moorland, by Tummel Bridge to Perth,—doing '263 miles in eight days, in the hope of forcing the disease into the extremities. . . . While I am in possession of my will and my reason, I can keep the fiend at arm's-length; but with the night my horrors commence. During the whole of my journey, three nights out of four, I have fallen asleep struggling and resolving to lie awake, and awaking have blest the scream which delivered me from the reluctant sleep.'† At Perth, Coleridge received a summons to greet the Southeys who had arrived at Greta Hall on the visit which ended only with their lives. Taking coach *viâ* Edinburgh,[6] he reached home on the 15th

* See *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by J. C. Shairp. 1874. A charming book. Coleridge's partial account is printed in *Memorials of Coleorton*, 1887, i. 6-8; and Wordsworth's, i. 35.

† See *The Pains of Sleep*, p. 170, and the 'Note' thereto, p. 631; see also the other very interesting letters of this period addressed to Sir G. Beaumont in *Coleorton Letters*, vol. i.

[1] See Lamb's letter to Coleridge of March 20, 1803; and 'Appendix K,' p. 545.

[2] Letter to Godwin, June 4, 1803, in *William Godwin*, ii. 92.

[3] Letter to T. Wedgwood, September 16, 1803, in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 466: 'For five months past my mind has been strangely shut up.'

[4] *Tour*, p. 117.

[5] *Ib.* p. 184.

[6] See 'Epigram 53,' p. 450, and 'Note' thereto, p. 653.

September. A week later he informs Beaumont that he is doing *translations* from his (Beaumont's) drawings, and will go on and make a volume of them. None of these 'translations' have been traced. On October 1 he writes of the continuance of the night-horrors, and fears that a change of climate is his only medicine. He sends, too, a copy of the *Chamouni* poem.[1] The kind Beaumont, having 'a most ardent desire to bring Wordsworth and Coleridge together, purchased at this time a small property at Applethwaite, a mile or two west of Greta Hall, . . . and presented it to Wordsworth, whom, as yet, he had not seen';[2] but the 'severe necessities' which soon drove Coleridge from the neighbourhood prevented further action.[3] At the end of November[4] Southey describes Coleridge as 'quacking himself for complaints that would tease anybody into quackery': he has made up his mind to go to Malta immediately.

A fortnight later 'Coleridge is going to Devonshire,'—anywhere, apparently, away from Greta Hall. Poole was at this time temporarily established at a lodging in Abingdon Street, Westminster, and on the 20th December, Coleridge started for London that he might consult him. But on the way he went to Dove Cottage, where he fell ill. By the middle of January he had been, by the tender care of Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, nursed into sufficient wellness to permit of his continuing his journey, and after spending a week at Liverpool he arrived at Poole's lodging about the 23rd. He did not, however, remain long at Abingdon Street; before the 18th February, he took up his quarters with Tobin * in Barnard's Inn, and remained there until he left England for Malta. In February, he paid a short visit to the Beaumonts at Dunmow, their place in Essex. He saw much of Davy, then the spoilt child of society, of Sotheby, of Godwin, of John Rickman—Lamb's 'pleasant hand'—and, above all, of Lamb himself. And he was not idle, for, though Mrs. H. N. Coleridge has failed to trace any contributions of that period, during part of his stay he was at the *Courier* office from nine till four.[5] He saw Mackintosh, who was about to go to Bombay, and who offered to take Coleridge with him, and provide him with a place. Judging from a letter to Poole (Jan. 26, 1804), Coleridge treated the offer with amused scorn. He met George Burnett—*ci-devant* Pantisocrat, and the only one who had taken the craze seriously enough to be seriously affected by its abandonment. He had become almost a waif, and Coleridge tells Rickman with the prettiest air of sympathetic innocence, that George's eyes look like those of 'an opium-chewer,' though he hopes to Heaven he may be mistaken. There were schemes, too, for publishing great works. One of them was to be entitled '*Consolations and Comforts from the exercise and right application of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Moral Feelings, addressed especially to those in*

* Whether John, the solicitor and dramatist, or his 'dear brother Jim,' so unceremoniously dismissed from 'We are seven,' I know not; but, I believe, the former. See Wordsworth's *Mem.* i. 109.

[1] See p. 521.

[2] Preface to *Memorials of Coleorton*, i. xii. See also Wordsworth's sonnet *At Applethwaite*—

'Beaumont, it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly cottage in this sunny dell;
On favoured ground thy gift, where I might dwell
In neighbourhood with one to me most dear.'

[3] 'The "severe necessities" that prevented this arose from Coleridge's domestic situation ('Fenwick-note' to the sonnet).

[4] R. S. to Miss Barker, November 27, 1803, in *Letters of R. S.* i. 253, where it is misdated '1804.'

[5] So he tells Rickman in a letter of Feb. 25. All the references to Rickman here, and some of the facts are taken from unpublished correspondence. In one letter Coleridge seems to allude to writings in the *Courier*: 'As soon as my Volunteer Essays and whatever of a *Vindiciæ Addingtonianæ* I can effect by simple attack on the antagonists of the Ministers are published, they shall be sent to you without fail.'

Sickness, Adversity, or Distress of Mind, from Speculative Gloom, etc.'[1]—materials for which, as he believed, had occupied his mind for months past. But with all these projects and other distractions, Coleridge was steadily looking out for a ship to carry him to Malta. Malta, however, was then looked on merely as the most convenient stepping-stone for Sicily, Catania being the desired haven. Rickman's aid was sought, and it was he who, some time before March 5, found him a vessel, the 'Speedwell,' to sail with a convoy at some uncertain but not distant date. Almost the last thing Coleridge did before leaving England was to sit for his portrait to Northcote.[2] On the 27th March he went to Portsmouth,[3] but it was the 9th April ere the winds permitted the 'Speedwell' and her companions to set sail. She carried, besides Coleridge and his fortunes, two other passengers, whom he describes respectively as a liverless half-pay lieutenant, and 'an unconscionably fat woman who would have wanted elbow-room on Salisbury Plain.' The ways and means for carrying out this expedition, seem to have been provided by a loan of £100 from Wordsworth, and a gift of the same amount from Sir George Beaumont; Mrs. Coleridge being left free of debt, and with the whole of the Wedgwood annuity of £150.[4] Out of the annuity had to come £20 for Mrs. Fricker, and taxes amounting to about £15.

VIII. Malta

Gibraltar was reached in ten days, and Coleridge greatly enjoyed the short stay on shore. On April 25th, the convoy set sail again, but so baffling were the winds, that it was the 18th May when the 'Speedwell' reached Valetta harbour. The passage from England had been to Coleridge a time of much activity of mind, but also of much home-sick brooding, and the want of exercise had told unfavourably on his health.[5] His first letter was to his wife, and was dated from 'Dr. Stoddart's,[6] June 5, 1804,' no earlier opportunity of despatching letters having occurred. There was a pleased flutter in the kindly coterie over the news of 'the forlorn wanderer,' as Mary Lamb styled Coleridge in thanking her constant correspondent, Miss Stoddart, for the tidings, and for the kindness extended to him. But he did not for long remain the guest of Stoddart, mention of whom became so rare in the poet's letters to Lamb, that Mary felt suspicious, and asked, 'Did your brother and Col. argue long arguements, till between the two great arguers there grew a little coolness?' Before the 6th July he had become the honoured guest, and in some measure the private secretary, of the Governor (his official title was Civil Commissioner), Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander John Ball, who had been one of Nelson's captains, and to whom Coleridge had carried letters of recommendation. 'Sir A. Ball is, indeed, in every

[1] I take this from an unpublished letter to Poole, but there is a shorter title and a fuller account of the 'book' in a letter to Beaumont. In the same letter Coleridge gives a prospectus of another great work to follow, and states, that while at present he is giving only a quarter of his time to poetry, one half shall be devoted to it as soon as 'Consolations' is off his hands (*Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 44-48).

[2] Letter to Davy, March 25, 1804 (*Frag. Rem.* p. 95).

[3] See *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 138; *Frag. Rem.* p. 95; and *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 27; for Coleridge's farewell letters.

[4] Letters of Jan. 30 and Feb 1, 1804, in *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. pp. 41, 43.

[5] Other details of the passage, and of his impression of Gibraltar, are given to Stuart in a letter of April 21, 1804, printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 33-41.

[6] Stoddart was then not, as is commonly stated, Chief Justice of Malta, but King's Advocate (Attorney-General), and he enjoyed besides good private practice in the Vice-Admiralty Court. He became Chief Justice, but many years later.

respect as kind and attentive to me as possible,' he writes, and, so far, he is quite satisfied of the wisdom of leaving England and its 'inward distractions.' This was written on July 6th[1] to Stuart, to whom he sends 'some Sibylline Leaves which he wrote for Sir A. B., who has sent them home to the ministry.' 'They will give you,' he adds, '*my ideas* on the importance of the island,' and Stuart may publish them, 'only not in the same words.' He considers himself 'a sort of diplomatic under-strapper hidden under the Governor's robes,' so that Stuart must be discreet. Early in August, the demon of restlessness drove him to Sicily, with the intention of returning to Malta in the late autumn. He accordingly left Malta under convoy of Major Adye (who was carrying despatches to Gibraltar),[2] for Syracuse, where he remained till the beginning of November.[3] Sir Alexander Ball proposed to make some use of Coleridge in Sicily. On the 24th August he wrote thus to the English representative at Syracuse, Mr. Leckie: 'You have admirably described the leading features of my friend Coleridge, whose company will be a delightful feast to your mind. We must prevail on him to draw up a political paper on the revenue and resources of Sicily, with the few advantages which His Sicilian Majesty derives from it, and the danger he is in of having it seized by the French. We should then propose to H.M. to transfer it to Great Britain upon condition that she shall pay him annually the amount of the present revenue.'* In a letter to Stuart, dated 'Syracuse, Oct. 22, 1804,' Coleridge writes: 'I leave the publication of THE PACQUET which is waiting convoy at Malta for you to your own opinion. If the information appear new or valuable to you, and the letters themselves entertaining, etc., publish them; only do not sell the copyright of more than the right of two editions to the booksellers.' What this '*pacquet*' may have been, I do not know. It probably never reached Stuart. Coleridge adds that he has drawn on Stuart for £30 to the order of Stoddart. By the 22nd November Coleridge was back in Malta, occupying a 'garret in the Treasury,' and acting as private secretary to Sir Alex. Ball. In a despatch[4] of Jan. 2, 1805, to the Secretary of State, the Governor, in referring to a commission issued by him to Captain Leake, R.A., to proceed to the Black Sea to buy oxen, etc., says that he takes with him 'a Mr. Coleridge'—an intimation which shows that there was good foundation for certain rumours which reached Coleridge's friends, probably through Stoddart's letters.[5] But a better appointment prevented the *ci-devant* 'Watchman' from aiding the prosecution of Pitt's wicked wars in the character of Assistant-Commissary. On the 18th January, Mr. Alex.

* The whole letter, which is unprinted, is very curious. Ball proposes for Sicily just what in our own time has been done with Cyprus.

[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 41. A letter to the same effect was written to Sir G. Beaumont on Aug. 1 (see *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 70). In neither is Stoddart mentioned.

[2] Major Adye also undertook to forward a series of letters which Coleridge says he had written to Beaumont, but these were destroyed at Gibraltar among Adye's papers on his death by the plague, four days after his arrival (Letter to Stuart in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 47).

[3] Coleridge frequently alluded to his 'ascents of Etna,' but it is improbable that he went much higher than the village of Nicolosi, mentioned in a note to *Table Talk*, July 25, 1831.

[4] The extract from the official copy of the despatch in the archives at Malta was kindly procured for me by a friend there.

[5] 'Coleridge is confidential secretary to Sir A. Ball, and has been taking some pains to set the country right as to Neapolitan politics, in the hope of saving Sicily from the French. He is going with Capt. ——— into Greece, and up the Black Sea to purchase corn of the Government. Odd, but pleasant enough, if he would but learn to be contented in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him—a maxim which I have long thought the best in the Catechism' (Southey to Rickman, Feb. 16, 1805, in *Life and Corr.* ii. 315). See also *A Group of Englishmen*, p. 305.

Macaulay, the Public Secretary, died somewhat suddenly, and Coleridge received the acting appointment, pending the absence of Mr. E. T. Chapman, for whom the office was destined. The full salary attached to it was £1200, and in accordance with custom Coleridge was promised the half, £600 a year. It is vastly amusing to think of him 'having the honour to be the obedient humble servant' of the 'infamous Castlereagh,' who at this time happened to be the Secretary of State for War and Colonies. But few traces of Coleridge's official life remain at Malta, for some years ago the records of the Chief Secretary's office previous to 1851 were burnt. A collection of State papers, however, which was printed not long ago, contains a good many documents signed or countersigned by 'S. T. Coleridge, Pub. Sec. to H.M. Civ. Commissr.'; and the mere routine work must have been very considerable, for there lies before me a highly unimportant document—'Affidavit of the Paymaster of the Maltese Artillery,' sworn before, and signed by Coleridge as Public Secretary, on March 13, 1805.[1] In a letter to Stuart (May 1, 1805) he complains of overwork, and wishes 'to Heaven he had never accepted his office as Public Secretary, or the former one of Private Secretary, as, even in a pecuniary point of view, he might have gained twice as much and improved his reputation.' He adds: 'I have the title and the palace of the Public Secretary, but not half the salary, though I had promise of the whole. But the promises of one in office are what every one knows them to be, and Sir A. B. behaves to me with real personal fondness, and with almost fatherly attention.' In this letter, as in one of April 27th,[2] Coleridge bewails the irregularity of the opportunities of communication. He gets few letters, and his own go to the fishes. It is, he believes, a judgment on him for former 'indolence and procrastination' that now when all his gratification is in writing letters to England, he has seldom a chance of despatching them. On April 27th it is his 'intention to return home overland by Naples, Ancona, and Trieste, etc., on or about the 2nd of next month.' On May Day his 'heart is almost broken' that he cannot go by this convoy; Chapman has not arrived to relieve him, and he may not come till July. He begs Stuart to 'write to Mrs. Coleridge and say that his constitution is, he hopes, improved by the abode here, but that accidents, partly by an excess of official labour and anxiety, partly from distress of mind at his not hearing from his friends, and knowledge that they could not have heard from him, etc. etc. etc., has produced an alteration in him for the worse,' and that he hopes to get away, homewards, by the end of May. In February the Wordsworths lost their sailor brother, John, to whom Coleridge was much attached, and when the news reached Malta, Coleridge was so much affected that, as he wrote to his wife, he 'kept his bed for a fortnight.' The fear of similar consequences prompted Mrs. Coleridge to refrain from informing him of the death of his friend, Thomas Wedgwood, which took place in July 1805.[3] In the same letter Mrs. Coleridge says that she has received one from her husband of July 21, informing her that he cannot leave until Mr. Chapman arrives; 'he is unhappy in the extreme, not having received above three or four letters from home during his residence in the island. I myself have only had four from him.' Mr. Chapman arrived on Sep. 6, and Coleridge left Malta on the 21st. He went to Rome in company with a gentleman, unnamed, who paid all expenses, meaning to stay only a fortnight, and then *return for the winter* to Naples,

[1] He seems also to have acted as a magistrate. See the amusing story in the additional 'Omniana' in *Lit. Remains*, 1836, i. 335.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 46.

[3] Mrs. S. T. C. to J. Wedgwood, Oct. 13, 1805, in *A Group of Englishmen*, p. 303, an admirably expressed letter.

where he left most of his clothes and all his letters of credit, manuscripts, etc. He had not been ten days in Rome when 'the French torrent rolled down on Naples,' and return thither, or receipt of anything thence, were equally impossible.[1] This shows that Coleridge must have lingered long at Naples. We know that he was there at the end of October when the news of Trafalgar reached the city; Gillman quotes[2] an entry from his diary there, dated Dec. 15th; the French entered Naples early in February 1806, so that Coleridge cannot have arrived at Rome much before the end of January. He remained until the 18th of May—the second anniversary of his arrival at Malta.

Of his doings in Rome we know little or nothing. Soon after reaching England he wrote thus to Stuart[3]: 'If I recover a steady though imperfect health, I perhaps should have no reason to regret my long absence; not even my perilous detention in Italy; for by my regular attention to the best of the good things in Rome, and associating almost wholly with the artists of acknowledged highest reputation, I acquired more insight into the Fine Arts in three months than I could have done in England in twenty years.' He made many new acquaintances —among others Baron W. von Humboldt[4] (then Prussian Minister at the Papal Court) and Ludwig Tieck[5]—and one friend, Washington Allston,[6] the American painter. Of his leaving Rome and Italy, of the reasons which led to it, and of the manner of it, Coleridge is reported to have given several accounts not altogether consistent.[7] The only points common to them all are that he was warned to get away from Rome and Italy as quickly as possible, because Napoleon had ordered his arrest for having, years before, written certain articles in the *Morning Post*; and that he instantly fled to an Italian port, whence he found passage to England. The details attributed to him, besides being inconsistent, are mostly trivial, and probably owe much of both qualities to their reporters. It is not improbable that Napoleon ordered the arrest of the English in Italy; possible, even, that he marked Coleridge down particularly; and the poet may have been warned, and his escape assisted, by influential acquaintances; but we know nothing of the circumstances from Coleridge directly. He certainly did not go direct to Leghorn and sail directly, or go to Leghorn and skulk about *incognito* until he secured a passage —as is variously alleged. He probably went direct to Leghorn,[8] and, after arranging for a passage in an American vessel, left again; but at all events he wrote a letter to W. Allston (then at Rome) on June 19 from some town unnamed, where

[1] Letter to Stuart, '[London] Aug. 18, 1806.' Its narrative stops abruptly at the point above (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 56).

[2] *Life*, p. 179.

[3] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 60. Gillman (*Life*, p. 179) makes a statement much to the same effect.

[4] In *The Friend* (1818, etc., Sect. II. Essay xi.) Coleridge says he then read to him Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimation of Immortality*. This poem was not completed until 1806; but some incomplete draft of it may have been sent to him at Malta. See also an allusion to Humboldt in *Table Talk*, Aug. 28, 1833.

[5] He renewed acquaintance with Tieck in London in 1817.

[6] He painted a full-length portrait of Coleridge at Rome; but left it with other of his effects at Leghorn. As nothing has been heard of it since, it may never have been recovered. The same painter's portrait of Coleridge, now in the National Portrait Gallery, was taken at Bristol in 1814.

[7] Gillman, *Life*, pp. 179-181; Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 310-313; and (through John Sterling) in Caroline Fox's Journals.

[8] 'Coleridge has been daily expected since the 1st of May last year. The last accounts were dated in the May of this—he was then at Leghorn, about to embark for England' (Unprinted portion of letter of Southey to Cottle, Aug. 11, 1806, in *Life and Corr.* iii. 51). See also Southey's letter to Danvers (*Letters of R. S* i. 377).

he had then been for more than a fortnight : 'I have been dangerously ill for the last fortnight . . . about ten days ago when rising from my bed I had a manifest stroke of palsy. . . . Enough of it—continual vexations and preyings upon the spirit. I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me, for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance. But they pluck out the wing-feathers from the mind. I have not recovered the sense of my side or my hand, but have recovered the use. I am harassed by local and partial fevers. This day at noon we set off for Leghorn. . . . Heaven knows whether Leghorn may not be blockaded. However, we go thither, and shall go to England in an American ship. . . . On my arrival at Pisa . . . I will write a letter to you, for this I do not consider as a letter. Nothing can surpass Mr. Russell's kindness and tender-heartedness to me.'[1]

IX. Return to England—Lectures—*The Friend*

When Coleridge's ship arrived at the quarantine ground off Portsmouth on the 11th August, he was ill, and possibly for that reason wrote to no one. Mr. Russell, however, wrote to his own friends at Exeter, who wrote to the Coleridges at Ottery, who wrote to Mrs. Coleridge—the news reaching her on the 15th. Coleridge arrived in London on the 17th, and on the following day, having taken up his quarters with Lamb, wrote to Stuart and to Wordsworth. In both letters[2] he described himself as much better since he landed, but in neither did he say anything about going home. He did not write to Wedgwood for ten months, and when he did, he described himself as having arrived from Italy 'ill, penniless, and worse than homeless.' Almost his first words to Stuart were, 'I am literally afraid, even to cowardice, to ask for any person, or of any person.' Spite of the friendliest and most unquestioning welcome from all most dear to him, it was the saddest of home-comings, for the very sympathy held out with both hands induced only a bitter, hopeless feeling of remorse—a

> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain ;—
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain ;—

of broken promises,—promises to friends and promises to himself; and above all, sense of a will paralysed—dead perhaps, killed by his own hand.

Wordsworth, whose family had outgrown Dove Cottage, was then looking for a house close to Keswick, that he might be near Coleridge, should Coleridge decide on living at Greta Hall. He would do nothing until he saw his friend—for no answer came to his repeated inquiries by letter. Coleridge seems soon to have left Lamb's chambers for a room at the *Courier* office (348 Strand), and to have settled down as assistant to Stuart and to his editor, Street. He had been sent for by Lord Howick (Foreign Secretary), but had been repulsed by the hall porter, and doubted whether the letter on the state of affairs in the Mediterranean which he had left had ever reached his Lordship. A few days after Fox's death (Sep. 13) he promised Stuart a 'full and severe critique' of that statesman's latest views. About

[1] This letter was partly and incorrectly printed in *Scribner's Mag.* for Jan. 1892. The publishers most kindly sent me a corrected and completed transcript, from which I quote. With other letters of Coleridge, it appears in the *Life of Allston* just published. Mr. Russell was an artist, an Exeter man, and Coleridge's fellow-passenger from Leghorn to England.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 54 ; *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 157. These are the main authorities for this period.

the same time, through Davy or William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, or both, he undertook to deliver a series of lectures on 'Taste' at the Royal Institution. On Sep. 16—just a month after his landing—he wrote his first letter to his wife, to say that he might be expected at Greta Hall on the 29th. Before this, Wordsworth had informed Sir George Beaumont[1] that Coleridge 'dare not go home, he recoils so much from the thought of domesticating with Mrs. Coleridge, with whom, though on many accounts he much respects her, he is so miserable that he dare not encounter it. What a deplorable thing! I have written to him to say that if he does not come down immediately I must insist upon seeing him somewhere. If he appoints London I shall go. I believe if anything good is to be done for him it must be done by me.' It was this letter of Wordsworth, doubtless, which drew Coleridge to the North. Dorothy's letter to Lady Beaumont,[2] written on receipt of the announcement of Coleridge's home-coming, goes copiously and minutely into the reasons for the estrangement between the poet and his wife. Miss Wordsworth still had hopes of an improvement. 'Poor soul!' she writes, 'he had a struggle of many years, striving to bring Mrs. C. to a change of temper, and something like communion with him in his enjoyments. He is now, I trust, effectually convinced that he has no power of that sort,' and may, she thinks, if he will be 'reconciled to that one great want, want of sympathy,' live at home in peace and quiet. 'Mrs. C. has many excellent properties, as you observe; she is unremitting in her attention as a nurse to her children, and, indeed, I believe she would have made an excellent wife to many persons. Coleridge is as little fitted for her as she for him, and I am truly sorry for her.'

Of Coleridge during the next three months, the only glimpses we have are in the correspondence of distracted friends who cannot draw a word of reply to the letters they address to him. Josiah Wedgwood is the most persistent inquirer—for he wants the long-promised material for the *Life* of his brother Thomas, then being prepared by Sir James Mackintosh.* On Nov. 10th, Wordsworth (who had taken his family to Coleorton farm-house) wrote: 'Alas! we have had no tidings of Coleridge—a certain proof that he continues to be very unhappy.' The suspicion did not very long await confirmation. By the 10th December,[3] the Wordsworths had received four letters from Coleridge, in all of which he 'spoke with the same steadiness of resolution to separate from Mrs. C., and she has fully agreed to it, and consented that he should take Hartley and Derwent and superintend their education, she being allowed to have them at the holidays. I say she has agreed to the separation, but in a letter which we have received to-night he tells us she breaks out into outrageous passions, and urges continually that one argument (in fact the only one which has the least effect on her mind), that this person, and that person, and everybody will talk.' Wordsworth wrote at once and begged Coleridge to come to Coleorton and bring the two boys with him, and on December 21 Coleridge arrived, bringing, however, only Hartley. On Christmas Day, Miss Wordsworth described him to Lady Beaumont as tolerably well and cheerful, and 'already begun with his books.' He seemed 'more like his old self,' and 'contented in his mind, having settled things at home to his satisfaction.'

* Sir James Mackintosh was more diplomatic than Coleridge, for he proved as faithless to his trust and his promises as Coleridge, without sharing with him the just displeasure of the Wedgwood family.

[1] Knight's *Life*, ii. 74.

[2] *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 162.

[3] Miss Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont in *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 182. 'Dec. 10, 1806,' is the post-mark. The date printed at the head of the letter, 'Nov. 16,' is an impossible one.

It was early in the following month that Wordsworth recited to Coleridge the great autobiographical poem which we know as *The Prelude*. It had been slowly built up during Coleridge's long absence, and was addressed to him. How deeply the poem impressed Coleridge may be gathered from the touching and beautiful response * made while the sound of his friend's voice was still vibrating. The picture which he draws of himself is too sacred for comment—the companion-portrait of his friend is drawn in lines even more strongly contrasting than those which had been used in *Dejection*.

On January 27, 1807, Miss Wordsworth reports Coleridge as pretty well, though ailing at some time every day; and still given to the use of strong stimulants, though less so than before. On February 17 he is still at Coleorton, but it must have been soon after this that Coleridge took Hartley up to London on a visit to Basil Montagu. It was probably while then in town that he made preliminary arrangements through Davy for the delivery of the course of lectures which had been spoken of in 1806, for in August we find Davy endeavouring to get a definite answer on the subject.[1] Some time in May, Coleridge and Hartley joined Mrs. Coleridge and the two younger children at Bristol (where Mrs. Coleridge had been since the end of March), and on the 6th June the whole family became the guests of Poole at Stowey. The visit was planned for but a fortnight, after which the Coleridges were to have gone to Ottery[2] to stay with Mr. George Coleridge, but the visit had to be abandoned, owing, it was said, to illness in the house. The true reason was, that when the Rev. George Coleridge was made aware of the proposed separation of S. T. Coleridge from his wife, he refused to receive them into his house. This proved a lasting rupture with Ottery. The Coleridges remained on with Poole—Mrs. Coleridge and the children until the end of July, when they returned to Bristol; Coleridge himself until the end of September. There is much of the doings of this period in Mrs. Sandford's book. It appears to have been on the whole a happy time for all parties, and it would seem as if, probably through Poole's good offices, some kind of reconciliation, or at least some resolution to 'try again,' had been patched up between Coleridge and his wife, for when Mrs. Coleridge left Stowey for Bristol it had been arranged that she should there be joined by her husband, and that the family party should return intact to Greta Hall. Coleridge seems to have been cheerful enough while he basked in the sunshine of old associations and old friendships, but when his constant friend urged him to exert himself in preparing for the proposed lectures at the Royal Institution, poor Coleridge could only respond with a sigh—

> Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunwards soar,
> As vainly Strength speaks to a broken Mind![3]

Poole succeeded, however, in overcoming Coleridge's reluctance to resume communication with Josiah Wedgwood. While on a visit from Poole's to his old neighbour, Mr. Brice of Aisholt, Coleridge wrote the letter[4] which contains the statement already quoted as to his having returned from Italy 'ill, penniless, and worse than

* *To a Gentleman*, etc., p. 176. But as in the case of the ode *Dejection*, it is necessary to the full effect that the original version should be read. See 'APPENDIX H,' p. 525. Compare with *Dejection*.

1 *Frag. Rem.* p. 98.

2 'In less than a week I go down to Ottery, with my children and their mother, from a sense of duty as it affects myself, and from a promise made to Mrs. Coleridge as far as it affects her, and indeed as a debt of respect to her, for her many praiseworthy qualities.'

3 'Fragment 70,' p. 461.

4 To Josiah Wedgwood, June 27, 1807, in *A Group of Englishmen*, pp. 324-328.

homeless.' It is a sad letter, differing however but little from many which Coleridge was called on to write—a medley of confessions, promises, projects, and pleas self-justificatory. The long-promised contributions to the estimate of Thomas Wedgwood's philosophical views, and the more recently demanded contribution to the memoir (supposed to be preparing by Sir James Mackintosh), were both among the 'effects which have been most unkindly or injudiciously detained by Stoddart' at Malta. If J. Wedgwood only knew Coleridge's grief for his brother's loss, and his 'own bad state of health and worse state of mind,' he would pity rather than wonder at the 'day after day procrastinating.' 'The faultiest parts of my conduct have arisen from qualities both blameable and pitiable, but yet the very opposite of Neglect or Insensibility.' He flatly denies having abused Mackintosh to his (M.'s) relations. 'I am at present,' he adds, 'on the eve of sending two volumes of poems to the press,* the work of past years.' *Christabel*, the most greatly admired, has been, he is told, 'anticipated as far as all originality of style and manner goes by a work[1] which he has not read.' If this be true, it is 'somewhat hard, for [Scott] had, long before the composition of his own poem, publicly repeated *Christabel*. Besides' (he goes on), 'I have finished a Greek and English grammar on a perfectly new plan, and have done more than half of a small but sufficiently complete Greek and English Lexicon, so that I can put both to press whenever I can make just terms with any bookseller.'† Nothing is said about lectures. Of this apologia, Wedgwood wrote to Poole: 'His letter removed all those feelings of anger which occasionally, but not permanently, existed in my mind towards him.'[2]

It was in the following month that De Quincey appeared on the scene. On the 26th of July, Cottle wrote a letter of introduction[3] for that 'Gentleman of Oxford, a scholar and man of genius' (so he described De Quincey) to Poole, which was a request that he might be introduced to Coleridge. The Opium-eater's story‡ is

* In Cottle's *Early Recoll.* (ii. 130, but not in his *Rem.*) is printed an extract from a letter written by Coleridge to Wade at this time. Its exact date cannot now be ascertained, for of the original only a fragment remains, but it must belong to the early days of September. Some unprinted passages indicate that Coleridge's poems were being transcribed for the press by Mrs. Coleridge at Bristol, that he was under contract with Messrs. Longman for a book (possibly the poems), and that he had received the offer of a regular engagement on some provincial newspaper, and had declined it, under the belief that its acceptance would displease the Wedgwoods. In the same letter he describes himself as under unfulfilled obligations to Wade: 'penniless, resourceless, in heavy debt, his health and spirits absolutely broken down, and with scarce a friend in the world'—an obvious exaggeration, seeing that in Wordsworth and Poole alone he had a host, and that he had been reconciled to Wedgwood. Cottle, as usual, darkens knowledge by garbling the extract he gives. Coleridge did not write '*I have* too much reason' to fear the loss of the annuity; but that at a previous time, when another grief was weighing on him, he *had* had reason to fear for the continuance of the annuity.

† One of these statements had some foundation, for it was from a Greek grammar of his own making that Coleridge taught his little boys. The projects—they were never more—are mentioned again, a year and a half later, in a letter to Davy: 'As soon as I have a little leisure I shall send my Greek accidence and vocabulary of terminations to the press with my Greek-English Lexicon, which will be followed by a Greek Philosophical grammar' (*Frag. Rem.* p. 106).

‡ It began to appear in *Tait's Magazine* for Sep. 1834, two months after Coleridge's death; and has been reprinted (with some alterations) in De Quincey's collected *Works* (1863, ii. 38-122). The whole article literally bristles with blunders of every description. Even the portions which relate the author's own experience and observation require a large allowance for refraction.

[1] He is referring to Scott, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. See 'Note 116,' pp. 603, 605.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 185.

[3] *Ib.* ii. 190.

too well known to require more than brief mention here. When he arrived at Stowey, Coleridge was at Bridgwater, and thither the neophyte pursued him. He thus described Coleridge, whom he found standing in reverie, under his host's gateway: 'In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller) . . . his person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light, that I recognised my object.'

As soon as Coleridge had settled that De Quincey should join Mr. Chubb's dinner-party on that evening, he began to talk 'in a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation,' which might never have been arrested, had not (after about three hours) Mrs. Coleridge entered the room. De Quincey was 'frigidly' introduced, and she retired. But with all this copious talk, De Quincey declares that 'never had he beheld so profound an expression of cheerless despondency' as that which sat on the talker's countenance. At the large dinner-party in the evening, Coleridge seemed to talk with an effort, and to give no heed when his hearers misrepresented what he said. At ten,—dinner had probably begun at five or six,—De Quincey left the party, and 'feeling that he could not easily go to sleep after the excitement of the day, and fresh from the sad spectacle of powers so majestic already besieged by decay,' he mounted his horse, and through the divine calm of the summer night rode back to Bristol. He states that in the course of their conversation 'Coleridge told him of the overclouding of his life' by the abuse of opium, and warned him against forming the habit, with so 'peculiar an emphasis of horror' as to impress upon the young man's mind 'a feeling that he never hoped to liberate himself from the bondage.' As to this alleged confession, I feel almost persuaded that De Quincey's memory deceived him, and that he learned the secret and received the warning at some later period. Such a lapse in groping back through a past of seven-and-twenty years, is much more probable than that Coleridge should have divulged a jealously-guarded secret to a perfect stranger. It struck the generous young man that Coleridge might be hampered in many ways by pecuniary difficulties. Immediately after his return to Bristol, he learned that such was the case, 'and in consequence' (he says) 'of what I heard, I contrived that a particular service should be rendered to Mr. Coleridge, a week after, through the hands of Mr. Cottle.'

Such is De Quincey's delicate way of telling the story of his own impulsive generosity. Cottle's account[1] is familiar. De Quincey proposed to give Coleridge five hundred pounds, but Cottle prudently induced the young man to make the sum three hundred. The gift was professedly accepted as an unconditional loan, which Coleridge trusted to be able to restore in two years, and as removing the pecuniary pressures which alone stood in the way of the completion of works, which, if completed, would make him easy. In one year he hopes to ask the name of his benefactor, that he may show him good fruits of the 'tranquillity of mind which his

[1] *Rem.* pp. 341-344. The narrative is, as usual, full of inaccuracies—as is shown by a comparison with the correspondence printed in *De Quincey's Memorials* (2 vols. 1891), but the latter gives no new complexion to the *conduct* of the parties. Both De Quincey and Cottle write as if the transaction had been carried through at once, but the correspondence explains how it came to drag on from July till November. This was not De Quincey's fault, for he found difficulties in raising the whole of the money at once. Cottle prints Coleridge's receipt: 'November 12, 1807—Received from Mr. Joseph Cottle the sum of Three hundred pounds, presented to me, through him, by an unknown friend. S. T. Coleridge, Bristol.'

kindness' has rendered possible.[1] I do not doubt the perfect sincerity with which this letter was written, but in view of the events which followed, it can only be read with a pang. Of the use to which De Quincey's gift was put by Coleridge, nothing, I believe, is known. One hopes that part went to repay Wordsworth's loan of £100 made in 1804; and there must have been plenty of debts to absorb the remainder—debts for laudanum among others; but, at all events, soon afterwards it was all gone, for in April 1808, when borrowing £100 from Stuart, in a great hurry, Coleridge uses words which imply that Stuart has been paying his expenses as well as giving him a lodging.[2]

Coleridge left Stowey for Bristol about the 12th September. On the 11th he had written a long letter to Davy[3] in reply to an urgent message regarding the proposed lectures. He is better, and his 'will acquiring some degree of strength and power of reaction.' 'I have received such manifest benefit from horse exercise, and gradual abandonment of fermented, and total abstinence from spirituous, liquors, and by being alone with Poole, and the renewal of old times, by wandering about my dear old walks of Quantock and Alfoxden, that I have seriously set about composition with a view to ascertain whether I can conscientiously undertake what I so very much wish, a series of Lectures at the Royal Institution.' He has, however, changed his mind as to the subject. If he lectures, it will not be on 'Taste,' but on 'the Principles of Poetry,' and he will 'not give a single lecture till he has in fair writing at least one-half of the whole course, for as to trusting anything to immediate effect, he shrinks from it as from guilt, and guilt in him it would be.' He concludes by asking Davy to await his final decision, at the end of the month. During the months September–November, which Coleridge spent in Bristol, he seems to have given himself up very much to talk about religion, surprising his friends there with the change which had taken place in his beliefs. A long and deeply interesting letter[4] printed by Cottle shows that he was no longer a Unitarian—he probably never was one, out-and-out—but a fully-developed Trinitarian. In a letter[5] to Poole from 'Keswick, Dec. 28, 1807,' Mrs. Coleridge says that when her husband joined her at Bristol, 'in such excellent health and improved looks, she thought of days "lang syne," and hoped and prayed it might continue.' 'Alas!' (she adds), 'in three or four days it was all over. He said he must go to town *immediately*, about the Lectures, yet he stayed three weeks without another word about removing, and I durst not speak lest it should *disarrange* him. Mr. De Quincey, who was a frequent visitor to C. in College Street, proposed accompanying me and the children into Cumberland. . . . Towards the end of October, accordingly, I packed up everything, C.'s things (as I thought, for London) and our own, and left Bristol.[6] Lo!

[1] S. T. C. to Cottle (n.d.), *Rem.* p. 342.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 74.

[3] *Frag. Rem.* p. 99.

[4] *Rem.* pp. 314-325. I have not seen the original, but it was, no doubt, carefully revised by Cottle before printing. The reports of conversations on these topics are more completely given in Cottle's *Early Recoll.* ii. 99-124. These are, even more than the letter, open to the suspicion of severe editing. Southey wrote thus to W. Taylor, July 11, 1808: 'Had Middleton been now at Norwich, it is possible that you might have seen Coleridge there, for M. called upon him in London. It has been his humour for [some] time past to think, or rather to call, the Trinity a philosophical and most important Truth, and he is very much delighted with Middleton's work on the subject. Dr. Sayers would not find him now the warm Hartleyan that he has been; Hartley was ousted by Berkeley, Berkeley by Spinoza, and Spinoza by Plato; when last I saw him Jacob Behmen had some chance of coming in. The truth is that he plays with systems, and any nonsense will serve him for a text from which he can deduce something new and surprising (*Mem. of W. T.* i. 215).

[5] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 202-204.

[6] For De Quincey's account of the journey, see *Works* (1863, ii. 128); art. 'William Wordsworth.'

three weeks after I received a letter from him from White Horse Stairs, Piccadilly; he was just arrived in town, had been ill, owing to sitting in wet clothes, had passed three weeks at the house of a Mr. Morgan, and had been nursed by his wife and her sister in the kindest manner. C. found Davy very ill. The Lectures on that account were postponed. Stewart [*sic*] had insisted on his being at the *Courier* office during his stay in town. . . . Wordsworth obtained a few lines from him ten days ago. Davy was better, and the Lectures were to commence in a fortnight. Since then we have heard nothing. Dr. Stoddart is arrived from Malta. He has brought with him C.'s papers. C. wrote to him to expostulate with him for having detained them so long [receiving an abusive reply, and a demand for £50 expenses]. He [S. T .C.] has published in the *Courier* lately "The Wanderer's Farewell."'[1]

This very interesting letter of Mrs. Coleridge gives a succinct account of her husband up to the end of 1807. It will be observed that it contains no mention of De Quincey's bounty. He, of course, would say nothing to Mrs. Coleridge, and Coleridge himself had evidently been equally reticent. His detention, we may assume, was not unconnected with the delay in receiving the three hundred pounds, which was paid on November 12, at least a fortnight after Mrs. Coleridge's departure.

Coleridge resumed his old quarters at the top of the *Courier* building in the Strand.[2] His sole duty being to prepare his lectures, no doubt he gave to them such time as he could spare from assisting Stuart and Street in the conduct of their newspaper. Of this, the first[3] course of lectures delivered by Coleridge, but a scanty and fragmentary record remains.[4] Lamb writes to Manning on February 26, 1808: 'Coleridge has delivered two lectures at the R.I.; two more were attended,[5] but he did not come. It is thought he has gone sick upon them. He ain't well, that's certain. Wordsworth[6] is coming to see him.' This sounds a little unfeeling, as coming from Lamb; but it was Coleridge's own letters, etc., confirmed by one from Mary Lamb,[7] which were bringing Wordsworth to town. I gather that Lamb suspected that opium was largely responsible for his friend's illness, and that Wordsworth's moral influence would be more powerful than his own. Wordsworth came and Southey followed; and during their stay in town Coleridge recovered, and before Wordsworth left on the 3rd April he had heard two lectures, which (he says) 'seemed

[1] See page 179, and 'Note 185,' p. 636.

[2] See De Quincey's amusing account of Coleridge's situation in *Works* (1863, ii. 98).

[3] It was really the first, notwithstanding statements by Coleridge and his editors to the contrary.

[4] The following is a list of all the lectures of which there is any general or particular record, printed and unprinted: I. Jan. 12, 1808; II. Feb. 5; III. and IV. before April 3. At least three more were given before May 15, and several more in the course of the succeeding five or six weeks. Notes of four were made by H. Crabb Robinson—see his *Diary*, etc., 1872, i. 140; and Mrs. H. N. Coleridge's *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare* [by S. T. C.], 1849. These are not included in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere and other English Poets*, by S. C. T., now first collected by T. Ashe (Bell, 1883), a useful, and in many respects an excellent compilation.

[5] To the confusion of the sense, this word has hitherto been printed 'intended.' I quote from the original letter.

[6] On this, see *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 35.

[7] Coleridge had been ill and better again in December 1807 (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 41). On Feb. 18, 1808, he reports to Beaumont that he has been 'very ill' for many weeks, with only two 'day-long intervals.' He has been able to do nothing except to write 'a moral and political defence of the Copenhagen business,' which requires only a concluding paragraph. This no doubt was for the *Courier* (see H. C. Robinson's *Diary*, etc., 1872, i. 138). 'I shall disgust many friends,' he adds, 'but I do it from my *conscience*. What other motive have I?' (*M. of C.* ii. 47). There is not a word of lectures.

to give great satisfaction,' although Coleridge 'was not in spirits, and suffered much during the week both in body and mind.'[1] About this time Coleridge reviewed his friend Clarkson's 'History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade' in the *Edinburgh*. He had begged Jeffrey to be merciful to an imperfect book for the sake of the almost perfect character of the author; on which Jeffrey asked Coleridge to be himself the critic. He afterwards complained of gross mutilation of his MS. and of inversion of some of his sentiments, especially as regards Pitt, whose sincerity in the matter of Abolition, Coleridge had asserted. He proposed to republish his review, corrected and augmented, but he did not, and it has never been reprinted.[2] In May, Coleridge writes[3] of himself as correcting and revising Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*, then ready for the press. He is hampered by 'the heat and bustle of these disgusting lectures,' the next of which will be his first on 'Modern Poetry,' to be followed, later on, by one on Wordsworth's 'System and Compositions.' The lectures came to an end late in June.[4] De Quincey's statements[5] respecting Coleridge's condition during the period of the lectures, and of his *frequent* failure to appear at Albemarle Street, have much the appearance of exaggeration. They are in no way corroborated by Crabb Robinson, and the two failures reported by Lamb were probably all that took place.

When the lectures were over, Coleridge went to Bury St. Edmunds on a visit to the Clarksons. Mrs. Clarkson was one of his most devoted and sympathetic friends, and one whose high qualities of mind and heart were greatly appreciated by him. It was no doubt owing to her good influence that he at this time relinquished laudanum, or at least the abuse of it. Soon after this visit he wrote thus to Stuart: 'I am hard at work, and feel a pleasure in it which I have not known for years; a consequence and reward of my courage in at length overcoming the fear of dying suddenly in my sleep, which, Heaven knows, alone seduced me into the fatal habit, etc. . . . If I entirely recover I shall deem it a sacred duty to publish my cure, for the practice of taking opium is dreadfully spread.'[6] This was written from 'Allan Bank,' Wordsworth's recently-entered and very uncomfortable house at Grasmere. 'Coleridge has arrived at last' (wrote Southey to his brother Tom, September 9, 1808), 'about half as big as the house. He came with Wordsworth on Monday, and returned with him on Wednesday. His present scheme [which was carried out] is to put the boys to school at Ambleside and reside at Grasmere himself.'[7] At Stowey, a year before, some such arrangement had been discussed as a contingency, but up to June 1808 nothing further had been said to Mrs. Coleridge. She was anxious, 'on the children's account,' that Greta Hall might be decided on, and the landlord, Jackson, was seconding her efforts by building some additional accommodation, fearing that Coleridge found too little privacy, owing to the presence of the Southey family. On December 4, Miss Wordsworth writes from Allan Bank to Mrs. Marshall: 'At the time of the great storm, Mrs. Coleridge and her little girl[8] were here, and Mr.

[1] *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 48.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 180; Allsop's *Letters*, etc., p. 185; *Frag. Rem.* p. 102.

[3] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 100.

[4] Whether he delivered the full contract number of sixteen, I know not, but it seems probable he did, for he received the full fee of a hundred pounds—£40 advanced in October 1808 and £60 in March 1809. In April 1808 he had applied for the £60, and been refused. This lack of confidence was much resented by him, and he immediately borrowed £100 from Stuart (*Gent. Mag.* June 1838, p. 581; *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 135).

[5] *Works* (1863), ii. 99.

[6] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 181, where the passage appears to be given incompletely.

[7] *Life and Corr.* iii. 16.

[8] See Sara Coleridge's (the 'little girl') recollections of this visit, printed in her *Memoirs* (1873), i. 17-20.

Coleridge is with us constantly. . . . Mr. Coleridge and his wife are separated, and I hope they will both be the better for it. They are upon friendly terms, and occasionally see each other. In fact, Mrs. Coleridge was more than a week at Grasmere [Allan Bank] under the same roof with him. Coleridge intends to spend the winter with us. On the [other] side of this paper you will find the prospectus of a work which he is going to undertake; and I have little doubt but that it will be well executed if his health does not fail him; but on that score (though he is well at present) I have many fears.'[1]

The 'prospectus' was, of course, that of *The Friend*. Coleridge and his friends of this period must have used up a ream or two of it in their correspondence—a fly-leaf of the foolscap having been left blank expressly for this purpose. Early in December Coleridge wrote to Davy[2]: 'My health and spirits are improved beyond my boldest hopes. A very painful effort of moral courage has been remunerated by tranquillity—by ease from the sting of self-disapprobation. I have done more for the last ten weeks than I had done for three years before. . . . I would willingly inform you of my chance of success in obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers, so as to justify me prudentially in commencing the work, but I do not possess grounds even for a sane conjecture. It will depend in a great measure on the zeal of my friends.' To Stuart and to Poole he wrote in the same strain, but to them he added an intimation that he had consulted a physician. To Poole he says he is now feeling 'the blessedness of walking altogether in the light.' We may perhaps interpret this to mean that he had suspended opium-eating for a time. As to the physician, it is a little suspicious that he says nothing of him to Davy.[3]

The 'prospectus' mentioned by Miss Wordsworth was sent out without consultation with any one,[4] and the first number was announced for 'the first Saturday in January 1809,' 'in case of a sufficient number of subscribers being obtained.' 'Will he carry the thing on? *Dios es que sabe*,' wrote Southey to his brother Henry[5] . . . 'if he does but fairly set it forward, it shall not drop for any accidental delay of illness on his part.'[6] Of course *The Friend* did not appear on January 7. On January 18, Southey told Rickman: 'Meantime a hundred difficulties open upon him in the way of publication, and doubtless some material changes must be made in the plan. I advise half-a-crown or five shilling numbers irregularly, whenever they are ready; but no promised time, no promised quantity, no promised anything. . . . [*The Friend*] is expected to start in March.' Stuart suggested monthly instead of weekly numbers, and Wordsworth urged that the advice should be taken, but Coleridge objected strongly. At first *The Friend* was to be printed and published in London; next in Kendal; but in February Coleridge arranged with 'a clever young man,' Mr. John Brown, to print and publish for him in Penrith. Then he discovered that this clever young man had not type enough, and Coleridge had to buy £38 worth.

1 Knight's *Life*, ii. 120.

2 *Frag. Rem.* p. 101.

3 In all these letters of December, Coleridge writes of *The Friend* as of something of which they had been previously aware. Can it have been to some such project that Coleridge alluded in a mutilated passage of his letter to Wordsworth of May 1808? He has been writing of Wordsworth's pecuniary anxieties, and goes on: 'Indeed, before my fall . . . I had indulged the hope that, by division of labour, you would have no occasion to think about . . . as, with very warm and zealous patronage, I was fast ripening a plan which secures from £12 to £20 a week (the prospectus, indeed, going to the press as soon as Mr. Sotheby and Sir G. Beaumont had read it).' Knight's *Life*, ii. 102.

4 *Letters of R. S.* ii. 120.

5 *Ib.* ii. 114.

6 A promise of assistance which was never rendered, though that may not have been Southey's fault.

By the 23rd March, Wordsworth had become very anxious, and wrote to Poole[1]: 'I give it to you as my deliberate opinion, founded upon proofs which have been strengthening for years, that he neither will nor can execute anything of important benefit to himself, his family, or mankind'; all is 'frustrated by a derangement in his intellectual and moral constitution. In fact, he has no voluntary power of mind whatever, nor is he capable of acting under any *constraint* of duty or moral obligation.' *The Friend* may appear, 'but it cannot go on for any length of time. I am *sure* it cannot. C., I understand, has been three weeks at Penrith,' and will answer no letters. And then he calls on Poole to come to the rescue—in summer, for it is of no use to attempt to stop Coleridge *now*. A week later (March 30) Wordsworth wrote again to Poole—Coleridge, he says, has not been at Grasmere for a month. He is now at Keswick, 'having had a great deal of trouble about arranging the publication of *The Friend*. . . . I cannot say that Coleridge has been managing himself well.' Probably he had heard from Southey that opium was again in the ascendant. Poole, Stuart, Montagu, and Clarkson were advancing money for the stamped paper.[2] It was sent (of course) by the wrong route and did not arrive till May 8. At last, but not until June 1st, *The Friend* No. I. appeared.[3] 'The mode of payment by subscribers will be announced in a future number,' promised Coleridge, and in No. II. this promise was fulfilled, characteristically, by a vague proposal that payment should be made 'at the close of each twentieth week'—the third number to be deferred for a fortnight (instead of a week) to allow lists of subscribers to come in, and arrangements to be made for mode of payment. Nothing more was said about the matter until after the issue of the twentieth number, at the end of the year.

Having seen No. II. despatched on June 8, Coleridge returned from Penrith to Grasmere and wrote to Stuart[4]: 'I printed 620 of No. I. and 650 of No. II., and so many more are called for that I shall be forced to reprint both as soon as I hear from Clarkson [regarding fresh stocks of paper].[5] The proof-sheet of No. III. goes back to-day, and with it the "copy" of No. IV., so that henceforth we shall be secure of regularity.' Alas! No. III. appeared on August 10—seven weeks late; and No. IV. on September 7—again three weeks late. And no wonder. The conditions were impossible. There was Coleridge himself; there were the imperfect arrangements for supplies of paper; and, as if these hindrances were not enough, there were the relative situations of Grasmere and Penrith. The mere distance, 28 miles, was nothing; but there was no direct post, and Kirkstone Pass lay, a veritable lion, in the path. After months of experience, the best line of communication Coleridge could devise was to send his 'copy' on Friday by carrier to Keswick, the carrier sending the parcel on by the Saturday coach to Penrith. And *vice versa*. The correction and re-transmission of the proofs were entrusted to Southey. How long the round

[1] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 124.

[2] The stamp on each number was 3½d., but there were discounts which reduced the cost to little more than 3d.

[3] 'THE FRIEND; a Literary, Moral, and Political Weekly Paper, excluding Personal and Party Politics and Events of the Day. Conducted by S. T. Coleridge of Grasmere, Westmoreland. Each number will contain a stamped sheet of large Octavo, like the present; and will be delivered free of expense by the Post, throughout the Kingdom, to Subscribers. The Price each number One Shilling. . . . Penrith: Printed and Published by J. Brown.' The continuity of issue was frequently broken—thus there were eight blank weeks between II. and III.; three between III. and IV.; one between XI. and XII.; one between XX. and XXI.; and one between XXVI. and XXVII. and last.

[4] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 165. 'June 13.'

[5] A collation of a set of stamped, with the set of unstamped, numbers issued with a title-page in 1812, shows that the first twelve numbers in the volume were *revised reprints* done in 1809.

journey occupied, I do not know, but probably neither conveyance ran daily. The system was only ameliorated by the passage of chance chaises either way, but once when the printing-house rats had devoured a page-long motto from Hooker, and duplicate transcripts were entrusted by Coleridge to two drivers, both failed of delivery to the printer; and No. VIII. was, in consequence, issued a week after due date. Then the subscription-list plan proved a bad one, as Coleridge publicly confessed in after-years.[1] In January 1810 he made the same confession in a letter to Lady Beaumont [2]—many subscribers withdrew their names, and many of those who did not, withheld the money. Nearly all complained that the contents were too dull, and an attempt was made to enliven the pages by printing 'Satyrane's Letters.' These, with contributions in prose and verse from Wordsworth, practically filled up the numbers from November 23 to January 25 (1810), when the 'Sketches and Fragments of the Life and Character of the late Sir Alexander Ball'* began—a series, too long indeed, but destined never to be completed. While *The Friend* was being abandoned to Satyrane and Wordsworth, Coleridge was contributing a series of letters to the *Courier*[3] 'On the Spaniards,' with the view of exciting British sympathy in the struggles of that nation against Napoleon. His own feelings were thoroughly roused—'for this' (he wrote) 'is not a quarrel of Governments, but the war of a people against the armies of a remorseless invader, usurper, and tyrant.' 'Coleridge's spirits have been irregular of late,' wrote Miss Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont (February 28–March 5, 1810).[4] 'He was damped after the twentieth number by the slow arrival of payments,[5] and half persuaded himself that he ought not to go on. We laboured hard against such a resolve, and he seems determined to fight onwards.' And she proceeds to describe how, from the commencement, *The Friend* had been produced by fits and starts—sometimes a number in two days, sometimes not a line composed for 'weeks and weeks'; the papers being generally dictated to Miss Sarah Hutchinson, and never re-transcribed.[6] In the same letter Miss Wordsworth announces that Miss Hutchinson's prolonged visit was to come to an end in a fortnight. 'Coleridge most of all will miss her, as she has transcribed almost every paper of *The Friend* for the press.' So much did Coleridge miss his devoted secretary, that *The Friend* came to an end with her visit to Allan Bank—flickering out with 'No. XXVII., Thursday, March 15, 1810'—the last printed words, '(To be concluded in our next number),' referring to the articles about Ball.

So perished, one cannot say untimely, a work which Hazlitt not inaptly described as 'an enormous title-page . . . an endless preface to an imaginary work.' But it was, like all that came from Coleridge, an integral part of himself, and therefore a heap of ore rich in finest metal. *The Friend* of Highgate and 1818, which he was

* It is commonly stated, on what authority I know not, that Coleridge and Ball got on very badly, and that the laudation in *The Friend* was insincere. All the evidence derivable from Coleridge's correspondence and diaries of the period points in the opposite direction. I suspect that Stoddart spread reports about Coleridge which were coloured by his resentment of real or imaginary injuries.

1 *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 162. The real facts of the story there given about 'the gentleman who procured nearly a hundred names' will be found in *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 99. The collation of the two versions will repay the curious student.

2 *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 96-108.

3 No. I. appeared on December 7, 1809, and No. VIII. and last on January 20, 1810. Reprinted in *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 593-676.

4 *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 109-115.

5 'Of the small number who have paid in their subscriptions, two-thirds, nearly, have discontinued the work.' S. T. C. to Lady Beaumont, January 21, 1810 (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 97).

6 The MSS. with some correspondence therewith connected are preserved in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

pleased to describe as a '*riffacciamento*' of the original, was a new work. The original would bear reprinting, for it is now unknown except to the curious book-collector.

During the long period of Coleridge's domestication with the Wordsworths a good deal of friendly intercourse was kept up between Allan Bank and Greta Hall. The Coleridge boys were at school at Ambleside, and Mrs. Coleridge had only her little daughter Sara under her immediate care. The following passage from a letter [1] of hers to Miss Betham is pleasant reading, not only for the tone in which her husband is mentioned, but as showing that Coleridge and Charles Lloyd no longer shunned each other. 'Brathay' was Lloyd's home. 'My dear friend, I know it will give you [pleasure] to hear that I was very comfortable during my visits in Westmoreland. C[oleridge] came often to Brathay, before I went to Grasmere, and kindly acceded to my wish of taking my little daughter home again with me after she had passed a fortnight with him at Allan Bank. His first intention was to keep her with him until Christmas, and then to bring her home with her brothers. . . . C. is to spend the last week of the boys' holidays here, and take them back with him [to Ambleside]. . . . I hope you will soon come again to see us, and I will introduce you to C., and *he* to his invaluable friends.'

Coleridge's movements after the cessation of *The Friend* in the middle of March are not easy to trace. On the 15th April he wrote to Lady Beaumont from Ambleside excusing himself from inattention to a letter which had arrived at Grasmere when his depression of spirits 'amounted to little less than absolute despondency.' He had only that day found courage to open the letter, which contained an 'enclosure.' He must not accuse himself of idleness, for he has been 'willing to exert energy, only not in anything which the duty of the day demanded.' The next glimpse is in a letter from Mrs. Coleridge to Poole, dated October 3.[2] The poor wife knows not 'what to think or what to do.' Coleridge has been at Greta Hall for four or five months 'in an almost uniform kind disposition towards us all.' His spirits have been better than for years, and he has been reading Italian to both the Saras—only, he has been doing nothing else. 'The last number of *The Friend* lies on his desk, the sight of which fills my heart with grief and my eyes with tears,' and she never ceases to pray that 'Mr. Poole were here.'

X. London—*Remorse*

In October, Basil Montagu, with his wife and her little daughter (Anne Skepper, afterwards Mrs. B. W. Procter), called at Greta Hall on his way south from a tour in Scotland. There was a vacant place in the chaise, and this Coleridge took, the party arriving at Montagu's residence (55 Frith Street, Soho) on the 26th October. Coleridge was to have been a guest there for an indefinite period, but within a few days the visit came to an abrupt and painful end. When the chaise halted at Allan Bank, and Wordsworth learnt that Coleridge was to become an inmate of the Montagu household, he expressed to Montagu, in confidence, a fear that some of Coleridge's ways would prove inconvenient in a well-ordered town establishment. This he did with the kindest motives, and no doubt in the kindest terms, thinking that prevention was better than cure — if Coleridge and Montagu became housemates they would quarrel, which would be a misfortune for both, especially for Coleridge. Three days after arrival in London, Montagu informed

[1] Greta Hall, December 19, 1809.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 241. The date is printed 'August 3,' but the month must have been October.

Coleridge that he had been commissioned by Wordsworth to say to him that certain of his (Coleridge's) habits had made him an intolerable guest at Allan Bank, and that he (Wordsworth) had 'no hope for him.' Unfortunately Coleridge believed this monstrous story, and, soon after, he left Montagu's roof, taking refuge with the Morgans, then living at Hammersmith. He was heart-broken * that Wordsworth could have said such things of him, much more that he should have commissioned Montagu to repeat them. But for a long time he said nothing. The breach between the two poets remained open until May 1812, when a reconciliation was effected by the good offices of Crabb Robinson. It turned out, of course, that Wordsworth had neither used the wounding (even coarse) language attributed to him with regard to Coleridge's personal habits, nor said *anything* in the *spirit* attributed to him; nor commissioned Montagu to repeat to Coleridge anything whatever —very much the contrary. He confessed to having said (or implied) to Montagu that he had 'little or no hope' of Coleridge, and expressed deep regret that he had said anything at all to so indiscreet a man as Montagu.† Letters declared to be 'mutually satisfactory' were exchanged by the two poets, and the troubled air was stilled; but each was conscious that it was also darkened, and that in their friendship there could never be 'glad confident morning again.'

To return to the winter of 1810. It was on the 3rd November that Coleridge began his visit to the Morgans at No. 7 Portland Place, Hammersmith — a visit which, with few and short interruptions, lasted until 1816, when the still longer one to the Gillmans began. Wordsworth and Montagu had broken down—and even, to some extent, Poole; but without a moment's delay, there presented itself to the perplexed traveller another of those 'perpetual relays' (to use De Quincey's words) 'which were laid along Coleridge's path in life.' As at Bristol in 1807, the family which now gave him shelter consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Brent, the sister of Mrs. Morgan. For some months Coleridge seems to have done nothing but call on his friends and talk to them divinely. Henry Crabb Robinson first met him at Lamb's on the 14th November, and for some time thenceforward became his Boswell, writing down in his diary [1] summaries of Coleridge's discourse. Lamb describes his old friend at this time in a fashion not altogether reassuring: 'Coleridge has powdered his hair, and looks like Bacchus, Bacchus ever sleek and young. He is going to turn sober, but his clock has not struck yet; meantime he pours down goblet after goblet. . . .'[2] On November 28 he tells Hazlitt that Coleridge is writing or going to write in the *Courier* against Cobbett, and is in favour of paper-money; but so far as can be traced his connection with the *Courier* did not begin until April. On February 16, Mrs. Coleridge wrote to Miss Betham [3] that since his departure from Greta Hall, Coleridge 'had not *once* addressed any of

* See 'Fragment 76' (p. 462), which probably was written during this distressful period.

† Southey's deliverance was as follows, in an unprinted letter of April 25, 1812, to Miss Betham: 'My own opinion is . . . that Montagu has acted with a degree of folly which would be absolutely incredible in any other person; that W. is no otherwise blameable than as having said anything to such a man which he would have felt any dislike to seeing in the *Morning Post*; that I do not wonder at C.'s resentment.' The story of the quarrel between Coleridge and Montagu as told by De Quincey (*Works*, 1863, ii. 120) is no better founded than the accompanying statement that the quarrel was never made up.

[1] *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of H. C. Robinson.* Selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. 3 vols. 1870. My references are to the 'third edition, with corrections and additions,' in two volumes, 1872.

[2] Letter to Miss Wordsworth dated '[August 1810],' but it must have been written in November or December.

[3] *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1878, p. 75.

his northern friends,' and that she had only just heard, and by chance, of her husband being domiciled with the Morgans. He had then left them temporarily for 'lodgings in Southampton Buildings,' with an intention of applying for advice from Mr. Abernethy. 'I wish C. would write!' exclaims the sorely-tried wife, 'both Southey and myself have written often to him'—letters which, *more suo*, the recipient had probably felt himself incapable of opening. In March, Coleridge wrote what he calls an unnecessarily long letter to Robinson—'long enough for half a dozen letters,' 'when to have written to half a dozen claimants is a moral (would it were a physical) necessity. The moral obligation is to me so very strong a stimulant, that in nine cases out of ten it acts as a narcotic. The blow that should rouse, *stuns* me.'[1] This was merely his own way of putting Hazlitt's saying that Coleridge was capable of doing anything which did not present itself as a duty. In this letter Coleridge says that he has been extremely unwell. George Burnett's death has upset Mary Lamb, and her illness 'has almost overset me.' Robinson, however, attributed Mary Lamb's illness to the excessive stimulation produced by too much of Coleridge's company. In April he proposed to Stuart[2] to become a sort of assistant to Street, the editor of the *Courier*. 'If it were desirable I could be at the office every morning by half-past nine, to read over all the morning papers, etc., and point out whatever seemed valuable to Mr. Street; that I might occasionally write the leading paragraph when he might wish to go into the City or to the public offices; and, besides this, I would carry on a series of articles, a column and a half or two columns each, independent of small paragraphs, poems, etc., as would fill whatever room there was in the *Courier*, when there was room.' He would make 'no pretence to any control or intermeddlement,' and at all events would like to be allowed 'a month's trial.' Stuart referred him to Street, and on May 5 Coleridge informs Stuart that from Street he had had 'a warm assent. As to weekly salary he said nothing, and I said nothing, except that he would talk with you.' Coleridge would therefore begin next morning at half-past eight. He would come up by the stage which passed Portland Place at 7.20. He adds that he has 'written to Keswick to calm Mrs. Coleridge's disquietudes concerning the annuity'—by which he means the premium of £27 a year on his life policy for £1000, taken out in 1803. Money for this he had just borrowed from Stuart. He also proposes to 'finish off the next number of *The Friend*, which will contain a full detail of the plan of a monthly work including *The Friend*'—a work which had been suggested to him by Baldwin, the publisher. Nothing came of the 'monthly work,' but Coleridge began at once in the *Courier*, doing a good deal of work both as a sub-editor and as a contributor[3] during the ensuing five months. His connection with the paper nearly broke down in July. An article he had written on the Duke of York was printed on the 12th, but the Government having heard of it, procured its suppression at the sacrifice of about 2000 copies[4] which had been struck off. This mightily offended Coleridge, whose suspicions that the *Courier* was not altogether independent were now confirmed, and he moved Crabb Robinson to endeavour to get him an engagement on the *Times*. Robinson's endeavours failed, however, and Coleridge went on with the *Courier* until the end of September.

About this time he seems to have thought of resuming his old *rôle* of lecturer;

[1] *Diaries*, i. 189.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 191.

[3] The contributions of 1811 reprinted in *Essays on his own Times* begin with April 19 and end with September 27, filling pp. 733-938. Mr. Traill considers them as in all respects much inferior to the early work in the *Morning Post*.

[4] *Diaries of H. C. R.* i. 177, and *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 850, 1027.

and before the end of October had issued a prospectus of a course of fifteen lectures to be given in the rooms of the 'London Philosophical Society, Scots Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street (entrance from Fetter Lane).' The lectures were to be 'on Shakespeare and Milton in illustration of the Principles of Poetry, and their application as grounds of Criticism to the most popular works of later English Poets, those of the living included.' The prices of the tickets were two guineas for the single and three for the double. The first lecture was delivered on the day appointed, 18th November, and the others followed in due succession, on Mondays and Thursdays, until January 27, 1812 — seventeen in all. Coleridge did not write out his lectures, but delivered them extemporaneously, declaring that even the notes he held in his hand hampered him.[1] Two unfortunate consequences resulted — the lecturer was frequently desultory and digressive, and the lectures have come down to us only in fragmentary reports. The fragments recoverable from contemporary newspapers, from Crabb Robinson's Diaries, and J. P. Collier's note-books,[2] however, suffice to show that Coleridge's audiences probably heard the finest literary criticism which has ever been given in English. Writing after the fourth lecture, Robinson says that Coleridge has had 'about 150 hearers on an average.' From Byron's correspondence[3] we learn that Rogers attended on several occasions, on one of which he heard Campbell attacked by name, and himself 'indirectly.' 'We are going in a party' (wrote Byron) 'to hear the new Art of Poetry by the reformed schismatic'; and again on December 15 he writes: 'To-morrow I dine with Rogers and am to hear Coleridge, who is a sort of rage at present.' On January 20, Robinson saw Byron and Rogers among the audience. On that day week the course 'ended' (says Robinson) 'with *éclat*. The room was crowded, and the lecture had several passages more than brilliant.'

Immediately after this Coleridge set off for Greta Hall, picking up on the way his two boys at Ambleside. During the weeks he remained with Mrs. Coleridge, she received many letters and messages from Miss Wordsworth begging her to urge Coleridge to write to her, and on no account to leave the Lake country without seeing them. It was all in vain. But 'this Grasmere business,' wrote Coleridge to Morgan (March 27, 1812), 'has kept me in a fever of agitation. Wordsworth has refused to apologise. . . . I have been in such a fever about the Wordsworths, my reason deciding one way, my heart pulling me the contrary; scarcely daring to set off without seeing them. Brown, the printer of *The Friend*, who had £20 or £30 of mine and £36 worth of types, about 14 days ago ran off and absconded.'[4] It was probably a hope of saving something out of the wreck of Brown's estate that caused Coleridge to take Penrith on his way back to London, but it hardly excuses him for staying there for a whole month without communicating with any of his friends, who had begun to feel great anxiety long before he reappeared in town towards the end

[1] The Morgans complained that Coleridge *would* not look into his Shakespeare, which they were continually putting in his way; and that, as if spellbound, he would make no preparation for his lectures except by occasional reference to an old MS. commonplace book.

[2] *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets.* By S. T. Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe. London 1883.— Much unnecessary doubt was cast on the authenticity of Collier's shorthand notes when he printed them in 1856 (*Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc.), by critics who forgot that Collier was quite incapable of inventing what he put forward as Coleridge's. More extended reports of the first eight lectures, by a Mr. Tomalin, have recently been discovered and may yet be published.

[3] Moore's *Life*, one-vol. ed. pp. 147, 148.

[4] Letter printed in the Catalogue of Mr. Locker-Lampson's collection at Rowfant, p. 200. The date is there misprinted as 'May.'

of April. A letter of Mrs. Coleridge describes her husband as 'cheerful' during his stay at Greta Hall. He talked of settling with her and the children in London, after a year—a proposal which Mrs. Coleridge listened to gravely, suggesting that until the children's education was completed, it was better she and they should remain in the country; and that then she would willingly follow his amended fortunes. So this scheme was settled, and Coleridge promised that he would write regularly, and that never, never again would he leave his wife's, or the boys', or Southey's letters unopened. It was probably during this visit—the last he ever paid to the Lake country—that Coleridge contributed his too meagre quota to *Omniana*,[1] which was published in the following October—'Coleridge,' wrote Southey in November, 'kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to be cancelled, in despair.'[2]

Coleridge returned to the Morgans—now living at 71 Berners Street, Oxford Street—about the end of April, and immediately issued his prospectus for a series of lectures 'on the Drama of the Greek, French, English, and Spanish stage, chiefly with reference to the works of Shakespeare.' They were to be delivered at Willis's Rooms, 'on the Tuesdays and Fridays in May and June, at 3 o'clock precisely,' beginning on May 12th. 'An account is opened at Messrs. Ransom, Morland, & Co., Bankers, Pall Mall, in the names of Sir G. Beaumont, Bart., Sir T. Barnard, Bart., and W. Sotheby, Esqre., where subscriptions will be received and tickets issued.' Coleridge made his first appearance on the new platform just a week late; a circumstance which may be attributable to agitation produced by the negotiations then being carried on by Robinson for the reconciliation with Wordsworth. These negotiations began on May 3, and ended happily, as already described, on the 11th. Of this course, the only record with which I am acquainted is contained in Robinson's diary. Wordsworth attended one of the lectures. At what proved to be the last, on June 5, Coleridge announced a further course to take place in the winter, for which the money would be taken at the doors—which looks as if the array of fine names and the Pall Mall banking-house had not proved a success.

On August 7 he expressed a wish to Stuart[3] to rejoin the *Courier*, but only as an occasional contributor, proposing to send in within the next fortnight some twenty articles on current Church and State politics. His finances have been thrown behindhand by the rewriting of his play, and by composing the second volume of *The Friend*, but he hopes before another eight days have passed to submit the tragedy to the theatre-people, and if they will not have it, to accept Gale & Curtis's offer to publish it. He has also been consulting a new doctor.

Some time before the beginning of October Coleridge's 'rewritten play,' with its new title of *Remorse*, had been, through the influence of Lord Byron, accepted by the Drury Lane Committee,[4] whose new theatre was about to be opened. In October there was issued a 'Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Belles Lettres, to be delivered by S. T. Coleridge, Esqre., at the Surrey Institution.' Lecture I. was to be on the right use of words; II. and III. on the Evolution of the Fine Arts; IV. on Poetry in general; V. on Greek Mythology; VI. on the connection between the

[1] 'OMNIANA, or *Horæ otiosiores*.' 2 vols. 1812. An interesting selection from the commonplace books of Coleridge and Southey.

[2] November 5, 1812. *Letters of R. S.* ii. 299.

[3] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 213.

[4] 'Do you see or hear anything of Coleridge? Lamb writes to Lloyd that C.'s play has been accepted. Heaven grant it success' (Wordsworth to Stuart, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 359).

diffusion of Christianity and the formation of modern languages; VII. on Shakespeare; VIII. A philosophical analysis of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Hamlet*; IX. on *Macbeth* and *Othello*; X. on Shakespeare; and XI. and XII. on *Paradise Lost*. I have summarised the somewhat lengthy syllabus from the unique copy preserved by Robinson. It has no dates, price of tickets, or the like; but I have found that the lectures were given on consecutive Tuesday evenings; and that Robinson attended the first on Nov. 3. He says it was a repetition of former lectures, and dull. As the two men walked away from the lecture-room together, they talked of Spinoza, and Coleridge projected a series of lectures on Education, 'each to be delivered in a state in which it may be sent to the press.'[1] Robinson seems to have attended only seven of the lectures. Of the earlier of those heard by him, he gives a poor account, but the twelfth he describes as a very eloquent and popular discourse on the general character of Shakespeare (the subject announced was 'Milton'), and of the concluding lecture (Jan. 26) he says that Coleridge was 'received with three rounds of applause on entering the room, and very loudly applauded at the close. . . . He this evening, as well as on three or four preceding nights, redeemed the reputation he lost at the commencement of the course.' So far as I am aware, Robinson's jottings form the only record of these lectures.

On Dec. 6, Robinson found Coleridge at Morgan's, in good spirits, and determined to devote himself to the Drama—chiefly to Melodrama and Comic Opera. On the following day he wrote to Robinson requesting the loan of Goethe's *Theory of Colours*, and repeating his determination respecting the drama—expecting to profit by Goethe's happy mode of introducing incidental songs.[2] He mentions another little project, 'one steady effort to understand music.'

On December 22, Coleridge informs Stuart[3] that his play is in rehearsal, and that he finds the repeated alterations rather a tedious business. The managers are more sanguine than he is, and with one exception the performers are pleased and gratified with their parts. On the 23rd January 1813, *Remorse* was first produced at Drury Lane. All the accounts which have come down to us describe the performance as, on the whole, a great success.[4] The best evidence, however, is the fact that it ran for twenty nights, and that Coleridge received for his share £400—the contract being that he was to get £100 for the 3rd, 6th, 9th, and 20th night. For the pamphlet of the play he received from the publisher two-thirds of the profits, and as it ran into a third edition, the author's share may have been something considerable. When Poole heard of his old friend's success, he was prompted to send him congratulations, and these, says Mrs. Sandford, 'drew forth an instant response penetrated with all the old tenderness.' In the same letter to Poole there followed 'an outpouring of grief and difficulties, with some allusion at the end to the withdrawal of the Wedgwood pension, and to the "year-long difference" between Wordsworth and himself, compared with the sufferings of which, he writes, "all former afflictions of my life were less than flea-bites." They were reconciled, indeed, "but—aye there remains the immedicable But."'[5]

The reference in this letter is one of the earliest I have found as to the withdrawal by Josiah Wedgwood of his half of the pension of £150 granted in 1798.

[1] *Diaries*, etc., i. 209.

[2] *Diaries*, i. 222.

[3] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 217.

[4] H. C. Robinson's *Diaries*, etc., i. 212; *Autobiographical Recollections of C. R. Leslie, R.A.*, by T. Taylor, 1860, ii. 32-34. Newspaper notices collected in Osorio: *a Tragedy*. London: Pearson, 1873; *Reminiscences* (1826) of Michael Kelly, who composed the very successful incidental music. See also 'Note 230,' pp. 649-651, *post*.

[5] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 244.

As, it will be remembered,[1] the total pension was granted to Coleridge for life, and absolutely free from conditions except 'the wreck of the Wedgwoods' fortune.' Josiah Wedgwood's present action is unaccountable save on the assumption that he had entirely forgotten the terms of his letter of Jan. 10, 1798. But this assumption is hardly tenable, for as a man of the strictest business habits, he must have kept an accurately filed copy of so important a letter. Had this, by some accident, been destroyed or mislaid, he could not have forgotten that the letter had been written, and before taking any action it was manifestly his duty to have used every means for procuring a sight of the original. The original may have been lost, but his inquiries would have included application to Poole, and among his papers a copy would have been found. Besides, Josiah Wedgwood cannot have been unaware that his brother's half-share had been at once secured legally to Coleridge for life, and this fact was of itself a strong indication that the whole had been granted on the same terms. Very reluctantly, for Josiah Wedgwood had otherwise shown himself to be just and generous, I am driven to the conclusion that the withdrawal was a high-handed proceeding, and that Coleridge, though aware of this, made no complaint, owing to a painful consciousness that the benefaction had not been used for the high purposes which had led both to the granting and to the acceptance of it. Practically, Mrs. Coleridge was the sufferer by the withdrawal of the half, for the whole had been for many years at her disposal. Neither did she, though sorely tried by the increasing expenses, actual and prospective, of the children, bring any accusation against Wedgwood.

On the 1st December 1812 a shadow was cast on Wordsworth's household by the death of his little son, Thomas. It seemed to them as if the sun had gone down, and Coleridge was deeply moved. As soon as the sad news reached him he wrote an affectionate letter[2]: 'O that it were within my power to be with you myself instead of my letter. The Lectures I could give up; but the rehearsal of my Play commences this week, and upon this depends my best hopes of leaving town after Christmas, and living among you as long as I live. . . . What comfort ought I not to afford, who have given you so much pain. . . . I am distant from you some hundred miles, but glad I am that I am no longer distant in spirit, and have faith, that as it has happened but once, so it never can happen again.' Of this letter, in which Coleridge humbled himself in presence of the sorrow which had darkened his friend's home, Prof. Knight (who does not print the letter in full) says: 'I fancy there were phrases and statements in it which the Wordsworths did not like, and that no immediate reply was sent to Coleridge.' Whatever the obstacle, it seems only too probable that no immediate reply was sent, and that Coleridge, with good reason, felt himself deeply wounded, for when he was free to go north he refrained. On March 10, Mrs. Clarkson wrote to Robinson: 'C., as I told you, wrote to them [the Wordsworths] several times after the death of little Tom, and said that he would . . . certainly go were it [the play] successful. William and Dorothy have both written to him to say that nothing would do W. so much good as his company and conversation. He has taken no notice whatever of these letters; . . . and they have heard by a letter from Mr. Morgan to Southey or Mrs. C., that C. is going out of town to the seaside!!! Imagine them in the depths of sorrow, receiving this

[1] See p. xl. *supra*. It would seem that the withdrawal took place at the end of 1812. Miss Meteyard's unsupported statement (*Group of Englishmen*, p. 378) that it took place in 1811, which has been generally accepted, is untenable. Her justification of Wedgwood was written in ignorance of the unconditional terms on which the pension had been granted.

[2] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 181.

cutting intelligence. . . . The account of the state of the family at Grasmere would make your heart ache—supposing myself to have been deeply injured, would one wish for a more noble triumph than to fly to the succour of the friend who had inflicted the wound?' It was at the request, expressed or implied, of the Wordsworths that Mrs. Clarkson was endeavouring to soften Coleridge's heart. She saw him at Morgan's, but he seems to have been obdurate. Mary Lamb took Coleridge's side, and 'after all' acknowledged Mrs. Clarkson on March 29th: 'I do incline to think with M. L[amb] that there is something amongst them which makes it perhaps better that they should not meet just now. I am, however, quite sure that . . . it rests with him [Coleridge] entirely to recover all that he has lost in their hearts.' I have no doubt Mrs. Clarkson correctly interpreted the Wordsworths' feelings, as they were at at the end of March, and that it would have been better for both parties, had Coleridge forgiven and forgotten the offence, when the Wordsworths had in their turn humbled themselves to him—but the documents which would enable us to judge with some approach to accuracy are not before us. A bond, such as had existed between Coleridge and Wordsworth, once broken may be mended, but it cannot be welded. It was broken by Wordsworth in an unguarded moment. But evils wrought by want of thought call up Nemesis as surely as those wrought by want of heart. The bond had been mended, as such bonds may; it would seem as if under stress of sorrow he had been driven to break it afresh; and one must regret that, when he became conscious of what he had thrown away, his cries were unavailing. But we need not be surprised, and our regret must be even greater on Coleridge's account than on Wordsworth's, for, in the conduct of life, Wordsworth was strong—'strong in himself and powerful to give strength.' One feels, too, that with Coleridge it could not have been hardness of heart which held him in London when he was needed at Grasmere; but rather paralysis of will. Whatever the cause, the effects were disastrous. Had Coleridge received an instant and worthy response to his letter of Dec. 7, his impulse, momentary though it may possibly may have been, to return to the Lake country as a permanent resident, might have been strengthened, and the current of his life turned into a smoother channel.[1]

He seems to have remained in London, doing nothing, until October. Southey came up to town in September and saw him several times. On the 4th October he took Coleridge to Madame de Staël's, 'and left him there in the full spring-tide of his discourse.' (It was that clever lady's first experience of his greatness in monologue.) Southey adds that Coleridge's 'time of departure seems still uncertain,' and that 'Mrs. C. will not be sorry to hear that he is selling his German books.'[2] This evidently last desperate effort to raise money is also mentioned to Stuart of Sep. 27. In the same letter he asks him to look at what 'he should have called a masterly essay on the cause of the downfall of the Comic Drama, if he were not perplexed by the distinct recollection of having *conversed* the greater part of it at Lamb's.' The essay was in that day's *Morning Chronicle*, for which paper Hazlitt then acted as dramatic critic. Coleridge had not written to his wife since March, but when Southey was in town, proposed to go home with him. Then came the invitation or proposal—from which side, I know not—to lecture at Bristol, and Coleridge assured Southey that as soon as the course was finished he would set out direct for Keswick.

[1] See Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 181-187.

[2] *Letters of R. S.* ii. 332.

XI. Bristol—Calne

Some time in October Coleridge left London for Bristol by coach. It was the morning preceding the day announced for his first lecture at the Great Room of the 'White Lion.' He 'talked incessantly for thirty miles out of London, . . . and afterwards with little intermission till the coach reached Marlborough, when he discovered' that a fellow-passenger was the sister of a particular friend, and on her way to North Wales. At Bath he took a chaise, and gallantly escorted the lady to her destination, arriving at Bristol two or three days behind time.[1] He came as the guest of his faithful old friend Josiah Wade, and a fresh day was appointed for the opening lecture. It was Oct. 28, and after some difficulty the person of the lecturer was secured and deposited on the platform 'just one hour' (says Cottle) 'after all the company had impatiently awaited him.' After that evening 'no other important delay arose, and the lectures gave great satisfaction.' The six were completed on Nov. 16,[2] the last being extra and gratuitous on account of the 'diffuseness he unavoidably fell into in his introductory discourse.' On Nov. 17 he appears to have delivered a seventh lecture on Education, but of this no record seems to remain. The same fate, unfortunately, attended a second and similarly successful course[3] of six lectures—two on Shakespeare and four on Milton—announced on Dec. 30, 1813.[4] This was followed by a third of four lectures on Milton, delivered between April 5 and 14, 1814,[5] which Cottle[6] says 'were but indifferently attended.' He adds that Coleridge announced four lectures on Homer, hoping to 'attract the many,' but that 'only a few of his old and staunch friends attended.' All these Bristol lectures, Cottle tells us, were 'of a conversational character,' such as those with which he delighted his friends in private. 'The attention of his hearers [of the lectures] never flagged, and his large dark eyes, and his countenance, in an excited state, glowing with intellect, predisposed his audience in his favour.'

I have thought it best to keep together the records of the various courses of Bristol lectures, but the narrative must needs go back to October 1813. C. R. Leslie, the painter, then a promising Academy student of twenty, was at Bristol on a short visit to Coleridge's friends, the Allstons, and heard three of the first course of lectures. They gave him, he wrote at the time, 'a much more distinct and satisfactory view of the nature and ends of poetry, and of painting, than I ever had before.'[7] It will be seen that Coleridge did not fulfil his promise to return to Keswick at the close of his lecture engagement. He did not even write to Keswick—at all events up to Feb. 1814. His family had not then seen him for two years, and it was nearly one since they had received a letter from him.

In December 1813 I find him returning to Robinson two borrowed volumes of Spinoza's works, and anxious to procure some things of J. P. Richter, Fichte, and Schelling. He has just returned to Bristol from a visit to the Morgans, who had

[1] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 353.

[2] The lectures, which were on Shakespeare and Milton, were briefly reported in the Bristol papers, and from them transcribed by the pious efforts of Mr. George, the well-known Bristol bookseller. These reports are printed in Mr. Ashe's *Lectures*, etc., previously mentioned.

[3] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 354.

[4] Ashe, p. 456.

[5] *Ib.* p. 457.

[6] *Rem.* p. 354.

[7] Leslie had accompanied the Allstons from London to Bristol. Mr. Allston fell ill on the way at Salt Hill, and Coleridge was sent for from town. Leslie says (*Mem.* i. 35): 'At Salt Hill and on some other occasions, I witnessed his [Coleridge's] performance of the duties of a friendship in a manner which few men of his constitutional indolence could have roused themselves to equal.'

followed him to the west country, and were now living in reduced circumstances, and as regards both ladies of the family with impaired health, near Bath. For the spring and summer of 1814, Cottle is almost the only authority,[1] and unreliable as he is, the best has to be made of him. At some uncertain time previous to April, Coleridge borrowed of him ten pounds to pay off 'a dirty fellow' who had threatened arrest.

About the same time every one, save Cottle himself, had noticed in Coleridge's 'look and deportment' 'something unusual and strange'; and, soon after, while both were calling on Hannah More, Cottle observed that Coleridge's hand shook. On mentioning this to a friend next day, it was explained to him. 'That,' said the friend, 'arises from the immoderate quantity of opium he takes.' 'It was,' says Cottle, 'the first time the melancholy fact . . . had come to my knowledge.' A movement had been set afoot by Cottle for getting together an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, 'that Coleridge might pursue his literary objects without pecuniary distractions'; but the scheme appears to have been checked by opposition from Southey, who pointed out that Coleridge's 'distractions' were not primarily 'pecuniary,' but narcotic.

After hearing from Southey, Cottle sent to the culprit, on the 25th April, a communication, the tone and purport of which is sufficiently indicated by its opening sentence[2]: 'I am conscious of being influenced by the purest motives in addressing you the following letter.' Next day Coleridge replied: 'You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is *oil of vitriol!* I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment, God forbid! but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is.' First, he goes on to say, the consciousness of his guilt towards his Maker has been his greatest anguish these ten years; secondly, he has never concealed the cause of his direful infirmity—and has warned two young men, inclined to laudanum, of the consequences, as exhibited in his own case; thirdly, he can say that he was ignorantly seduced into the habit, by bodily pain, and not by desire of pleasurable sensations. His 'case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. "Alas!" he would reply, "that I cannot move my arms, is my complaint and my misery!"' Had he 'but £200—half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place himself in a private madhouse where he could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper . . . for two or three months, there might be hope.' He would 'willingly place himself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment.' On the same day Cottle replied, counselling him to pray, and asking pardon if his 'former letter' appeared unkind; to which Coleridge instantly replied, assuring Cottle that he 'thanked' him, that he did endeavour to pray, but that Cottle had no conception of the dreadful hell of his mind and conscience and body. Probably on the day following, Coleridge wrote to Cottle a letter in which he enlarged, but calmly, on the reasonable expectations a Christian may entertain on the subject of sincere prayer, quoting and recommending Archbishop Leighton, and going on to express his resolve to put himself under Dr. Fox if money enough can be procured. Will Cottle see W. Hood and Le Breton and Wade as to this? Does he know Fox?—

[1] *Rem.* pp. 352-386.

[2] *Early Recoll.* ii. 150; and *Rem.* p. 361. Cottle evidently could not refrain from garbling his own letter, as he garbled the rest of the correspondence, for the text is not the same in both books.

ending: 'I have not yet read your former letter, for I have to prepare my lecture. Oh! with how blank a spirit!—S. T. COLERIDGE.'[1] Unfortunately Cottle did not comply with Coleridge's request, the wisest that could have been made, under the circumstances. He wrote to Southey, and sent him a copy of his correspondence with Coleridge. Southey was shocked, but not surprised. He knew, as did 'all with whom Coleridge has lived,' that after every possible allowance is made for 'morbid bodily causes' the habit of opium-eating is 'for infinitely the greater part' motived by 'inclination and indulgence.' 'The Morgans with great difficulty and perseverance *did* break him off the habit, at a time when his ordinary consumption of laudanum was from two quarts a week to a pint a day! He suffered dreadfully during the first abstinence, so much so as to say it was better to die than to endure his present sufferings. Mrs. Morgan resolutely replied, it was indeed better that he should die than live on as he had been living. It angered him at the time, but the effort was persevered in.' '. . . This too, I ought to say, that all the medical men to whom Coleridge has made his confession have uniformly ascribed the evil, not to bodily ailments, but to indulgence.' Regular work is the one cure, and Southey sees nothing so advisable for Coleridge as a return to that and to Greta Hall, after a refreshing visit to Poole, and a few lectures at Birmingham and Liverpool to put him in funds. 'Coleridge knows in what manner he will be received; by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears, if she can control them—certainly not with reproaches; by me only with encouragement. He has sources of direct emolument open to him in the *Courier* and in the *Eclectic Review*. . . . His great object should be to get out a play and appropriate the whole produce to supporting Hartley at college.' Southey despairs of anything beyond *fits* of industry—but of this despair, nothing shall be said to Coleridge. 'From me he shall never hear anything but cheerful encouragement, and the language of hope.'[2] In a letter dated a week or two before (April 17) Southey had said much the same, adding that he could obtain employment for Coleridge on the *Quarterly*. Should Cottle proceed in his intention to raise an annuity, the amount would not suffice to pay for Coleridge's laudanum, and could but induce more strenuous idleness. At all events, says Southey, 'my name must not be mentioned.* His wife and daughter are living with me, and here he may employ himself without any disquietude about immediate subsistence.' But, says Cottle, Coleridge would take none of Southey's good advice; and he seems to have drifted on at Bristol until the autumn, doing nothing, save pretending to give up opium under the care of Dr. Daniel, supplemented by the absurdly ineffectual surveillance of 'a respectable old decayed tradesman' provided by his host. He had his little amusements—writing mottoes for Proclamation Day transparencies painted by Allston[3]; sitting to Allston for the almost superhumanly respectable-looking portrait painted for Mr. Josiah Wade[4]; correcting (for a fee of ten pounds) and laughing at Cottle's new epic, 'Messiah'; laughing, too, at several prolix letters addressed to him by Cottle, ascribing all his (Coleridge's) ills, not to opium, but to Satanic possession. These delights were tempered only by the intense boredom

* *Rem.* p. 378. Cottle has treated this letter more recklessly than almost any other. He prints, for instance,—'My name must not be mentioned. *I subscribe enough.* Here he may employ himself,' etc. The words italicised (they are italicised also by him) are not in the letter.

[1] Compare this, taken from the original document, with Cottle, *Rem.* p. 371. The 'former letter' was evidently Cottle's first, of April 25. Coleridge probably never summoned courage enough to read it through.

[2] *Rem.* pp. 373-375. This letter Cottle has treated with an unusual amount of respect, meddling more with the style than the sense.

[3] See 'Epigram 55,' p. 450.

[4] Now in the National Portrait Gallery.

produced by the presence of hypochondriacal Mrs. Fermor, Lady Beaumont's sister, who had come to Bristol expressly for the benefit of his society.[1]

But in spite of the gaiety exhibited in the unprinted letter of which the foregoing is a summary, Coleridge was conscience-stricken and bowed down. It was probably on quitting kind Wade's roof for that of the equally kind Morgan, that he wrote the saddest of all the letters of his which have come down to us,[2] one of the saddest, perhaps, which any man ever penned :—

'DEAR SIR, for I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my intreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless. . . . In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! —ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!—self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood! After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness and of its guilty cause may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.'

Before the middle of September, Coleridge was able to inform his friends that his Bristol physician being persuaded that nothing remained 'but to superinduce *positive* health on a system from which disease and its *removable* causes had been driven out,' had recommended country air. He has therefore rejoined the Morgans in a cottage at Ashley, half a mile from Box, on the Bath road. His day he represents as being laid out in the most methodical manner—'breakfast before nine, work till one, walk and read till three,' etc. etc. His morning hours are devoted to a great work now printing at Bristol at the risk of two friends. 'The title is "Christianity, the one true Philosophy; or, Five Treatises on the Logos, or Communicative Intelligence, natural, human, and divine," to which is prefixed a prefatory essay on the laws and limits of toleration and liberality, illustrated by fragments of AUTO-biography.' A syllabus, in the author's best style, of the Five Treatises follows, and a statement that 'the purpose of the whole is a philosophical defence of the Articles of the Church, so far as they respect doctrine, as points of faith,'* to be 'comprised in two portly octavos.' This I believe to be the first mention of the *magnum opus*. The 'two portly octavos' eventually shrank into the two slim ones, containing the 'Fragments of AUTO-biography,' eked out by the ever-ready 'Satyrane's Letters,' which we know as *Biographia Literaria*. 'The evenings' (proceeds the admirably methodical Coleridge) 'I have employed in composing a series of Essays on the Principles of General Criticism concerning the Fine Arts, especially those of Statuary and Painting, and of these four in title, but six or more in size, have been published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*[3]—a strange place for such a publication, but my motive

* Coleridge's orthodoxy seems now to have been complete. In one of his lectures of April 1814 he said that Milton's Satan was a 'sceptical Socinian.' The phrase offended Dr. Estlin, and probably other of Coleridge's Unitarian friends. See *Estlin Letters*, pp. 112-117.

[1] See a polite statement of Mrs. Fermor's case in a letter to her sister (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 171-174).

[2] To Wade. 'Bristol, June 24th, 1814' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 394).

[3] Reprinted in Cottle's *Early Recollections* (Appendix), 1837; and again in *Miscellanies Æsthetic and Literary*, edited by T. Ashe, 1885.

was originally to serve poor Allston, who is now exhibiting his pictures in Bristol.' He concludes by assuring Stuart that the essays are the best things he has ever written, and asks if, revised and extended to sixteen or twenty, they would suit the *Courier*. He would supply two a week and one political essay. The offer of political contributions was accepted, for six 'Letters to Judge Fletcher concerning his "Charge to the Grand Jury of the County of Wexford at the Summer Assizes in 1814"'[1] were printed in the *Courier* between September 20 and December 10.[2]

The great folks of the neighbourhood soon found out that a notable man had taken up his residence among them. His first discoverers seem to have been the Methuen[3] family of Corsham House; the next, Moore's Marquis of Lansdowne. His *quondam* 'idol,' Bowles, was not far off, at Bremhill, and the two poets foregathered. About the middle of October, Coleridge was driven to apply to Stuart for a small advance, the reason assigned being that 'the bookseller has treated me in a strange way about a translation of Goethe's *Faust*. But it is not worth mentioning, except that I employed some weeks unprofitably.'[4] On November 23, Coleridge informs Stuart that on 'Monday after next he expects, as far as so perplexed a being dare expect anything, to remove to Calne, Wilts, at a Mr. Page's, surgeon.' He proposes further contributions to the *Courier*, and asks Stuart to see a publisher as to a collection of his scattered political essays.[5] The Morgans accompanied him to Calne.

All this time Coleridge's wife and the other inmates of Greta Hall heard nothing from him. On October 17, Southey wrote to Cottle: 'Can you tell me anything of Coleridge? A few lines of introduction for a son of Mr. Biddulph of St. James's [Bristol] are all that we have received from him since I saw him last September twelvemonth in town. The children being thus entirely left to chance, I have applied to his brothers at Ottery concerning them, and am in hopes, through these means and the aid of other friends, of sending Hartley to college. Lady Beaumont has promised £30 annually for this purpose, Poole £10. I wrote to Coleridge three or four months ago, telling him that unless he took some steps towards providing for this object I must make the application. . . . In his note by Mr. Biddulph [C.] promised to answer [my letter], but he has never taken any further notice of it. I have acted by the advice of Wordsworth. The brothers, as I expected, have promised their concurrence. . . . What is to become of Coleridge himself? He may continue to find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation, but who will pay his other expenses? I cannot but apprehend some shameful and dreadful end to this deplorable course.'[6] On December 12, Southey informs the Bristol friend that he knows nothing of Coleridge save that he is writing in the *Courier* under the name of 'An Irish Protestant,' and that it is settled that Hartley

[1] The 'Charge' was published as a pamphlet in 1814. London: Sherwood. Pp. ii.; 48.

[2] Reprinted in *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 677-733. The letters were signed 'Irish Protestant'!

[3] Some interesting reminiscences of Coleridge at this period were contributed to the *Christian Observer* for 1845, by the Rev. T. A. Methuen, Rector of All Cannings, Wilts. They are signed 'Ἱστις.'

[4] Murray was 'the bookseller.' Coleridge was offered £100 for a translation and analysis of *Faust*, to be completed in two or three months. He accepted, although he says he thinks the terms 'humiliatingly low.' It came to nothing. See *Memoirs of John Murray* (1891), vol. i.; also *Athenæum*, April 18, 1891, and *Table Talk* for February 16, 1833.

[5] Similar to that announced in the first number of *The Friend* in 1809.

[6] This letter, the original of which is now in the Fonthill Collection, is incorrectly and incompletely printed in *Life and Corr. of R. S.* iv. 81; and still more incorrectly and incompletely in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 386. Cottle has interpolated passages from a letter of Southey written on 2nd March 1815.

goes to Oxford in the spring.[1] There seems to be something cruel, and therefore unlike Coleridge, in the persistent silence maintained towards his wife and the friends who were exerting themselves to promote the interests of his darling Hartley. When at the Ashley lodgings, he used to speak to his landlady about his children, and mentioned that his eldest son was going to college.[2] On March 7, 1815, Coleridge renewed communication with Cottle in a mournful letter.[3] His health is no worse than when he left Bristol, but it fluctuates; he is unhappy, and 'poor indeed.' He has collected his scattered poems, and wishes to publish them, but he must begin the volume with a series of Odes on the sentences of the Lord's Prayer—a series 'which has never been seen by any.' A desire even more urgent is to finish his 'greater work on "Christianity, considered as Philosophy, and as the only Philosophy."' It is nearly finished, but his poverty compels him constantly to turn aside to 'some mean subject for the newspapers,' which so distresses him that he can do neither task. After his recent experience in Bristol he would rather die than appeal to 'a club of subscribers to his poverty'—will Cottle lend him thirty or forty pounds, on the security of his MSS.? His conscience is not easy, but he can truly say that his embarrassments are not caused by selfish indulgence. He is £25 in arrear, his expenses being £2, 10s. per week. If Cottle thinks he ought to live on less, he should remember that this would be to cut himself off from 'all social affections and from all conversation with persons of the same education.' 'Heaven knows, of the £300 received through you, what went to myself.' To this Cottle replied with 'a friendly letter,' declining the loan, but enclosing £5—convinced that the larger sum was needed, not for board, but for opium, but this letter was crossed by a second from Coleridge, who said his 'distresses are impatient rather than himself.' The Morgans would gladly do all for him, but they have done all they can. So he has written to William Hood asking him to see four or five friends—the scorned 'club of subscribers to his poverty' of a few days before, doubtless—who might make up the sum he requires among them,[4] if Cottle will not. If relief come from neither hand—even £20 would keep off the wolf for a week—he must instantly dispose of all his MSS. to the first bookseller who will give anything, and then try to live by taking pupils, if not at Calne, then at Bristol. To this second letter Cottle replied as to the first, and with a second £5. He also urged him to come to Bristol and consult the friends there; but from Coleridge came no reply. Cottle had received his last letter from that pen.

While this agonised correspondence was going on, Coleridge was busying himself energetically with the local agitation against the Government Bill for excluding foreign corn until the average price of wheat should reach eighty shillings per quarter. He drew up the Calne petition to the Prince Regent, and, in support of it, 'mounted on the butcher's table, made a butcherly sort of speech of an hour long to a very ragged but not butcherly audience' in the market-place. 'Loud were the huzzas, and if it depended on the inhabitants at large, I believe they would send me up to Parliament.' So he wrote to Dr. Brabant, the eminent physician of Devizes, and excused himself from attending another meeting in that town, in support of the Government measure, that he might denounce it. Meantime will Dr. Brabant buy him 'a quarter of a pound of the best plain rappee at Anstey's,'

[1] *Letters of R. S.* ii. 386.

[2] Wordsworth to Poole, March 13, 1815. Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 247.

[3] *Rem.* p. 386.

[4] They appear to have done so, for in some old accounts I find that in April, Hood (in association with others) lent Coleridge £45 and also £27, 5s. 6d., the latter to pay the premium on his life-policy. They accepted the security of the MSS. for these advances.

and '(but in a separate paper) an ounce of maccabau'? and recommend him a good table-beer, unlike the Calne brew, which alternates between syrup and vinegar?[1]

In June, a travelling theatrical company came to Calne and acted *Remorse*—not for the first time, for it seems to have been given in the town in 1813—and, on the company's moving on to Devizes, Coleridge gave the manager, Mr. Falkner, a flaming testimonial to Dr. Brabant. On July 29 he wrote thus to the same friend: 'The necessity of extending what I first intended as a preface[2] to an "Autobiographia Literaria, Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions," as far as poetry and poetical criticisms are concerned, has confined me to my study from eleven to four and from six to ten since I last left you. I have just finished it. . . . I have given a full account (*raisonné*) of the controversy concerning Wordsworth's Poems and Theory, in which my name has been so constantly included. I have no doubt that Wordsworth will be displeased, but I have done my duty to myself and to the public.' He has elaborated a 'disquisition on the powers of association . . . and on the generic difference between the faculties of Fancy and Imagination,' not entirely for insertion, but for Dr. Brabant's perusal. Then he apologises for 'running on as usual' past the object of his letter, which is to beg Mrs. Brabant to get him a pair of black silk stockings, costing 'from 17s. to 20s.,' to enable him to dine respectably with the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne; and further, another 'quarter of a pound of plain rappee, with half an ounce of maccabau, intermixed.' Other letters show that at this period Coleridge held a good deal of intercourse with the neighbouring clergy and county families.

On August 10 the first instalment of the 'copy' of the *Biographia Literaria* and a second of that of the poems were sent to the printer—or rather to Hood, to whom the MSS. had been secured. They were sent with a letter from Morgan, who says that if Coleridge goes on even half as well as he has during the previous six weeks, wonders will have been accomplished by Christmas. The good Morgan was now acting the part which had been taken by Miss Sarah Hutchinson in the days of *The Friend*,—keeping Coleridge at his task, and writing to his dictation. Indeed, both *The Friend* and the *Biographia* represent Coleridge's talk, and (to adopt Carlyle's phrase) these friends were the passive buckets into which he pumped—most other listeners having been mere sieves. Before the end of August, Hood passed on the 'copy' to Gutch,[3] Morgan having given his undertaking that regular supplies should be forthcoming. The printers, however, at the end of 1816, had put in type only about one-third of the *Sibylline Leaves*, and nothing at all of the *Biographia*.

At the end of the Easter term Hartley (who had been taken up to Oxford by the Wordsworths) came to Calne on a visit to his father, which was prolonged until the

[1] 'Unpublished Letters written by S. T. Coleridge,' communicated by Dr. Brabant's son-in-law, the late Mr. W. M. Call, to the *Westminster Review* for April and July 1870.

[2] In the unprinted correspondence of this period I see indications which lead me to believe that the only prose contemplated at first was to take the form of a preface to the poems; and that this preface grew into a literary autobiography. In July we see that a preface to this had been begun and 'extended.' This was the second stage. A little later this 'preface' had assumed proportions so formidable that it was decided to incorporate it in the work. The further developments will be found recorded in 'APPENDIX K,' at pp. 551, 552.

[3] John Mathew Gutch, an old school-fellow of Coleridge and Lamb, and a correspondent of the latter. He was then proprietor of *Felix Farley's Journal* at Bristol. The actual printing of Coleridge's work was done by John Evans & Co., but to Gutch's order.

end of the vacation. Southey had fears for the boy, fears which were shared by Lamb, who suggested a visit to Poole as a corrective.[1] Hartley cheered his mother with accounts of his father's good health and industry, of the successful performance of *Remorse* by the travelling company, and of a Bible Society meeting, at which his father made an eloquent speech of three-quarters of an hour. When Hartley returned to Oxford, Coleridge sped him on his way with a ten pound note.

On October 7, 1815, he tells Stuart[2] that he has been busy writing for the stage —re-writing Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, and also Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim* and *Beggar's Bush*. He has 'unwisely mentioned this to —— and some others connected with the two theatres,' and, possibly by mere coincidence, these three plays are announced as about to be produced—by others! It cannot be helped, but his work on the last-mentioned is so nearly finished,[3] that he begs Stuart to see the Drury Lane people about it. He has sent to the Bristol printers the MSS. of the *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves*. For the last four months he has never worked less than six hours each day, and cannot do more if he is to have any time for reading and reflection. He is now at work on a tragedy and a dramatic entertainment, giving half his time to these, and the other half to the *magnum opus*, the title of which is to be 'Logosophia; or, On the Logos, human and divine, in six Treatises'—and then follows, in the letter, another of Coleridge's inimitably comprehensive syllabuses and the customary statement that the work is to occupy 'two large octavo volumes, six hundred pages each.' He only wishes to work hard, but what can he do, he exclaims, if he is to starve while he is working! He fears that, unless something can be done, he must sink; for as to politics, he can write only on principles, and where is the newspaper which will admit such writings? 'I have tried' (he says) 'to negotiate with the booksellers for a translation of the works of Cervantes (*Don Quixote* excluded) and of Boccaccio, and Mr. Rogers [the once despised Rogers!] promised to use his influence, but all in vain.' The letter concludes with the gratifying news that his health is better than he has known it for the last twelve years. About this time Stuart was again asked to make arrangements for the publication of Coleridge's political essays, and the volume would probably have been published had he not decided to 'complete' the book by freshly-composed additions. Waiting for these, the negotiations apparently died out.

On March 31, 1815, we find Lord Byron[4] replying to a letter he had received from Coleridge, requesting (apparently) an introduction to a publisher. Byron says it will give him great pleasure to comply with the request, and adds: 'If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. . . . I should think that the reception of [*Remorse*] was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience.' On Oct. 28th,[5] Byron wrote to Moore: 'You have also written to Perry, who intimates hopes of an opera from you. Coleridge has promised a tragedy. Now if you keep Perry's word and Coleridge keeps his own, Drury Lane will be set up.'

On January 15, 1816, Coleridge informs Dr. Brabant that he goes on 'pretty well,' and is 'decently industrious.' He has finished three acts of a play in verse, but it is not 'the tragedy he promised to Drury Lane.' 'Lord Byron has behaved very *politely*, but never answered the most important part of my letter'—whatever

[1] C. L. to R. S., Aug. 9, 1815, 'I think at least he should go through a course of matter-of-fact with some sober man, after the mysteries. Could he not spend a week at Poole's?'

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 242.

[3] So far as I am aware, no trace of any of these re-writings has been found.

[4] Moore's *Life of Byron*, one-vol. ed. p. 278.

[5] *Ib.* p. 286.

that may have been. The omission seems to have acted as a discouragement to work on the tragedy. For some time after this dates fail us. It was in April of this year that Coleridge left Calne for London and Highgate, but previous to this, opium seems to have regained the upper hand. He has received professional advice from Dr. Brabant, and informs him that 'his plan' has succeeded, and that he confines himself to 'the smallest dose of poison that will suffice to keep him tranquil and capable of literary labour.' But for thorough emancipation from 'the most pitiable slavery, the fetters of which do indeed eat into the soul,' he feels that he needs six months of absolute repose. He is full of 'disquieting uncertainty' as to the place of his residence. If he has to part from Morgan it will be 'a sore heart-wasting,' for no man could have 'a more faithful, zealous, and disinterested friend.' And then follows a tragical account of an imaginative little comedy which had been amusing the neighbourhood. Coleridge was reported to have been 'imprudent enough, and, in the second place, indelicate enough, to send out a gentleman's servant in his own house to a public-house for a bottle of brandy!' It is all nonsense, he explains. He had been grossly misunderstood. 'To turn' (he adds) 'from what is always wearisome to me, and on these subjects disgusting, namely, writing concerning my worser self, I have read Spurzheim's book and Bayley's *Morbid Anatomy*—the former is below criticism'—and then follows a scientific excursus.[1]

XII. Highgate

Towards the close of March, Coleridge went up to London carrying with him the MS. of *Zapolya*, which no doubt was the play, *not* for Drury Lane, of which by the middle of January he had finished three acts. The tragedy promised for Drury Lane was never written. 'Coleridge has been here about a fortnight,' wrote Lamb to Wordsworth on April 9th. 'His health is tolerable at present, though beset with temptations. In the first place, the Covent Garden manager has declined accepting his tragedy, though (having read it) I see no reason upon earth why it might not have run a very fair chance, though it certainly wants a prominent part for a Miss O'Neil and Mr. Kean. However, he is going to-day to write to Lord Byron to get it to Drury. Should you see Mrs. C., who has just written to C. a letter which I have given him, it will be as well to say nothing about its fate till some answer is shaped from Drury. . . . Nature, who conducts every creature by instinct to its best end, has skilfully directed C. to take up his abode at a Chemist's Laboratory in [43] Norfolk Street [Strand]. She might as well have sent a *Hellua Librorum* for cure to the Vatican. God keep him inviolate among the traps and pitfalls. He has done pretty well as yet. . . . [*P.S.*] A longer letter when C. is gone back into the country. . . . I am scarce quiet enough while he stays.' Two or three weeks later (April 26) Lamb writes again to Wordsworth: 'Coleridge is printing *Christabel* by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray[2] . . . [and] has sent his tragedy to D[rury] L[ane] T[heatre]. It cannot be acted this season; and by their manner of receiving, I hope he will be able to alter it to make them accept it for the next. He is at present under the medical care of a Mr. Gillman (Killman?), a Highgate apothecary, where he plays at leaving off laud—m. I think his essentials not touched; he is very bad; but then he wonderfully picks up another day, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory; an archangel a little damaged. Will Miss H[utchinson] pardon our not replying at

[1] *Westminster Review*, July 1870, pp. 10, 11.

[2] See 'Note 111,' p. 593.

length to her kind letter? We are not quiet enough; Morgan is with us every day, going betwixt Highgate and the Temple. . . . Coleridge is absent but four miles. . . . 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius for us not to possess our souls in quiet.'

On April 9—the date of Lamb's first letter—Coleridge consulted Dr. Adams, then an eminent physician living in Hatton Garden. Judging by the letter of Dr. Adams to Mr. Gillman, Coleridge appears to have stated his case with little or no reserve. For years he has been taking large quantities of opium; recently he has been trying in vain to break off the habit; he fears his friends have not been firm enough, and now he seeks a physician who will be not only firm but severe in his regimen. 'As he is desirous of retirement, and a garden,' writes Dr. Adams, 'I could think of no one so readily as yourself.' Mr. Gillman 'had no intention of receiving an inmate,' but on April 11 he called at Hatton Garden, when it was arranged that Dr. Adams should drive Coleridge out to Highgate on the following day. Coleridge, however, came alone — he came and saw and talked and conquered, for before the visit was over it was settled that he should begin residence on the next day. 'I looked with impatience,' writes Gillman, 'for the morrow. . . . I felt indeed almost spellbound, without the desire of release.' The morrow (Saturday) did not bring Coleridge, of course, but it brought from him a proposal to arrive on Monday, and on the evening appointed he came, 'bringing in his hand the proof-sheets of *Christabel*.'[1] *Christabel*, with its attendant *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*, was published about three weeks later. For the copyright Murray paid £80, with the understanding that if *Christabel* were subsequently completed the copyright should revert to the poet.[2] Although the pamphlet met with a large sale and immediately went into a second edition, its reception by the critics was disappointing.[3]

As soon as Coleridge was settled down at Highgate, Morgan busied himself in supplying the Bristol printers with 'copy' for the *Sibylline Leaves*, which Coleridge meant to preface with an essay of forty pages 'On the Imaginative in Poetry'—a project unfortunately never realised. It was at the same time arranged that the *Biographia* should appear in two volumes.[4] At the beginning of May, Morgan was also negotiating with Lord Essex and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird (representing the Drury Lane Theatre Committee) with regard to *Zapolya*—or rather to its Second Part, which they seem to have selected for performance during the next season, provided certain alterations were made and some songs added. Instead of setting about these alterations at once, Coleridge gave way to a fit of despondency, and took to his bed for three weeks, and nothing more seems to have been done with *Zapolya* as a stage-play.[5] As a poem it was to be published in June by Murray, who made an

[1] Gillman's *Life*, pp. 270-276.

[2] The Agreements are confusedly presented in the Murray *Memoirs* (i. 303, etc.) Other particulars were given by Coleridge in 1825, in a letter written to his nephew, John Taylor (afterwards Mr. Justice) Coleridge, printed in BRANDL, pp. 351-354. It is a letter of recollections, but they are manifestly drawn from a defective memory. The most important statements in this letter are inconsistent with facts recorded at the time of their occurrence, and especially with Coleridge's own letters of the period, printed in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June 1874.

[3] See 'Note 116,' p. 603.

[4] See 'APPENDIX K,' pp. 551, 552.

[5] In its place, Maturin's *Bertram* was accepted for Drury Lane. It was played in August, and was attacked in the *Courier*, the pen being either wielded or guided by Coleridge. Another attack on the play, which was quite unworthy of such heavy metal, was written, and used to fill up the second volume of *Biog. Lit.* In the *Edinburgh* review of the *Biog. Lit.*, it is stated that the article is reprinted from the *Courier*. I have not been able to verify this statement. Maturin was desirous of replying to Coleridge, but was dissuaded by Scott (Lockhart's *Life* (1837), iv. 132).

advance of £50 on the MS., but something interfered, and it was not published until the following year, and then by Fenner.

In August,[1] Coleridge proposed to Boosey & Co., the booksellers of Broad Street, to begin a kind of periodical to appear monthly or fortnightly. It was to be in the form of 'a letter to his literary friends in London and elsewhere concerning the real state and value of the German Literature from Gellert and Klopstock to the present year.' He adds that he has been invited by Mr. J. Hookham Frere—a new and important acquaintance, made probably through Mr. Murray—to contribute an article on Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* to the *Quarterly*, but has great reluctance to write in any review. Before undertaking anything, however, he must take a holiday at the seaside to recover from the effects of overwork and anxieties. Both are described in great detail in a letter to Dr. Brabant written from 'Muddiford, Christchurch, Hampshire, 21st September 1816.'[2] Coleridge had undertaken, at the solicitation of Gale & Fenner, to write 'a small tract on the present distresses, in the form of a lay sermon,' and it was advertised. He wrote and wrote until the MS. grew into a volume, and then he had to cut it down, and then it was abandoned in an unfinished state.[3] This was the overwork. One anxiety was caused by a calumnious report connected (I suspect) with the ruin of the Morgans' fortunes; the other by the illness of Miss Eliza Fricker, his favourite sister-in-law. Absolute seclusion was the only remedy, and he went down to Muddiford, meaning, as soon as he was strong enough and rich enough, to get a horse and travel about on its back.

Muddiford afforded Coleridge the most delightful of solitudes, that *à deux*, for he found there Scott's friend, William Stewart Rose, living in his queer little retreat called 'Gundimore.' In the verses named after the cottage, and printed privately at Brighton in 1837, Rose recalled how

> On these ribbed sands was Coleridge pleased to pace,
> While ebbing seas have hummed a rolling base
> To his rapt talk.

To Rose's well-known servant and friend David Hinves (who to some extent was the David Gellatley of *Waverley*) Coleridge presented a copy of *Christabel*, 'as a small token of regard,' and promised copies of the rest of his works.[4] The inscription is

[1] Unprinted letter of 31st August 1816, in the Fonthill Collection. It contains a detailed prospectus of the projected periodical in the usual comprehensive style. Nothing more was heard of it.

[2] *Westminster Rev.* July 1870, p. 17.

[3] *The Statesman's Manual.* Gale & Fenner, 1816, pp. 1-65; an Appendix, i.-xlvii.—generally known as 'the first *Lay Sermon*.' It was first advertised as 'A Lay Sermon on the Distresses of the Country, addressed to the Middle and Higher Orders,' and in the *Examiner* (Sep. 8, 1816) Hazlitt wrote a cruel article, pretending to be a review of the pamphlet. He said one could tell what anything by Coleridge would be as well before as after publication. Again, when the pamphlet appeared as *The Statesman's Manual; or the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight: A Lay Sermon* [etc.], Hazlitt reviewed it scoffingly in the *Examiner* (Dec. 29, 1816). This he followed up by a letter to the editor (Jan. 12, 1817) contrasting the *Lay Sermon* with that which he heard Coleridge preach in January 1798. The account of the latter was embodied in the article contributed five years later to *The Liberal*, 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' see p. xxxix. *supra*. Coleridge believed Hazlitt to be the *Edinburgh* reviewer of both *Christabel* and *The Statesman's Manual* (Sep. and Dec. 1816 respectively); but the ascriptions, though probably, are not certainly, correct. The articles were discreditable both to editor and contributor.

[4] *Journal of Sir W. Scott*, 1890, ii. 186. See also Lockhart's *Life* (1837), ii. 119.

dated '11th November 1816,' and the book was probably a parting gift. Coleridge at all events was back at Gillman's before December 5, on which day he wrote, with a copy of the *Statesman's Manual*, to Dr. Brabant.[1] The sea-air had done him good, and he works from nine till four, and from seven till twelve—sometimes till 'the wee short hour,' and expects that 'next week' will appear 'the two other Lay Sermons—to the middle and labouring classes.' 'My Biographical Sketches, so long printed' (he adds), 'will then be published, and I proceed to republish *The Friend*, but as a complete Rifacimento.' He is very angry with Hazlitt. 'The man who has so grossly calumniated me in the *Examiner* and in the *Edinburgh Review* is a William Hazlitt –one who owes more to me than to his own parents. . . . The only *wrong* I have done him has been to decline his acquaintance. . . . How I feel, you may see at page xxi. of the appendix to my sermon,' and the reader will find it worth while to read the passage.

Robinson saw Coleridge on December 21, 1816,[2] and found him looking ill. Gillman gave a good account of his submission to discipline. He drinks only three glasses of wine daily, no spirits, and no opium beyond what is prescribed. During his stay at Muddiford, Coleridge was carrying on an acrimonious correspondence with his Bristol friends, especially with Gutch, in connection with the printing of the *Sibylline Leaves* and the *Biographia*. It resulted in the transference of the printed sheets[3] to Gale & Fenner, on repayment of the cost of the printing and paper. The bulk of the advances made on the security of the MSS. by Coleridge's friends was forgiven him, but so contentious were the negotiations that the transfer was accomplished only in May 1817. By that time Coleridge had quarrelled with his new publishers over entanglements with Gutch, Murray, and Longman which it would serve no good purpose to unravel. The relations between Coleridge on the one hand and Fenner and Curtis on the other fluctuated. From time to time they were strained almost to breaking-point, and when a peace was proclaimed, it was no better than an armed truce. During one of these truces the scheme of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was drawn out for behoof of Curtis and Fenner. A kind of committee meeting took place on April 7, 1817, and was opened by Coleridge reading his own sketch of the prospectus and plan for this 'History of Human Knowledge'—a supremely congenial task which had been entrusted to him.

Coleridge also undertook to furnish large contributions at fixed dates, and to give 'one entire day in each fortnight' to the general superintendence of the work, in consideration of receiving £500 a year. When, however, he demanded an advance in promissory notes to the amount of £300, on the security of his *Biog. Literaria*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and the new edition of *The Friend*, the arrangements broke down, and Coleridge contributed only the 'Preliminary Treatise on Method' which formed the 'General Introduction' to the *Encyclopædia*, and which has been often reprinted. In the middle of all this *imbroglio* the second *Lay Sermon* was published, and later on (about March) the *Biographia Literaria*. The latter was a miscellany, and as such could never have been 'completed' in any proper sense of the word. But the second volume had been printed up to p. 128, and it was necessary to provide as much matter as would bring up its bulk to something like that of vol. i., which consisted of 296 pages. This was managed by adding 54 pages to the critique on Wordsworth, and by inserting the three 'Satyrane's Letters,' which already had served a similar purpose for *The Friend*. There being still a vacuum, the critique of Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, and a rambling but very interesting auto-

[1] *West. Rev.* July 1870, p. 21.

[2] *Diaries*, etc., i. 286.

[3] The whole of the *S. L*, and the *B. L.* up to vol. ii. p. 128.

biographic and apologetic concluding chapter was put together. The book was savagely reviewed by Hazlitt in the *Edinburgh* for August 1817, and to the article Jeffrey added a footnote nearly five pages long, signed with his initials, defending himself from certain charges made against Hazlitt and himself. The controversy, as conducted on both sides, is too personal, and too trivial, to be worth reviving. In October, *Blackwood's Magazine* contained an article on the *Biographia* and its author. It was quite as savage, but by no means as witty as those which came from Hazlitt's pen, but it stung Coleridge as the others had not, for it renewed the old *Anti-Jacobin* charge[1] of abandoning his wife and children. He consulted Crabb Robinson[2] as to the practicability of bringing an action for libel, but no proceedings were taken. In his letter to Robinson, Coleridge says: 'I can prove by positive evidence, by the written bargains made with my booksellers, etc., that I have refused every offer, however convenient to myself, that did not leave two-thirds of the property sacred to Mrs. Coleridge,[3] and that I have given up all I had in the world to her[4]—have continued to pay yearly £30[5] to assure her what, if I live to the year 1820, will be nearly £2000; that beyond my absolute necessities . . . I have held myself accountable to her for every shilling; that Hartley is with me, with all his expenses paid during his vacation; and that I have been for the last six months, and now am, labouring hard to procure the means of having Derwent with me. . . . I work like a *slave* from morn to night, and receive as the reward less than a mechanic's wages, imposition, and ingratitude.'[6]

He had also renewed his connection with the *Courier*—indeed, his industry at this period, though not always applied to the business most urgently required, appears to have been prodigious. In March he supplied the paper with a review of his second *Lay Sermon* which had been 'written by a friend'[7]; in the same month he came to the rescue of Southey with two letters[8] vindicating his old friend from the aspersions cast upon him in consequence of the piratical publication of the MS. of the absurd *Wat Tyler*, which the future Laureate had written (but not printed) in 1794; and on March 26 he wrote to John Murray[9]: 'The article in Tuesday's *Courier* was by me; and two other articles on Apostacy and Renegadism[10] which will appear next week.' These are not included in the *Essays on his own Times*, and it is not improbable that other contributions have been overlooked, for in a letter to Stuart of this period Coleridge begs that his articles 'until Street's return' may be remunerated at the rate of two guineas per column, and proposes a succession of papers for three or four months. I cannot find in Southey's printed letters any expression of gratitude for Coleridge's warm and chivalrous defence of him against the attacks of the enemy on the subject of *Wat*

1 The charge appeared in a note by the editor of *The Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin* (London: 1799, p. 306) to *The New Morality*. It was replied to by Coleridge in *The Friend*, No. I. (1809), and again in the *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 71), (1847, i. 65). See *Athenæum* for May 31, 1890; Art. 'Coleridge and "The Anti-Jacobin."'

2 The letter is printed only in Brandl's *Life of Coleridge* (pp. 354-357), but with unaccountable inaccuracy, hardly a line being free from error.

3 I do not understand this.

4 Referring, doubtless to the Wedgwood annuity.

5 The exact amount was £27, 5s. 6d. When Coleridge died in 1834, upwards of £2500 was paid on the policy.

6 Referring to the new edition of *The Friend* (3 vols. 1818), and to its printer and publisher, Curtis and Fenner.

7 *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 270.

8 *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 939-950. Two other vindicatory letters were written for, but not printed in, the *Westminster Review*. They are given in the *Essays*, pp. 950-962.

9 *Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 306.

10 See also *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 280.

Tyler, and the charges of 'apostacy' arising out of it. Of course Hazlitt took the fullest advantage of the opportunity, and his tirades directed against Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, contributed to Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, may still be read in the collection of misnamed *Political Essays* published by Hone in 1819.

In June 1817, Ludwig Tieck was in London, and Coleridge renewed an acquaintance begun at Rome eleven years before. The first occasion on which they met was at the house of Joseph Henry Green, then a rising young surgeon, who was as deeply interested in philosophy as in his own profession. Green had long been desirous of taking the waters of German philosophy at the fountain-head, and Tieck recommended a course with Professor Solger of Berlin, a scheme no doubt heartily encouraged by Coleridge, then a mere acquaintance of Green. It was immediately carried out, and on Green's return from Berlin, the intimacy with Coleridge began,[1] an intimacy which proved the chief stimulus and the chief comfort of the last seventeen years of Coleridge's life.

In August, Southey came up to town. He saw Stuart, who complained of Coleridge's statements about him and his newspapers in the *Biographia*;[2] and he also saw Coleridge. 'I shall go to Highgate to-morrow' (wrote Southey to his wife[3]). 'I gather from his [Coleridge's] note which I received this morning that he looks towards Keswick as if he meant to live there. At present this cannot be for want of room—the Rickmans being our guests—if he meant to live with his family it must be upon a separate establishment. I shall neither speak harshly nor unkindly, but at my time of life, with my occupations [the thing is impossible]. This is a hateful visit and I wish it were over. He will begin as he did when last I saw him, about Animal Magnetism[4] or some equally congruous subject, and go on from Dan to Beersheba in his endless loquacity.' And Southey, evidently quite soured by this time, goes on to say that Coleridge, if he gets an advance from the publishers of the *Cyclopædia*, will pay it away, and then abandon the whole thing. It is highly improbable that Coleridge had any intention of settling at Keswick again; but he may have said something vague either about a visit, or a settlement, with the view of sounding the disposition of the master of Greta Hall.

September was passed at Littlehampton, and there Coleridge made acquaintance with two men with whom he was afterwards on very friendly terms. One was a man of fortune with an uncommon taste for philosophical speculation, Charles Augustus Tulk,[5] afterwards M.P. for Sudbury, and a devoted friend of Flaxman. The other was 'Dante' Cary, to whom Coleridge introduced himself[6] while both were walking by the shore. He then first heard of Cary's translation of Dante,

[1] Green's biographer, Sir John Simon, does not feel quite certain as to the date of the beginning of the intimacy, but his suggestion of 1817 is confirmed by an unprinted letter which I have seen.

[2] 'When the book appeared I was extremely angry, and went to him at Mr. Gillman's, where I too warmly reproached him' (Stuart in *Gent. Mag.* June 1838, p. 578).

[3] Streatham, August 13, 1817—an unprinted letter.

[4] Coleridge was at the time deeply interested in this subject. In June he proposed to write a popular book on it, a proposal which he renewed (to Curtis) eighteen months later, when his old teacher, Blumenbach, had recanted his disbelief in Animal Magnetism. He offered to contribute an historical treatise to the *Encyc. Metrop.* The letter, which is extremely interesting, is printed in *Lippincott's Mag.* for June 1874.

[5] Coleridge supplied Tulk with an account of his system in a series of twenty-two long letters, which, bound together in a volume, were sold at Sotheby's auction rooms, June 13, 1882. The lot has since been broken up, but could probably be gathered together again, and might be found to be worth printing as a connected whole.

[6] *Memoirs of the Rev. H. F. Cary*, 1848, ii. 18. *Athenæum* for Jan. 7, 1888; Art. 'Coleridge on Cary's *Dante*.'

which up to that time had been a commercial failure. Coleridge was greatly pleased with it, and promised to recommend it in the lectures which he contemplated delivering in the following winter. He did not fail of performance, and the consequences for Cary's book were the sale of a thousand copies, a new edition, and the position of an English classic.

Zapolya, which had been promised to Fenner for August, was delivered somewhat late, but in time for publication as 'A Christmas Tale,' and two thousand copies were sold. The essay on *Method*, which was promised for October, was delivered late in December. It was printed in January, and Coleridge received for it sixty guineas. He complained bitterly of the way in which the essay had been treated by the editors of the *Encyclopædia*—'bedeviled, interpolated, and topsy-turvied'—and asked permission to reprint it in *The Friend*, then at press. The permission was granted on condition that it was acknowledged, with the rider, that the essay as written had not been 'approved by the committee.' This condition Coleridge could not accept, but in February 1818, being hard pressed for matter with which to fill up the third volume of *The Friend*, he seems to have taken the enemy in flank, by inserting the substance of the essay without mention of its source.[1] *The Friend* was completed sadly behind time, for it had been put to press more than a year before, on the author's assurance that only the customary 'three weeks' were required to put the whole in order. On January 5th, 1818, Coleridge wrote to Morgan[2]: 'From 10 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, with one hour only for exercise, I shall fag from to-morrow at the third volume of *The Friend*. I hope to send off the whole by the 1st of February. [It was incomplete on Feb. 18.] As I cannot starve, and yet cannot with ease to my own feelings engage in any work that would interfere with my day's work till the MS. of the third volume of *The Friend* is out of my hands, I have been able to hit on [no] mode of reconciling the difficulties but by attempting a course of lectures, of which I very much wish to talk with you.'[3]

At the close of 1817, Wordsworth came up to London, and although he had been displeased[4] with Coleridge's magnificent criticism in the *Biographia*, the two old friends had much intercourse, and before returning to his fastnesses, he wrote a most kindly letter to J. P. Collier[5] begging him to do what he could to further the success of Coleridge's projected course of lectures. To Collier, Lamb also wrote on the same subject,[6] describing Coleridge as 'in bad health and worse mind,' and needing encouragement. The recurrence to lecturing as a means of livelihood, which, as we have seen, had been planned as far back as September, took more definite shape in December, and the letter to Morgan shows that it had become a matter of prime necessity. It was then, probably, that the prospectus[7] was issued. How unwillingly and with how

1 'Coleridge seems to have valued highly certain essays in *The Friend* in which he professed to have reconciled Plato with Bacon' (Prof. Hort in *Cambridge Essays* for 1856 (p. 334), Art. 'Coleridge'). To this passage is appended the following footnote: 'In iii. 108-216, but especially essays viii. and ix. pp. 157-175 [of *The Friend*, ed. 1844]. The same matter in nearly the same words occurs in his treatise on *Method* prefixed to the *Encycl. Metropolitana*.'

2 Letter in Brit. Museum, *MSS. Addit.* 25612. Printed incompletely and inaccurately in BRANDL, p. 357.

3 Coleridge goes on to threaten his enemies with a 'vigorous and harmonious' satire, to be called 'Puff and Slander.'

4 'I recollect hearing Hazlitt say that W. would not forgive a single censure, mingled with however a great mass of eulogy.' H. C. Robinson, *log.* (Dec. 4, 1817); quoted in Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 288.

5 *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton* [1811]. PREFACE, p. lv.

6 Decr. 10, 1817. Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 8.

7 Printed in Gillman's *Life*; in *Lit. Rem.* vol. i.; in Ashe's collection, and elsewhere.

keen a sense of humiliation, may be gathered from his letter to Mudford, then assistant editor of the *Courier*—'Woe is me! that at 46 I am under the necessity of appearing as a lecturer, and obliged to regard every hour given to the PERMANENT, whether as poet or philosopher, an hour stolen from others as well as from my own maintenance.'[1] The prospectus promises fourteen lectures on Shakespeare and on Poetical Literature, native and foreign. From Crabb Robinson's *Diaries* we learn that the first lecture was delivered[2] on its appointed date, Jan 27, 1818, and that, up to the tenth, due dates (Tuesdays and Fridays) had been observed. After the tenth, Robinson went on circuit, not to return until March 26, by which date the course must have been finished.

Hazlitt was lecturing on Poetry at the same time, sometimes on the same evenings, at the Surrey Institution, a competition which cannot have contributed to the success of either course. On the evidence of Allsop—that the lectures were 'constantly thronged by the most attentive and intelligent auditory I have ever seen'—it has been believed that the course was very successful pecuniarily, but neither Robinson's nor Coleridge's account fully bears this out. The audiences fluctuated, and, even more, the quality of the lectures. Robinson was far from being satisfied with most of Coleridge's appearances, feeling that as a rule he was repeating himself—which is not very surprising seeing that he had lectured on the same subjects so often before, and that the preparation was made either amid the distractions of finishing *The Friend*, or (more probably) not at all.[3]

With or without reason, Coleridge failed to send a ticket for these lectures to Lamb, but there was no cessation of intercourse, and when Lamb brought out his collected 'Works' in June 1818,[4] the volumes were dedicated to Coleridge in a letter conceived in terms equally reverent and affectionate. After a passage recalling the smoky suppers at the 'Salutation and Cat,' Lamb proceeds: 'The world has given you many a shrewd nip and gird since that time, but either my eyes are grown dimmer, or my old friend is still the same who stood before me three-and-twenty years ago—his hair a little confessing the hand of time, but still shrouding the same capacious brain,—his heart not altered, scarcely where it "alteration finds."' The old feeling had suffered no change, but opportunities of free companionship were awanting. In October, Lamb wrote to Southey[5]: 'I do not see S. T. C. so often as I could wish. He never comes to me, and though his host and hostess are very friendly, it puts me out of my way to see one person at another person's house. It was the same when he resided at Morgan's.' A new friendship was about to begin, and to brighten Coleridge's life. Thomas Allsop had introduced himself to Coleridge after the first lecture at Flower-de-luce Court. By September, the young man was sending presents of

[1] *Canterbury Magazine* for September 1834, p. 125.

[2] At a hall in Flower-de-luce Court, in Fetter Lane.

[3] The record is scanty. A few preparatory notes, mostly marginalia, on a copy of Warburton's *Shakespeare*, with a few jottings taken down by friends, were piously collected in *Lit. Rem.* (i. 61-241) under the heading 'Course of Lectures, 1818.' A slight addition was made by the publication in *Notes and Queries* (1870, series iv. vol. v. 335, 336) of some memoranda made by a Mr. H. H. Carwardine; and I have reprinted from Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* some notes of the ninth and fourteenth lectures (*Athenæum*, March 1889).

[4] I suppose the new edition of *The Friend* had been published before this, but have failed to discover the exact date. 'THE FRIEND: A Series of Essays, in Three Volumes (etc.) By S. T. Coleridge. A new edition. London: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster Row, 1818.'

[5] October 26, 1818. Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 16.

game, which were repaid by an invitation to 'The Grove,' and before the end of the year Coleridge addressed to Allsop the first of a series of confidential letters. It is dated Dec. 2. 1818.[1] In this, Coleridge's wounded feelings towards Wordsworth (unnamed) are expressed characteristically. He has never admitted '*faults* in a work of genius to those who denied . . . its beauties.' If (he says) he has appeared in one instance to deviate from this rule, 'first, it was not till the fame of the writer (which I had been for fourteen years successively toiling like a second Ali to build up)[2] had been established; and secondly and chiefly with the purpose . . . of rescuing the necessary task from malignant defamers, and in order to set forth the excellencies, and the trifling proportion which the defects bore to the excellencies. But this, my dear sir, is a mistake to which affectionate natures are too liable . . . ,—the mistaking *those who are desirous and well pleased to be loved by you, for those who love you.*' He doubts if the open abuse of himself in the *Edinburgh* is worse than the cold compliments and warm 'regrets' of the *Quarterly*, but his own one regret is the old one, that pressing need of bread and cheese diverts him from 'the completion of the Great Work.' If only he could have a tolerably numerous audience to his first, or first and second lectures on the History of Philosophy, he should entertain a strong hope of success, for the course will be more entertaining than any he has yet delivered. On Nov. 26, Coleridge had sent to Allsop a prospectus of two sets of lectures to be delivered at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern, in the Strand,—one of fourteen on the History of Philosophy, the other on six select plays of Shakespeare —*Tempest*, *Richard II.* (and other dramatic Histories), *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. The two sets were to be delivered concurrently—the former on Mondays, the latter on Thursdays—intermitting the Christmas week—beginning with Monday, Dec. 7.[3] The commencement, however, was postponed for a week, the first philosophical lecture taking place on Dec. 14, and the first Shakespeare one on the 17th. Besides the prospectus, there was issued 'An Historical and Chronological Guide to this [Phil.] Course, price Sixpence,' and it is no doubt a portion of this lost pamphlet which Allsop has printed at page 187. A ticket was presented to Lamb, who writes on Dec. 24[4]: 'Thank you kindly for your ticket, though

[1] *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge* (2 vols. Moxon, 1836). My references are to the third edition, with a Preface by the Editor, 'Thomas Allsop, late of Nutfield, in the County of Surrey, and formerly of the Stock Exchange, and Royal Exchange Buildings.' Farrah, 1864 (p. 3). This book is the main authority for the details of Coleridge's life, 1820-1826.

[2] 'Mr. Wordsworth, for whose fame I have felt and fought with an ardour that amounted to self-oblivion, and to which I owe mainly the rancour of the Edinburgh clan, and (far more injurious) the coldness . . . of the *Quarterly Review*, has affirmed *in print* that a German critic *first* taught us to think correctly concerning Shakespeare' (S. T. C. to Mudford, 1818; *Canterbury Mag.* Sep. 1834, p. 126). If Coleridge here referred to the passage in the 'Essay, supplementary to the Preface' to Wordsworth's *Poems*, 1815 (i. 352), this deduction is unwarranted.

[3] Allsop prints the body of the prospectus of the Philosophical Course (p. 240); but makes no mention of the other. Mr. E. H. Coleridge has kindly permitted me to see his unique complete copy of the original. There are other references (pp. 85, 187, 205) to these lectures in Allsop's book, but they have been overlooked by all Coleridge's editors and biographers, who uniformly write of the Flower-de-luce Court Series (Jan.-March 1818) as the last. No adequate record of either course is known to exist—the few fragments I have been able to discover in the journals of the day will be found gathered together in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 26, 1891, and Jan. 2, 1892; Art. 'Some Lectures delivered by Coleridge in the winter of 1818-19.'

[4] Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 16.

the mournful prognostic which accompanies it certainly renders its permanent pretensions less marketable; but I trust to hear many a course yet. . . . We are sorry it never lies in your way to come to us, but, dear Mahomet, we will come to you . . . on 3rd January 1819. Shall we be able to catch a skirt[1] of the old out-goer?'

If all the lectures promised in the prospectus were given, the delivery must have been carried into the beginning of April, for there was a break of a week, on account of indisposition. From Coleridge's letter to Mudford (*Canterbury Magazine*), we learn that the lectures attracted but scanty audiences. 'When I tell you that yesterevening's receipts were somewhat better than many of the preceding; and that these did not equal one-half of the costs of the room, and of the stage and hackney coach (the advertisements in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, and the printer's prospectus bill, not included). . . . Again, the *Romeo and Juliet* pleased even beyond my anticipation: but alas! scanty are my audiences! But poverty and I have been such old cronies, that I ought not to be angry with her for sticking close to my skirts.'[2] About the same time Coleridge wrote, also to Mudford: 'Alas! dear sir, these lectures are my only resource. I have worked hard, very hard, for the last years of my life, but from Literature I cannot get even bread.' From the letter to Britton mentioned in the preceding footnote, we gather that Coleridge had been asked to re-deliver, at the Russell Institution, the course of lectures given at the Surrey Institution. Coleridge replies that he possesses no MS. or record, even in his memory, of these or any other lectures he has delivered. 'I should greatly prefer' (he writes[3]) 'your committee making their own choice of the subjects from English, Italian, or German Literature; and even of the Fine Arts, as far as the philosophy of the same is alone concerned.' He goes on to say that he feels himself, from experience, so utterly unfit to discuss pecuniary matters, that if the committee will mention the sum it would be disposed to give, he will consult a friend and instantly decide. Whether anything came of these negotiations, I am not aware. Robinson makes no mention of hearing lectures at the Russell Institution, but this is not even negative evidence, for he makes no mention of the 'Crown and Anchor' series.

XIII. Highgate

In March 1819, Coleridge had an interview with Blackwood, who had the hardihood to call at Highgate to solicit contributions to his *Magazine*. Surely Coleridge's poverty and not his will consented even to receive the owner of a periodical which had eighteen months before so grossly outraged him. To Mudford, Coleridge wrote: 'It seems not impossible that we may form some connection, on condition that the *Magazine* is to be conducted,—first, pure from private slander and public malignity; second, on principles the direct opposite to those which have been hitherto supported by the *Edinburgh Review*, moral, political, and religious.' Perhaps Coleridge waited a little to see whether his conditions would be fulfilled, for nothing

[1] 'When lo! far onwards waving on the wind
I saw the skirts of the Departing Year!'
—Original editions of the *Ode*, ll. 7, 8.

[2] *Romeo and Juliet* was not among the six plays announced, but in Coleridge's letter to Britton (Feb. 28, 1819), a portion of which is printed in the *Lit. Rem.* ii. 2, mention is made of a lecture on *R. and J.* at the 'Crown and Anchor.'

[3] In the portion omitted from the *Lit. Rem.* See the entire letter, which is very interesting, in the *Literary Gazette* for 1834, p. 628.

of his * appeared in *Blackwood* until seventeen months had passed away. And yet in this spring of 1819 he must have been in desperate need of money, for he had been unable to make any remittance to his wife out of the net proceeds of his lectures, and the fund for sending Derwent to college was still incomplete. Next, in the summer time, came the bankruptcy of Rest Fenner. 'All the profits from the sale of my writings' (writes Coleridge to Allsop) . . . 'I have lost; and not only so, but have been obliged, at a sum larger than all the profits of my lectures, to purchase myself my own books and the half copyrights. . . . I have withdrawn them from sale.' †

It was in April of this year that Coleridge met Keats in a Highgate lane, and felt death in the touch of his hand. When, thirteen years later, he related the incident to his nephew (*Table Talk*, Aug. 14, 1832) he had forgotten that the interview had lasted more than 'a minute or so'; but Keats's own account, only recently given to the world,[1] was contemporary: 'Last Sunday I took a walk towards Highgate, and in the lane that winds by the side of Lord Mansfield's park, I meet Mr. Green, our demonstrator at Guy's, in conversation with Coleridge. I joined them after inquiring by a look whether it would be agreeable. I walked with him, at his alderman-after-dinner pace, for near two miles, I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things. Let me see if I can give you a list —nightingales—poetry—on poetical sensation—metaphysics—different genera and species of dreams –nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—first and second consciousness—the difference explained between will and volition—so many metaphysicians from a want of smoking the second consciousness—monsters—the Kraken—mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a ghost story—Good morning. I heard his voice as he came towards me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so. He was civil enough to ask me to call on him at Highgate. Good-night!'

The spring of 1820 was brightened by a visit of the poet's sons, Hartley and Derwent. 'Would to Heaven' (he wrote to Allsop, April 10th) 'their dear sister were with us—the cup of paternal joy would be full to the brim,' and he cites 'the rapture' with which both brothers speak of Sara. At the same time Coleridge was invited to meet Scott at Charles Mathews': 'I seem to feel that I *ought* to feel more desire to see an extraordinary man than I really do feel, and I do not wish to appear to two

* Except 'Fancy *in nubibus*' (p. 190). See 'Note 203,' p. 639. With reference to this Lamb writes (to S. T. C. January 10, 1820; Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 31): 'Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet from *Blackwood's* or any other magazine, passes my poor comprehension,—But, as Strap says, "you know best."' Another exception may perhaps be mentioned. It was an involuntary contribution. In August or September 1820, Coleridge wrote a rather effusive private letter to John Gibson Lockhart, who printed it (or a portion of it) in *Blackwood* for September 1820—calling it a 'Letter to Peter Morris, M.D.' This abuse of his confidence was deeply resented by Coleridge.

† *Letters*, etc., pp. 8, 9. 'I lost £1100 *clear*, and was forced to borrow £150 in order to buy up my own books and half copyrights, a shock which has embarrassed me in debt (thank God, to one person only) even to this amount [? moment].' S. T. C. 8th May 1825 (Brandl, p. 353). I have already expressed my estimate of this letter (p. xcviii. *supra*). The loss of such a sum as £1100 must have been purely imaginary, for it is improbable that he left money in his publisher's hands. One can hardly conceive such a variation of habit as possible. The failure was no doubt both a pecuniary loss and a discouragement, but these were assuaged to some extent by a gift of money, accepted as a loan, from Allsop, who, however, makes no mention of this in his book.

[1] Keats's *Works*, ed. by H. Buxton Forman. Supp. vol. 1890 p. 147; and *Letters of J. K.*, ed. by S. Colvin, 1891, p. 244.

or three persons (as the Mr. Freres, William Rose, etc.) as if I cherished any dislike to Scott respecting the *Christabel*, and generally to appear out of the common and natural mode of thinking and acting. All this, I own, is sad weakness, but I am weary of *dyspathy*.'[1]

One of the keenest sorrows of his life was about to fall on Coleridge. In 1819, Hartley had gained a Fellowship at Oriel. 'At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel Fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. He wrote letters to many of the Fellows. His father went to Oxford to see and expostulate with the Provost. It was in vain. . . . The sentence might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust.' So writes Hartley's brother[2] of this painful business. To Allsop, Coleridge wrote of it, July 31, 1820[3]: 'Before I opened your letter . . . a heavy, a very heavy affliction came upon me with all the aggravations of surprise, sudden as a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky.' The father's conscience smote him. 'This' (he says of Hartley) 'was the sin of his nature, and this has been fostered by the culpable indulgence, at least non-interference, on my part,' and then he asks Allsop to pray that he 'may not pass such another night as the last.' The grief appears to have tempted Coleridge into a resort to an extra consumption of laudanum, with the consequence that the horrors described in *The Pains of Sleep* were revived. In August poor Hartley was settled in London under the fostering care of the Basil Montagus—some reconciliation with whom must have been effected—and set agoing by his father on some literary tasks. Of himself Coleridge writes[4]: 'I at least am as well as I ever am, and my regular employment, in which Mr. [J. H.] Green is weekly my amanuensis, the work on the books of the Old and New Testaments. . . . You would not entertain the thoughts and hauntings that tamper with the love of life if I could transfer into you . . . the sense what a hope, promise, impulse, you are to me in my present efforts to realise my past labours . . . to enable you and my two (may I not say other?) sons to affirm,—*Vivit, quia non frustra vixit*.'[5]

In October, Coleridge, accompanied by Allsop, went to Oxford, and had an interview with the Provost of Oriel—Coplestone, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff—on Hartley's behalf. The 'compensation' of £300 subsequently paid to Hartley may have been an effect of the interview. 'Of this journey to Oxford' (says Allsop) 'I have a very painful recollection; perhaps the most painful recollection (one excepted) connected with the memory of Coleridge.' A few days after his return, Coleridge was still hankering after the publication of a pamphlet on the affairs of Queen Caroline, from which he had been twice over dissuaded by Gillman. A month later he has been more than usually unwell, and disheartened by finding Hartley in process of developing some of his own morbid weaknesses—procrastination, shrinking from the performance of duties which are surrounded by painful associations—stimulant motives acting on both as narcotics, 'in exact proportion to their strength.' For

[1] Unfortunately no record of this meeting has come down to us. It is not mentioned by Lockhart. A very interesting criticism of Scott (as an author) was written in the form of a letter to Allsop on April 8, 1820 (*Letters*, etc., pp. 24-29).

[2] Memoir prefixed to *Poems by H. C.* 1851, i. lxxiv.

[3] *Letters*, etc., p. 40. See *Table Talk* for Jan. 2, 1833: 'Can anything be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin, or want of caution.'

[4] August 8, 1820. *Letters*, etc., p. 57.

[5] For the sake of compactness I have here ventured to alter slightly the order of Coleridge's words. The letter is one of the most interesting Coleridge ever wrote.

himself, he is anxious to get forward with his *Logic* and with his *Assertion of Religion*. In an immensely long letter of January 1821,[1] begun with assurances that if Allsop were a son by nature he could not hold him dearer, Coleridge states that his purpose is to 'open himself out' to his correspondent 'in detail.' Health of body is lacking, but had he the tranquillity which ease of heart alone could give, health enough might be regained for the accomplishment of his 'noblest undertaking,' the *magnum opus*, which, when completed, will revolutionise 'all that has been called *Philosophy* or Metaphysics in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of the second Charles.' But this cannot be pursued to any advantage without a settled income. He has nothing actually ready for the booksellers, but he has four works [2] so near completion that he has 'literally nothing more to do than to *transcribe*.' The transcription, however, can only be done by his own hand, for the material exists in 'scraps and *Sibylline* leaves, including margins of books and blank pages.' Then, he owes money 'to those who will not exact it, yet who need its payment'; and, besides, he is far behindhand in the settlement of his accounts for board and lodging. These pressing needs compel him 'to abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast as he can, for *Blackwood's Magazine*,' or (as he has been employed for the last days) 'in writing MS. Sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation Sermon.' 'This I have not yet had the courage to do. My soul sickens and my heart sinks.' 'Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the *Christabel*. Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had present to my mind, the materials as well as the scheme of the Hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man, and the Epic poem on—what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an Epic poem—Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus.'[3] Out of the *impasse* he can discern but one way—it is not a new one—that a few friends 'who think respectfully and hope highly of his powers and attainments' should subscribe for three or four years an annuity of about £200. Two-thirds of his time would be tranquilly devoted to the bringing out of the four minor works, one after the other; the remaining third to the completion of the Great Work 'and my *Christabel*, and what else the happier hour might inspire.' Towards this scheme Mr. Green has offered £30 to £40; another young friend and pupil, £50; and he thinks he can rely on £10 to £20 from another. Will Allsop advise him? he asks, and decide if without 'moral degradation' the statement now made, but in a compressed form, might be circulated among the right sort of people?

Allsop tells us nothing more, and we may assume that nothing came of the scheme, but in March, Coleridge informs his friend[4] that he has called on Murray with a proposal that 'he should take him and his concerns, past and future, for print and reprint, under his umbrageous foliage.' 'He promises . . .' but here the

[1] *Letters*, etc., pp. 77-87.

[2] (1) *Characteristics of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*, together with a Critique on Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries; three volumes of 500 pages each. (2) *Philosophical analysis of the genius and works of Dante, Spenser, etc.*; one large volume. (3) *The History of Philosophy*; two volumes. (4) *Letters on the Old and New Testament*, and on the Fathers, with advice on Preaching, etc., addressed to a candidate for Holy Orders. I have compressed the titles. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 evidently refer to notes made for the lectures he had delivered. What Coleridge meant by the material for the 4th I am unable to conjecture.

[3] See, on 'the only fit subject,' *Table Talk*, April 28, 1832, and September 4, 1833.

[4] *Letters*, etc., p. 95.

scrap of a letter ends—'*cætera desunt*,' adds Allsop. Whatever publisher and author may have promised to each other, no business resulted, and Coleridge had nothing to offer to the trade for yet three years.

In July he writes to Poole, whom he had met shortly before in London, that his health is not painfully worse, and that he is making steady progress with the *magnum opus*, and asks for copies of the letters about his childhood[1] and about the 'Brocken'—evidently intending to work them up into papers for *Blackwood*. But here again the purpose failed. At last, in September, he managed to scrape together something for *Blackwood*—trifles which appeared in the magazine for the following month,[2] together with what professes to be a private letter to the proprietor.*

A sojourn of nearly two months at Ramsgate,† in company with the Gillmans, greatly improved the philosopher's health and spirits, and he was almost persuaded by Dr. Anster[3] to undertake the delivery of a course of lectures in Dublin.[4]

But with the new year (1822) came a new idea—the extension of his philosophical class.[5] For more than four years Green had been 'pumped into' for the whole of one day in each week. A Mr. Stutfield, with a Mr. Watson, had recently begun to come on Thursdays, and Coleridge thought he could as easily dictate to five or six amanuenses as to a pair,—if so many were procurable. In February an advertisement was inserted in the *Courier*, but Stuart—who had forgiven or forgotten the wounds received in the house of his friend—thought it hardly precise enough, and in a long letter which explained the scheme,[6] Coleridge consulted him as to something more effective. 'There have been' (he writes) 'three or four young men (under five-and-twenty) who, within the last five years, have believed themselves, and have been thought by their acquaintances, to have derived benefit from their frequent opportunities of conversing, reading, and occasionally corresponding with me'; and goes on to say that he wishes to form a weekly class of five or six such, who may be 'educating themselves for the pulpit, the bar, the Senate, or any of those walks of life in which the possession and the display of intellect are of especial importance'—the 'course' to occupy two years. The class-room might be either at Highgate or in Green's drawing-room in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Either then or later on, some

* I have a copy of the real letter, which is very unlike the print. Coleridge promised 'within ten days' several papers, which, in their turn, would be followed by 'the substance of his Lectures on Shakespeare,' etc. He further promised to devote the next six weeks undividedly to the magazine, and requests an advance of £50 to enable him to go to Ramsgate. This advance no doubt was made, for a week later he tells Allsop (p. 130) that his circumstances are easier, and that he is about to sail for Ramsgate. Of the articles promised none appeared in *Blackwood* except *Maxilian*, a fantastic piece of mental autobiography, printed in the number for Jan. 1822, and this no doubt fully liquidated the balance of the advance of £50.

† The Cowden Clarkes introduced themselves to him on the East Cliff as the friends of Lamb, and straightway he discoursed to them on the spot for an hour and a half. They knew Coleridge must be in the town, for a friend 'had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talk as she never heard man talk' (*Recoll. of Writers*, 1878, pp. 30-32).

[1] Some of which are printed in the supplement to the *Biographia Literaria*, ed. 1847. The 'Brocken' letter was printed in the *Amulet* for 1829.

[2] 'Selections from Mr. Coleridge's Literary Correspondence with Friends' and Men of Letters.'

[3] Regius Professor of Civil Law at Trinity College, Dublin, and translator of *Faust*. I have a copy of his *Poems* (1819), the first few leaves of which were cut open and annotated by Coleridge.

[4] Allsop's *Letters*, etc., pp. 149-161.

[5] *Ib.*, p. 166.

[6] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 281-286. 'Posted March 15, 1822.'

such classes were formed, but I doubt if any numbered so many as five or six pupils, or lasted for two years. To *Fraser's Magazine* for 1835, one of these disciples contributed specimens of what he and his fellows took down from Coleridge's lips; and he informs us that, although no fees were stipulated, the disciples 'gave the teacher such recompense of reward as they were able to render.'[1]

In a letter to Allsop of Dec. 26, 1822,[2] Coleridge announces that the work on Logic is all but completed, and that, as 'Mr. Stutfield will give three days in the week for the next fortnight,' he has no doubt that, at the end of it, the book will be 'ready for the press.' By the time this work is 'printed off,' he will be ready with another volume of *Logical Exercises*, and all this 'without interrupting the greater work on Religion, of which the first half . . . was completed on Sunday last.' Perhaps I have printed too many such passages from Coleridge's letters, but I have suppressed an immeasurably greater number—and may plead that the life of a visionary cannot be told without the inclusion of a good many examples of the visions which most persistently haunted him.

In the Christmas week of 1822, Mrs. Coleridge and her daughter Sara arrived at the Grove on a visit which was prolonged until the end of the following February, after which the ladies went on to stay with their relatives at Ottery St. Mary. It is pleasant to read in a contemporary letter of Mrs. Coleridge that 'our visits to Highgate and Ottery have been productive of the greatest satisfaction to all parties.' 'All parties' included Henry Nelson Coleridge, who seems at once to have fallen in love with his cousin, whose delicate beauty and grace charmed all beholders. 'Yes,' wrote Lamb to Barton, 'I have seen Miss Coleridge, and wish I had just such a—daughter. . . . God love her!'[3] The cousin's love was returned, and the girl's mother smiled on the attachment, but there could yet be no formal engagement. The cousins themselves, however, considered the matter as settled, and never wavered throughout the seven years which had to pass before marriage was practicable—the long delay being mainly caused by the delicate health of both.

Coleridge, though he seems to have hesitated a good deal before sanctioning the engagement,[4] took very kindly to his nephew as a friend and companion. The first record of *Table Talk* between uncle and nephew is headed 'Dec. 29, 1822,' a date which coincides almost exactly with the arrival of the aunt and cousin. 'It was,' writes H. N. C., 'the very first evening I spent with him after my boyhood.' The renewed intercourse was destined to be cemented by mutual affection, and this led to the happy reconciliation of Coleridge with the other members of his family. On May Day of this year he dined at the house of John Taylor Coleridge, the brother of Henry Nelson, and, a little later, we read of his meeting their father, Colonel James, now the head of the family. Various records of this and succeeding years show that Coleridge went pretty frequently into society, charming alike with his divine talk the

[1] January 1835, p. 50. The other article appeared in the following November.

[2] *Letters*, etc., p. 204. See also Prefatory Memoir of Green in *Spiritual Philosophy*, i. xxxviii.

[3] Feb. 17, 1823. On March 11 he writes again to Barton: 'The She-Coleridges have taken flight, to my regret. With Sara's own-made acquisitions, her unaffectedness and no-pretensions are beautiful. . . . Poor C., I wish he had a home to receive his daughter in; but he is but a stranger or a visitor in this world.'

[4] 'If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the intermarriage of first cousins; but the Church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough on such a point' (*Table Talk*, June 10, 1824). Subsequently, confidence in these authorities was shaken, for on July 29, 1826, he requests Mr. and Mrs. Stuart to favour him with their opinion on the point (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 299).

dignified guests of Beaumont and Sotheby, the professional and philosophic friends of Green, and the equally refined but more general company brought together by Mrs. Aders. The famous Highgate 'Thursday evening' was probably not a regular institution much, if at all, before 1824, but two or three years earlier the silver tongue had begun to attract an increasing stream of willing listeners, other than the professed disciples. Edward Irving was a sedulous and receptive visitor as early as 1822.

In a letter of July, Southey mentions that Coleridge talked of publishing a work on Logic, of collecting his poems, and of adapting *Wallenstein* for the stage—'Kean having taken a fancy to exhibit himself in it'[1]—but none of these projects came to anything, save the second, and that some five years later. The autumn of 1823 is remarkable for a revival of Coleridge's long dormant poetical faculty. The first draft of the exquisite *Youth and Age* is dated 'Sep. 10, 1823,' and seems to have been inspired by a day-dream of happy Quantock times.[2] Unfortunately, the faculty seems to have gone to sleep again almost immediately, and all the hours which could be spared from talk, and Green, and the *magnum opus* were given to Archbishop Leighton. What had been at first intended as selections of 'Beauties'[3] grew into that which became the most popular of all Coleridge's prose works—*Aids to Reflection*. In January 1824 Lamb reports that the book is a 'good part printed but sticks for a little *more copy*.' It 'stuck,' alas! for more than a year—why, it is impossible to conjecture, unless his interest in Leighton palled, for in the interval Coleridge must have written * the bulk of a volume or two of similar *marginalia* on the books he read in the delightful new room prepared for him by his kind hosts—the one pictured in the second volume of *Table Talk*. The cage was brightened, but the bird seems to have felt the pressure of the wires, for towards the end of March 1824, Coleridge took French leave, and established himself at Allsop's house in London. The Gillmans probably had no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the truant, and in ten days they happily recovered him,† never to lose him any more. Two months later we find him attending a 'dance and rout at Mr. Green's in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' 'Even in the dancing-room, notwithstanding the noise of the music, he was able to declaim very amusingly on his favourite topics' to the ever-willing Robinson, who had joined the giddy throng and who 'stayed till three.' A week later the same diarist records: [Thursday] June 10th, 'Dined at Lamb's, and then walked with him to Highgate, self-invited. There we found a large party. Mr. Coleridge talked his best.'‡

* Although not published till 1840, Coleridge's *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit* were probably composed in the latter half of 1824. 'Letter I.' begins thus: 'I employed the compelled and most unwelcome leisure of severe indisposition in reading *The Confessions of a Fair Saint* in Mr. Carlyle's recent translation of the *Wilhelm Meister*. . . . This, acting in conjunction with the concluding sentences of your letter . . . gave the immediate occasion to the following confessions,' etc. Carlyle presented Coleridge with a copy of the newly-published *Wilhelm Meister* in June 1824.

† See letter of April 8, 1824, and Allsop's remarks thereon (*Letters*, etc., p. 213). The cause of the temporary rupture is unknown to me, but there is some reason for supposing it to have been connected with the discovery that Coleridge was not strictly confining his consumption of laudanum to the quantities prescribed and supplied by Mr. Gillman.

‡ The subject was the internal evidence for Christianity. Henry Taylor played *enfant terrible* on behalf of Mahometanism, which impelled Lamb, when the departing guests were hunting for their hats, to ask him: 'Are you looking for your turban, sir?'

[1] See 'Note 229,' p. 649.

[2] See 'Note 205,' p. 640.

[3] 'With a few notes and a biographical preface. . . . Hence the term, *Editor*, subscribed to the Notes.' See Preface to *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. iii.

In the previous month Irving had preached a missionary society sermon, which, when published, bore a dedication to Coleridge that greatly took the fancy of Lamb. 'Irving is a humble disciple at the foot of Gamaliel S. T. C.' (he wrote to Leigh Hunt). 'Judge how his own sectarists must stare when I tell you he has dedicated a book to S. T. C., acknowledging to have learnt more of the nature of faith, Christianity, and Christian Church from him than from all the men he ever conversed with!'[1]

In May or June *Aids to Reflection*[2] struggled into the light, but with a printed list of 'Corrections and Amendments' as long as that which graced the *Sibylline Leaves*, while the presentation copies had as many more added in manuscript. To Julius Hare it appeared to crown its author as 'the true sovereign of modern English thought'; while some younger men, as yet unknown to the author—Maurice and Sterling among others—felt that to this book they 'owed even their own selves.'[3]

Theologians differing as widely as the Bishop (Howley) of London, and Blanco White joined in approving, but the reviewers were almost silent, and the sale was slow.* The author's natural disappointment was somewhat solaced by his nomination to one of the ten Royal Associateships of the newly-chartered 'Royal Society of Literature,' each of which carried an annuity of a hundred guineas from the King's Privy Purse. This appointment was probably obtained through the influence of John Hookham Frere, who for some years past had been one of Coleridge's kindest and most highly-valued friends. It would seem that each Associate had to go through the formality of delivering an essay before the Society, and accordingly Coleridge, on May 18, 1825, read a paper on the *Prometheus* of Æschylus.[4] It was stated to be 'preparatory to a series of disquisitions,' which, however, did not follow.

About this time appeared Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, with a flamboyant sketch of Coleridge for one of its most notable chapters. The high lights, as usual, are very high, and the shadows very black, but the middle tints, also as usual, are laid on with an unsteady hand—in this particular instance, perhaps, owing to some remorseful desire to be simply just and fair. The presence of an attempt in this direction is as apparent as its want of success, for though the essay bristles with barbed home-truths, they are not, as usual, poisoned. Coleridge is charged, of course, with political apostacy, but only to the extent of having 'turned on the pivot of a subtle casuistry to the unclean side'; he has not declined to the utter profligacy of becoming a poet-laureate or a stamp-distributer[5]—only into 'torpid uneasy repose, tantalised by useless resources, haunted by vain imaginings, his lips idly moving, but his heart for ever still.' Coleridge took it all very complacently, expressing his own view of his past and present in the good-humoured doggerel which he called *A Trifle* and his editor of 1834, *A Character*.[6]

* S. T. C. to Stuart (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 288). He adds that the comment on Aph. vi. p. 147 'contains the aim and object of the whole book'; and draws particular attention to the notes at pp. 204-207 and 218; to the last 12 lines of p. 252; and to the 'Conclusion.'

[1] Ainger's ed. ii. 121. Lamb repeated this in letters to Barton and Wordsworth (*Ib.* ii. 127, 129).

[2] *Aids to Reflection* in the formation of manly character. . . . London: Printed for Taylor & Hessey, 1825. 8vo, pp. xvi.; 404. Frequently reprinted.

[3] Prefatory Memoir of John Sterling in *Essays and Tales*, by J. S., 2 vols. 1848, i. xiv.

[4] First printed in *Lit. Rem.* 1836, ii. 323-359.

[5] Clearly this must have been written before hearing of the Royal Associateship, with its hundred guineas a year.

[6] Page 195, *post*. See also 'Note 210,' p. 642.

XIV. Highgate—Last Years

The receipt of the annuity from the Privy Purse doubtless eased Coleridge's mind, and the minds of those about him, and I think that from this time he must have given up the struggle which, hitherto, and with varying energy and varying success, he had endeavoured in some fashion to keep up with the outer world. After the publication of *Aids to Reflection*, he seems to have assumed, and to have been permitted to keep for the rest of his life, the unique position which Carlyle so picturesquely describes: 'Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls engaged there.'[1] Carlyle was himself one of the first of the brave souls who were attracted to the pool—led thither in June 1824 by his friend Irving, but unlike that friend, he came away sorrowing, having found no healing in its waters. The full-length portrait of Coleridge, elaborated with all the resources of an art in which Carlyle was supreme, in the *Life of John Sterling*, though placed there in a setting of 1828-30, was painted exclusively from studies made between June 1824 and March 1825. Here is the first rough sketch*: 'I have seen many curiosities; not the least of them I reckon Coleridge, the Kantian metaphysician and quondam Lake poet. . . . Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, a great bush of grey hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge. He is a kind, good soul, full of religion and affection, and poetry and animal magnetism. . . . He shrinks from pain or labour in any of its shapes. His very attitude bespeaks this. He never straightens his knee-joints. He stoops with his fat, ill-shapen shoulders, and in walking he does not tread, but shovel [shuffle?] and slide. My father would call it "skliffing." . . . His eyes have a look of anxious impotence. . . . There is no method in his talk; he wanders . . . and what is more unpleasant, he preaches, or rather soliloquises. He cannot speak, he can only *tal-k* (so he names it). Hence I found him unprofitable, even tedious, but we parted very good friends, and I promised to go back. . . . I reckon him a man of great and useless genius, a strange, not at all a great man.' Further intercourse led Carlyle to describe Coleridge as 'sunk inextricably in putrescent indolence'; and, enamoured of the pretty metaphor, he repeats and expands it in a letter of January 22, 1825: 'Coleridge is a mass of richest spices putrefied into a dunghill. I never hear him *taw/k* without feeling ready to worship him, and toss him in a blanket.'†

* T. C. to his brother John, June 24, 1824 (Froude's *T. Carlyle*, 1795-1835, i. 222). In the *Reminiscences* (i. 231) Carlyle says: 'Early in 1825 was my last sight of "Coleridge." Another great Scotchman, also a friend of Irving, Dr. Chalmers, a man assuredly deficient neither in sympathy nor imagination, heard Coleridge talk for three hours without getting more than occasional glimpses of "what he would be at"' (Hanna's *Life*, iii. 160).

† Froude, i. 292. One should try to enjoy all this full-flavoured language without taking it too seriously. Even in 1824-25 Carlyle confesses that the 'sad hag, Dyspepsia, had got him bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make his waking living day a thing of ghastly nightmares' (*Rem.* i. 241). He called the then literary world of London 'this rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute . . . even of common honesty' (Froude, i. 264). How much he knew of it may be gauged, possibly, by the statement that 'the *gin-shops* and pawnbrokers bewail Hazlitt's absence'—Hazlitt, who drank only tea! Besides, one must not forget that Carlyle was, by nature and practice, Coleridge's rival in monologue, and ill-suited for the part of 'passive bucket' assigned to him at Highgate.

[1] *Life of Sterling*, chap. viii.

Intercourse with Lamb was kept up intermittently. In March 1826, one finds him preparing for a Thursday evening 'that he may not appear unclassic,' but a private undraped Wednesday in May was probably more to his taste. In the summer of this year Coleridge paid a visit to the cottage at Islington, meeting Thomas Hood and praising his *Progress of Cant* and some little drawings the silent young man had brought with him. An anonymous member of the party relates that when the evening was far spent Coleridge walked back alone to Highgate—a distance of three or four miles—and describes the affectionate leave-taking of the friends 'as if they had been boys,' and how Coleridge gave Mary a parting kiss.[1] In March, Coleridge had thoughts of varying his employments by writing a pantomime, possibly to be founded on Decker's *Old Fortunatus*, as Lamb, who was consulted, offered to lend one of that dramatist's plays, if Coleridge 'thought he could filch something out of it.'[2]

In picturesque apposition to this, one finds Coleridge at the same time informing Stuart[3] that his mind during the past two years, and particularly during the last, has been undergoing a change as regards personal religion. He finds himself thinking and reasoning on all religious subjects with a more cheerful sense of freedom, because he is secure of his faith in a personal God, a resurrection and a Redeemer, and further, and practically for the first time, 'confident in the efficacy of prayer.'[4] This strengthened feeling of assurance it may have been which caused him to be a little censorious of the delightfully vivacious *Six Months in the West Indies*, published by his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, in the winter of 1825-26. 'You are a little too hard on his morality,' wrote Lamb, 'though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold.'* The nephew had to be taken into favour again when, about the beginning of 1827, his sweetheart arrived on a second and longer visit to her father. An attempt was then being made to procure some sinecure place for Coleridge. Frere had obtained from the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, a promise, apparently, of the Paymastership of the Gentleman Pensioners—vacant by the death of William Gifford!—and the negotiations dragged on until the autumn, when the death of Canning, who had accepted the legacy of his predecessor's promise, put an end to Coleridge's hopes.[5] On February 24 he informs Stuart that 'Mr. Gillman, with Mr. Jameson, has undertaken to superintend an edition of all his poems, to be brought out by Pickering: that is to say, I have given all the poems, as far as this edition is concerned, to Mr. Gillman.'[6] This was the edition in three volumes (it had been advertised to appear in four) which was published in 1828.[7] Three hundred copies only were printed, and before October all had been sold, and another edition was prepared—to appear, after much revision, in 1829.[8] The earliest glimpse

* C. L. to S. T. C. March 26, 1826 (Ainger's ed. ii. 144). I fear that Coleridge was making things hard for the lovers. Uncle and nephew appear to have held no *Table Talk* between June 10, 1824, and February 24, 1827. Of this long period H. N. C.'s absence only accounts for December 1824 to September 1825; and it was in July 1826 that Coleridge had his renewed doubts as to the propriety of marriage between first cousins. (See p. cxi. *supra*, foot-note '4.') There is another great gap in the *Table Talk*—August 30, 1827, to April 13, 1830. The marriage took place in September 1829 at Keswick.

[1] *Monthly Repository* for 1835, pp. 162-169.

[2] C. L. to S. T. C. March 22, 1826 (Ainger's ed. ii. 144).

[3] April 19, 1826 (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 294).

[4] See *Table Talk*, June 1 1830, *note*; also Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 370, 382.

[5] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 301-307, February and October 1827.

[6] *Ibid.* p. 306. Jameson was a friend of Hartley, and the husband of Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer on Art.

[7] See 'APPENDIX K,' XII. p. 552

[8] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 319. See also 'APPENDIX K,' XIII. p. 552.

one gets of the poet in 1828 is in Scott's *Journal* for April 22: 'Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian mysteries. . . . He then diverged to Homer, whose *Iliad* he considered a collection of poems by different authors. . . . Morritt . . . gave battle with keenness and was joined by Sotheby. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. "'Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words," said Morritt.'[1] Coleridge was a Wolfian (without having read Wolf), and the creed is vigorously expressed in *Table Talk*.

Two months later Coleridge, accompanied by Wordsworth and his daughter Dora, spent six pleasant weeks on the Rhine. Fortunately, two not inconsiderable records of portions of the tour have been preserved by outside observers. T. Colley Grattan, then resident in Brussels, acted as the helpful and intelligent guide of the party to Waterloo and other places in the neighbourhood, and in his *Beaten Paths*[2] he gives a pleasant account of the time. When the tourists moved up to Godesberg to stay with the Aderses at their villa, they found a fellow-guest in the much-reminiscent Julian Young, then a giddy but observant youth just escaped from Oxford. In his *Journal* (to which a slight memoir of his father is prefixed[3]) Young gives a lively account of his intercourse with the poets. Their fame, he tells us, 'soon attracted to Mrs. Aders's house "all the "illuminati" of Bonn—Niebuhr, Becker, Augustus Schlegel, and many others,' and copious talk ensued—in German. Little of it, however, could have been for edification, for Wordsworth had probably forgotten most of his slender Goslar attainment, while Coleridge's pronunciation was so unintelligible that Schlegel, the only one of the 'illuminati' who understood English, had to beg him to use his native tongue. When the two poets were together, Wordsworth 'as a rule allowed Coleridge to have all the talk to himself,' and Young 'never saw any manifestations of small jealousy' between the friends—being good enough to add an expression of his pleased surprise, 'considering the vanity possessed by each.' Both diarists describe Coleridge's general appearance as suggesting 'a dissenting minister.' Grattan was glad to find him unlike his 'engraved portrait'—(he evidently means Northcote's scowling counterfeit)—face extremely handsome, mouth particularly pleasing, grey eyes 'full of intelligent softness,' cheeks unfurrowed and lit with a healthy bloom, figure 'full and lazy, but not actually stout,' black coat with shorts and silk stockings. Young's portrait is, in essentials, not inconsistent, but in some details is (naturally perhaps) less flattering—build uncouth, hair long and neglected, 'stockings of lavender-coloured worsted,' white starchless neck-cloth tied in a limp bow, shabby suit of dusky black.

It was on his way home that Coleridge sniffed the two-and-seventy stenches of Cologne[4]—at their worst, probably, in a hot July—but he thoroughly enjoyed his tour, and reported himself to Stuart as improved by it in health, spirits, and mental activity. This was in October, when he took another pleasant outing in a week's visit to the Lambs at Enfield Chase. Here he describes himself as 'living temperately and taking a good deal of exercise,' but, unfortunately, the visit wound itself up in a twelve-mile walk in tight shoes. Poets enjoy no immunity from the penalties

[1] LOCKHART (1838), vii. 126.

[2] *Beaten Paths, and those who trod them*, by Thomas Colley Grattan, 2 vols. 1865, ii. 107-145. See also 'Note 205,' p. 640; and some lines printed at p. 654.

[3] *A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal.* By Julian Charles Young. 2nd ed. 1871, pp. 115-123.

[4] Page 452, *post*.

of such follies, and the consequent confinement to the sofa brought on 'an indescribable depression of spirits' and 'a succession of disturbed nights'—nights which prompted him to quote significantly from *The Pains of Sleep*.[1] A smart attack of erysipelas followed, which he 'strongly suspected to be, in his constitution, a substitute for the gout, to which his father was subject.' He had apparently forgotten that a quarter of a century before he had attributed a good many things to the gout in his own system. At all events, he is going to recruit by spending the month of November at Ramsgate, when he will 'do nothing but write verses and finish the correction of the last part of his work *On the Power and Use of Words*.'[2] Whether either of these duties occupied his sea-side leisure, or whether the 'work' ever existed, I am unaware. This and the previous year (1827) saw the production of a few verses not unworthy of a place in his *Tribuna*, or *Salon carré*.[3] They have little of the jewel tints which glow in the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*—little of the sweep of brush which distinguishes the early odes; but, although now 'a common greyness silvers everything,' the old magic still mingles with the colours on the palette. Coleridge's attitude as he now looked over the wide landscape where all nature seemed at work, and he, held in the bondage of a spell of his own creating, the sole unbusy thing, recalls Browning's picture of Andrea del Sarto watching the lights of Fiesole die out one by one, like his own hopes and ambitions. Coleridge also remembered days when he could leave the ground and 'put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear'—now he, himself a very Rafael, asks only to 'sit the grey remainder of his evening out,' and 'muse perfectly how he could paint—were he but back in France.'

In the winter of 1827-28 the Highgate 'Thursdays' began to be attended by a clever and enthusiastic young man, who, like Coleridge himself, had left Cambridge without taking a degree. The reasons were probably the same in each case, though the divergencies between tests and beliefs were, in John Sterling's case, much narrower than they had been in Coleridge's. Like his college tutor, Julius Hare, and his chief undergraduate friend, F. D. Maurice,* Sterling had been steeped in the philosophy of the *Biographia*, *The Friend*, and *Aids to Reflection*, and until Coleridge's death was one of the most assiduous of his Highgate disciples. Unfortunately, he took notes of none but his first conversation with the master, whose manner and address struck him as 'formally courteous,' and in keeping with his rather 'old-fashioned' appearance. 'He always speaks in the tone and in the gesture of common conversation, and laughs a good deal, but gently. . . . He speaks perhaps rather slowly, but never stops, and seldom even hesitates.' On this first occasion Sterling was 'in his company about three hours; and of that time he spoke during two and three-quarters.'[4]

In 1834 Sterling entered the Church and worked as Hare's curate for six months. 'This clerical aberration,' writes Carlyle (p. 138), 'we have ascribed to

* It is commonly assumed that Maurice, who, perhaps, did more than any other man to spread the influence of Coleridge's teaching, went much to Highgate, but I am assured that he never even saw Coleridge.

1 Page 170, *post*.

2 *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 324-328.

3 *The Two Founts* (p. 196); *Duty surviving Self-Love* (p. 197); *The Improvisatore* (p. 200); *Work without Hope* (p. 203); and *The Garden of Boccaccio* (p. 204). The beautiful lines, *Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*, belong to the following year, 1829.

4 *Essays and Tales by John Sterling* . . with a Memoir of his Life, by J. C. Hare, M.A. (2 vols. 1848), i. xxiv. The memoir is not encumbered by over-precision, either in the matter of dates, or otherwise. In common with its subject, its final cause seems to have been *The Life of John Sterling*, by T. Carlyle. London, 1851.

Coleridge; and do clearly think that had there been no Coleridge, neither had this been—nor had English Puseyism, or some other strange portents been.' Carlyle did not make Sterling's acquaintance until the beginning of 1835. 'Of Coleridge there was little said . . . though, on occasion, for a year or two to come, he would still assert his transcendent admiration, especially if Maurice were by to help'; and Carlyle draws attention to his friend's novel *Arthur Coningsby*, at the end of which, he says, there is 'a proportion of Coleridgean moonshine.'

In the autumn of 1827, Coleridge wrote some kindly verses to the bride of his son Derwent.[1] Two years later a similar occasion arose, but if any poetical tribute was paid, it has not come down to us. On September 3, 1829, Sara was married to her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, but the ceremony took place at Crosthwaite Church, near Greta Hall, and although the young people settled at Hampstead, the record of *Table Talk*, suspended on Aug. 30, 1827, was not resumed until April 30, 1830;—from that date, however, it continues, almost without break, until the end of Coleridge's life. He seems to have had a long illness in the summer of 1829, for Lamb in answering a letter of that period says: 'How you frighted me! Never write again "Coleridge is dead" at the end of a line, and tamely come in with "to his friends" at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from line to line.'[2] On October 26, Lamb writes to Gillman[3] of his grief at learning of Coleridge's 'indifferent health—and he not to know it!' 'A little school-divinity,' he thinks, 'well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquin . . . rescued t'other day from a stall in Barbican.' In November, Mary Lamb is driven over to Highgate to fetch back '*Him of Aquinum*,' and to borrow 'the golden works of the dear fine silly old angel,' Fuller, returned a month later, with a promise to spend the first fine day at the Grove, trusting to the Gate-House for beds. Four or five months later Lamb reports of Coleridge[4] that he has had some severe attack, not paralytic; 'but if I had not heard of it,' he adds, 'I should not have found it out. He looks and especially speaks strong.' It was doubtless of this illness that in a letter of July Coleridge writes that it had 'brought him to the brink of the grave.' The letter was addressed to Poole, and accompanied a presentation copy of the writer's *Constitution of Church and State*,[5] in the course of which is drawn a fascinating picture of his old friend, the presentee. In the preface to this pamphlet, the last of his works printed during his life-time, Coleridge explains at considerable length that, while he is not unfriendly to Catholic Emancipation, he has scruples regarding the means proposed for its attainment. He says the work is 'transcribed for the greater part from a paper drawn up by him some years ago at the request of J. Hookham Frere,' and which paper, had it been finished before he [Frere] left England, it was his intention to have laid before the late Lord Liverpool.' He 'begs he may not be suspected of predilection for any particular sect or party; for wherever he looks, in religion or politics, he seems to see a world of power and talent wasted on the support of half-truths.' His convictions on this subject, though revised from year to year, have been steadfast, and the pain of differing from men he has loved and

[1] *To Mary Pridham*, p. 203.

[2] To Allsop (Lamb's *Letters*, Ainger's ed. ii. 226).

[3] *Ib.* ii. 232.

[4] May 10, 1831 (Ainger's ed. ii. 254).

[5] *On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each; with aids toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., R.A., R.S.L. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830, pp. viii.; 227. A 'second edition,' with alterations and additions, soon followed—pp. viii.; 241. The account of Poole is at p. 102 of the first, and p. 115 of the second edition.

revered, is 'aggravated by the reflection that in receding from the Burkes, Cannings, and Lansdownes, he did not move a step nearer to the feelings and opinions of their antagonists.' The pamphlet, however, procured for Coleridge the name of High-churchman and Tory, and, rightly or wrongly, is often credited with giving the first impulse to the influences which, a few years later, brought about the 'Oxford Movement.'

On June 26, 1830, died George IV., and with him died the pensions of the Royal Associates. Apparently they did not find this out until the following year. In the *Englishman's Magazine* for June 1831, attention was directed to the fact that 'intimation had been given to Mr. Coleridge and his brother Associates that they must expect their allowances "very shortly" to cease'—the allowances having been a personal bounty of the late King. On June 3, 1831, Gillman wrote a letter to the *Times*, 'in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of this day.' He states that on the sudden suppression of the honorarium, representations on Coleridge's behalf were made to Lord Brougham, with the result that the Treasury (Lord Grey) offered a private grant of £200, which Coleridge 'had felt it his duty most respectfully to decline.' Stuart, however, wrote to King William's son, the Earl of Munster, pointing out the hardship entailed on Coleridge, 'who is old and infirm, and without other means of subsistence.' He begs the Earl to lay the matter before his royal father. To this a reply came, excusing the King on account of his 'very reduced income,' but promising that the matter shall be laid before His Majesty. To these letters, which are printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets* (pp. 319-322), the following note is appended: 'The annuity . . . was not renewed, but a sum of £300 was ultimately handed over to Coleridge by the Treasury.' Even apart from this bounty, Coleridge was not a sufferer by the withdrawal of the King's pension, for Frere made it up to him annually.[1]

The record of Coleridge's life after 1830 is summed up in a sentence written by him within a fortnight of his death: 'For the last three or four years I have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room.'[2] In January 1831, Wordsworth saw his old friend several times and had long conversations with him, being grieved to observe that 'his constitution seems much broken up.' 'I have heard' (he adds) 'that he has been worse since I saw him. His mind has lost none of its vigour.'[3] In April 1832, Lamb writes to remove some mistaken sick-man's fancy: 'Not an unkind thought has passed in my brain concerning you. . . . If I do not hear from you before then, I will set out on Wednesday morning to take you by the hand. I would do it this moment, but an unexpected visit might flurry you.' 'If you ever,' he adds in a *P.S.*, 'thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah, and the great waters have swept it away. . . . Mary is crying for mere love over your letter.'[4] In the same week Crabb Robinson 'saw Coleridge in bed. He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as eloquently as ever. His declamation was against the [Reform] Bill,' which, he considered, was being passed merely from fear of resisting popular opinion.[5] In September, Robinson took Landor out to see him. They found him 'horribly bent and looking seventy years of age,' and disposed to talk principally of the loss of his pension. 'Landor spoke in his dashing way, which Coleridge could understand.'[6]

A few weeks before this he had been able to go over to Hampstead to attend the

[1] Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, 1890, ii. 449.

[2] Letter to Adam S. Kinnaird, July 13, 1834 (last page of *Table Talk*).

[3] Knight's *Life*, iii. 189.

[4] Enfield, April 14, 1832 (Ainger's ed. ii. 278).

[5] *Diaries*, etc., ii. 128.

[6] *Ib.* ii. 132.

christening of his grandchild Edith, the daughter of the second Sara. In conveying this news to Poole, the elder Mrs. Coleridge added that her husband 'talked a great deal of you, as he always does when he speaks of his early days.'[1] And it was of those early days that Wordsworth too was thinking when, during this summer, he wrote to Rowan Hamilton[2]: 'He [S. T. C.] and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding as it were *pari passu*, along the path of sickness—I will not say towards the grave, but I trust towards a blessed immortality.'

Coleridge's health must have improved considerably in the summer of 1833, for in June he visited Cambridge on the occasion of the third meeting of the British Association. 'My emotions,' he said, 'at revisiting the University were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were, upon the whole, pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body. The bed on which I slept —and slept soundly too—was, as near as I can describe it, a couple of sacks full of potatoes tied together. Truly I lay down at night a man, and arose in the morning a bruise.' 'The two persons of whom he spoke with the greatest interest were Mr. Faraday and Mr. Thirlwall.'[3] Of this visit, Mrs. Clarkson heard through Rydal Mount that Coleridge, 'though not able to rise till the afternoon, had a crowded *levée* at his bedside.'[4] It was in July of this year that he declared he could write as good verses as ever 'if perfectly free from vexations, and in the *ad libitum* hearing of good music'; and that his reason for not finishing *Christabel* was not the want of a plan, but the seemingly inevitable failure of continuations.[5]

It must have been about this time that Harriet Martineau paid the visit to Coleridge, of which a characteristic account is given in her *Autobiography* (i. 396-99): 'He looked very old with his rounded shoulders, and drooping head, and excessively thin limbs. His eyes were as wonderful as they were ever represented to be—light grey, extremely prominent, and actually glittering. . . . He told me he read my [Political Economy] tales as they came out, and . . . avowed that there were some points in which we differed. . . . For instance, said he, "You appear to consider that society is an aggregate of individuals." I replied, I certainly did, whereupon he went off . . . on a long flight . . . on a survey of society from his own balloon in his own current . . . involuntary speech from involuntary brain action . . . [analogous to] the action of Babbage's calculating machine.' What Coleridge thought of 'modern Political Economy' is stated in very plain language in *Table Talk* for March 17, 1833, and June 23, 1834.

On Aug. 5, Emerson, then a young man of thirty, on his first pilgrimage to Europe, called on Coleridge.[6] He saw 'a short, thick old man, with bright blue [*sic*] eyes, and fine clear complexion,' who 'took snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit'—the Coleridge whom Maclise drew in that same year for the *Fraser* Gallery.[7] The visit was a failure, for an unhappy mention of Dr.

[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 280.

[2] Knight's *Life*, iii. 223.

[3] *Table Talk*. Note to June 29, 1833. In *Conversations at Cambridge* (1836) Coleridge's old school-fellow C. V. Le Grice professes to give specimens of his table-talk on one of these June evenings at Thirlwall's rooms in Trinity—in which college the old poet seems to have been put up.

[4] H. C. R.'s *Diaries*, etc., ii. 143.

[5] See the passage quoted in 'Note 116,' p. 604.

[6] *English Traits*, chap. i. (*Works*, 1883, iv. 6-10).

[7] *Fraser's Mag.* viii. 632. Reprinted in *A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters*, ed. by W. Bates, 1873.

Channing caused the champion of orthodoxy to 'burst into a declamation on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism,—its high unreasonableness'—a declamation which gained fresh impetus from Emerson's interjected avowal that he himself 'had been born and bred a Unitarian.' When at the end of an hour the visitor rose to go, Coleridge changed the note from negative to positive, reciting the lately-composed lines on his *Baptismal Birthday*;[1] and when Emerson left, he felt that nothing had been satisfied but his curiosity.

Coleridge had then barely another year to live, and though it was one of ever-increasing bodily pain and weakness, all witnesses testify that the spirit remained strong and willing to the very end. In the winter he took leave of himself in the well-known *Epitaph*,[2] but his eyes were yet to be gladdened by another spring and summer. Within two months of the end, Poole found his old friend with 'a mind as strong as ever, seemingly impatient to take leave of its encumbrance.'[3] A month later another visitor, unnamed, observed that Coleridge's 'countenance was pervaded by a most remarkable serenity,' which, as the conversation showed, was a true reflection of his mind. In this atmosphere of peace, he assured his visitor, all things were seen by him 'reconciled and harmonised.'[4] On July 20th, dangerous symptoms appeared, and for several days his sufferings were great, but they abated during the final thirty-six hours. On the last evening of all, Coleridge, after recommending his faithful nurse to the care of his family, repeated to Mr. Green, who was with his master to the end, 'a certain part of his religious philosophy which he was especially anxious to have accurately recorded. He articulated with the utmost difficulty, but his mind was clear and powerful, and so continued until he fell into a state of coma, which lasted until he ceased to breathe, about six o'clock in the morning [July 25]. A few out of his many deeply attached and revering friends attended his remains to the grave, together with my husband and [his brother] Edward; and that body, which did him such "grievous wrong," was laid in its final resting-place in Highgate Churchyard.'[5]

None of Coleridge's oldest friends stood by the grave. Poole was far in the west, Wordsworth and Southey as far in the north, and Morgan was dead. Lamb was near, but his feelings would not permit him to join the sorrowing company. During the few months of life which remained to him, he never recovered from his sense of loss. 'Coleridge is dead,' was the abiding thought in his mind and on his lips. 'His great and dear spirit haunts me,' he wrote, five weeks before his own death—'never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. . . . What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.' When Wordsworth read the news his voice faltered and then broke, but he seems to have said little except of his friend's genius, calling him 'the most *wonderful* man that he had ever known.'[6] What Southey said has not been recorded. What he wrote[7] is better forgotten. Doubtless he had the rights which his wrongs gave him, but he remembered both at an inappropriate moment. He had been, so to speak, a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, and it detracts nothing from the credit due to him, that in many ways, even in a pecuniary sense, he had been repaid to an extent larger than is generally sup-

1 Page 210. See also 'Note 225,' p. 645.

2 Page 210. See also 'Note 227,' p. 645.

3 *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 294.

4 Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, iii. 236.

5 *Mem. of Sara* [Mrs. H. N.] *Coleridge*, i. 109, 111. The funeral took place on August 2.

6 Knight's *Life*, iii. 235.

7 Letter to Mrs. Hughes in *Letters*, etc., iv. 381. See also Thomas Moore's *Memoirs* (vii. 69-73) quoted in Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, iii. 248.

posed. But surely, just then, a sense of his own inestimable indebtedness to his dead comrade of forty years, for friendship, for inspiration, and for intellectual stimulus, should have been uppermost in his mind.

In his will Coleridge well described the Gillmans as his 'dear friends, his more than friends, the guardians of his health, happiness, and interests' during the latter sixteen years of his life, and no one who loves Coleridge, and all that he was and is to the world, can but share in his feelings of gratitude. The will, which is full of such acknowledgments, is, in other respects, thus summarised by the poet's daughter :[1] 'What little he had to bequeath (a policy of assurance worth about £2560) is my mother's for life, of course, and will come to her children equally after her time. Mr. Green has the sole power over my father's literary remains, and the philosophical part he will himself prepare for publication ; some theological treatises he has placed in the hands of Mr. Julius Hare of Cambridge and his curate, Mr. J. Sterling (both men of great ability). Henry will arrange literary and critical pieces, notes on the margins of books' (etc.) How worthily Coleridge's nephew fulfilled his duty, so long as fading health permitted, and with what ability and filial piety the task which fell from his hands was taken up and carried on, first by the poet's daughter, and next by her brother Derwent, is well known to a grateful world. The tasks[2] passed on by Green were possible tasks. That which was impossible he chivalrously kept for himself—the completion of the *magnum opus*.

About a year after Coleridge's death, an accession of fortune enabled Green to renounce the private practice of his profession, and in his country retirement he devoted the remaining twenty-eight years of his life to an attempt to realise his master's dream. It was in vain. There was no *magnum opus*—'the existence of any such work was mere matter of moonshine,' says Green's biographer and editor. 'Coleridge had not left any available written materials . . . except fragments—for the most part, inadaptable fragments— . . . no system of philosophy, nor even the raw materials of one.'[3] Green probably accomplished more in the setting forth of Coleridge's philosophical views, in his Hunterian Orations of 1840 and 1847, than in the *Spiritual Philosophy*. But of these high matters I have no right to speak, and even were it otherwise, this would not be the place. Neither have I felt called on to discuss Coleridge's position as a poet. That has been settled, and is unlikely to be disturbed. But I had long felt that two things were awanting—first, a complete collection of his poems printed according to his own latest revised text, and arranged in some settled order ; and, second, a fairly complete and accurate narrative of the events of his life. These *desiderata* I have attempted to supply in this volume, which is the imperfect result of many years' labour of love.

[1] *Mem. of S. Coleridge*, i. iii. Most of the will (dated Sep. 17, 1829) is given in the *Gent. Mag.* for Dec. 1834. It is printed in full, with the codicil of July 2, 1830, in Coleridge's *Poems*. London : J. T. Cox, 1836, pp. liii.-lx.

[2] What became of the 'theological treatises' —what they were, or whether they ever reached the hands of Hare and Sterling, I know not. One may have been *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit*, edited by H. N. Coleridge ; and another, the *Theory of Life*—the joint composition of Coleridge and Gillman—published in 1848.

[3] *Spiritual Philosophy*, founded on the teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge, by the late J. H. Green, F.R.S., D.C.L., edited with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by John Simon. F.R.S., 2 vols. 1865, p. xxxviii.

XV. Coleridge and his Children

I would fain leave the narrative to work its own impression on the mind of the reader. If its somewhat fuller and more orderly presentment of what I honestly believe to be the truth, be not found to tend, on the whole, to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men, I shall, I confess, feel both surprised and disappointed. It is neither by glossing over his failings, nor by fixing an exclusive eye on them, that a true estimate of any man is to be arrived at. A better way is to collect as many facts as we can, set them in the light of the circumstances in which they were born, sort them fairly into the opposing scales, and weigh them in an atmosphere as free as possible from cant and prejudice. To my own mind it seems that Coleridge's failings are too obvious to require either all the insistence or all the moralising which have been lavished on them; and that his fall is less wonderful than his recovery. His will was congenitally weak, and his habits weakened it still farther; but his conscience, which was never allowed to sleep, tortured him; and, after many days, its workings stimulated the paralysed will, and he was saved.

A brief dawn of unsurpassed promise and achievement; 'a trouble' as of 'clouds and weeping rain'; then, a long summer evening's work done by 'the setting sun's pathetic light'—such was Coleridge's day, the after-glow of which is still in the sky. I am sure that the temple, with all the rubble which combined with its marble, must have been a grander whole than any we are able to reconstruct for ourselves from the stones which lie about the field. The living Coleridge was ever his own apology—men and women who neither shared nor ignored his shortcomings, not only loved him, but honoured and followed him. This power of attraction, which might almost be called universal, so diverse were the minds and natures attracted, is itself conclusive proof of very rare qualities. We may read and re-read his life, but we cannot know him as the Lambs, or the Wordsworths, or Poole, or Hookham Frere, or the Gillmans, or Green knew him. Hatred as well as love may be blind, but friendship has eyes, and their testimony may wisely be used in correcting our own impressions.

Coleridge left three children. Hartley, his eldest born, was also a poet and a man of letters. Not a few of his sonnets have taken a place in permanent literature, and as a critic and essayist he is remarkable for lucidity of style, and balance of thought and judgment. He was a gentle, simple, humble-minded man, but his life was marred and broken by intemperance. He lies, in death as in life, close to the heart of Wordsworth, and his name still lingers in affectionate remembrance by those 'lakes and sandy shores' beside which he was, as his father had prophesied, to 'wander like a breeze.' The career of Derwent, both as to the conduct of life and its rewards, was in marked contrast to his brother's. His bent was to be a student, but he was forced into action, partly by circumstance, partly by an honourable ambition. During a long and useful life, more than twenty years of which were spent as Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, he did signal service to the cause of national education. He cannot be said to have left his mark on literature, but his chief work, *The Scriptural Character of the English Church*, won the admiration of F. D. Maurice for 'its calm scholar-like tone and careful English style.' He was appointed a Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1846, and Rector of Hanwell in 1863. The leisure of his later years was devoted to linguistic and philological studies, in which his attainments were remarkable. At rare intervals, to the inner circle

of his friends, he would talk by the hour, and though in these 'conversational monologues' he resembled rather than approached his father, he delivered himself with a luminous wisdom all his own. He edited the works of his father, his brother, and of his two friends, Winthrop Mackworth Praed and John Moultrie. Of his sister Sara, it has been said that 'her father looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.' Her beauty and grace were as remarkable as her talents, her learning, and her accomplishments; but her chief characteristic was 'the radiant spirituality of her intellectual and imaginative being.' This, with other rare qualities of mind and spirit, is indicated in Wordsworth's affectionate appreciation in *The Triad*, and conspicuous in her fairy-tale *Phantasmion*, and in the letters which compose the bulk of her *Memoirs*.

POEMS

GENEVIEVE

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve!

1786.

DURA NAVIS

To tempt the dangerous deep, too venturous youth,
Why does thy breast with fondest wishes glow?
No tender parent there thy cares shall sooth
No much-lov'd Friend shall share thy every woe.
Why does thy mind with hopes delusive burn?
Vain are thy Schemes by heated Fancy plann'd:
Thy promised joy thou'lt see to Sorrow turn
Exil'd from Bliss, and from thy native land.
Hast thou foreseen the Storm's impending rage,
When to the clouds the Waves ambitious rise,
And seem with Heaven a doubtful war to wage,
Whilst total darkness overspreads the skies;
Save when the lightnings darting winged Fate
Quick bursting from the pitchy clouds between
In forked Terror, and destructive state[1]
Shall shew with double gloom the horrid scene.

Shalt thou be at this hour from danger free?
Perhaps with fearful force some falling Wave
Shall wash thee in the wild tempestuous Sea,
And in some monster's belly fix thy grave;
Or (woful hap!) against some wave-worn rock
Which long a Terror to each Bark had stood

[1] *State*, Grandeur. This school exercise written in the 15th year of my age does not contain a line that any clever schoolboy might not have written, and like most school poetry is a *Putting of Thought into Verse*; for such Verses as *strivings* of mind and struggles after the Intense and Vivid are a fair Promise of better things.—S. T. C. *ætat suæ* 51. [1823.]

Shall dash thy mangled limbs with furious shock
And stain its craggy sides with human blood.

Yet not the tempest, or the whirlwind's roar
Equal the horrors of a Naval Fight,
When thundering Cannons spread a sea of Gore
And varied deaths now fire and now affright :
The impatient shout, that longs for closer war,
Reaches from either side the distant shores ;
Whilst frighten'd at His streams ensanguin'd far
Loud on his troubled bed huge Ocean roars.[1]

What dreadful scenes appear before my eyes !
Ah ! see how each with frequent slaughter red,
Regardless of his dying fellows' cries
O'er their fresh wounds with impious order tread !
From the dread place does soft Compassion fly ! [mand ;
The Furies fell each alter'd breast com-
Whilst Vengeance drunk with human blood stands by
And smiling fires each heart and arms each hand.

Should'st thou escape the fury of that day
A fate more cruel still, unhappy, view.
Opposing winds may stop thy luckless way,
And spread fell famine through the suffering crew,
Canst thou endure th' extreme of raging Thirst
Which soon may scorch thy throat, ah ! thoughtless Youth !
Or ravening hunger canst thou bear which erst
On its own flesh hath fix'd the deadly tooth?

Dubious and fluttering 'twixt hope and fear
With trembling hands the lot I see thee draw,
Which shall, or sentence thee a victim drear,
To that ghaunt Plague which savage knows no law :
Or, deep thy dagger in the friendly heart,
Whilst each strong passion agitates thy breast :
Though oft with Horror back I see thee start
Lo ! Hunger *drives* thee to th' inhuman feast.

These are the ills, that may the course attend—
Then with the joys of home contented rest—
Here, meek-eyed Peace with humble Plenty lend
Their aid united still, to make thee blest.
To ease each pain, and to increase each joy—
Here mutual Love shall fix thy tender wife
Whose offspring shall thy youthful care employ
And gild with brightest rays the evening of thy Life. 1787.

MS.

[1] I well remember old Jemmy Bowyer, the 'plagosus Orbilius' of Christ's Hospital, but an admirable educer no less than Educator of the Intellect, bade me leave out as many epithets as would turn the whole into eight-syllable lines, and then ask myself if the exercise would not be greatly improved. How often have I thought of the proposal since then, and how many thousand bloated and puffing lines have I read, that, by this process, would have tripped over the tongue excellently. Likewise, I remember that he told me on the same occasion—'Coleridge ! the connections of a Declamation are not the transitions of Poetry—bad, however, as they are they are better than "Apostrophes" and "O thou's," for at the worst they are something like common sense. The others are the grimaces of Lunacy.' —S. T. COLERIDGE.

NIL PEJUS EST CÆLIBE VITÂ

[IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

I

WHAT pleasures shall he ever find ?
What joys shall ever glad his heart ?

Or who shall heal his wounded mind,
If tortur'd by misfortune's smart?
Who Hymeneal bliss will never prove,
That more than friendship, friendship mix'd with love.

II

Then without child or tender wife,
To drive away each care, each sigh,
Lonely he treads the paths of life
A stranger to Affection's tye:
And when from death he meets his final doom
No mourning wife with tears of love shall wet his tomb.

III

Tho' Fortune, riches, honours, pow'r,
Had giv'n with every other toy,
Those gilded trifles of the hour,
Those painted nothings sure to cloy:
He dies forgot, his name no son shall bear
To shew the man so blest once breath'd the vital air. 1787.
MS.

SONNET

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON

MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight. 1788.

ANTHEM

FOR THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

SERAPHS! around th' Eternal's seat who throng
With tuneful ecstasies of praise:
O! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song
Of fervent gratitude to raise—
Like you, inspired with holy flame
To dwell on that Almighty name
Who bade the child of woe no longer sigh,
And Joy in tears o'erspread the widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer;
The meek tear strongly pleads on high;
Wan Resignation struggling with despair
The Lord beholds with pitying eye;
Sees cheerless Want unpitied pine,
Disease on earth its head recline,
And bids Compassion seek the realms of woe
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes! she comes! the meek-eyed power I see
With liberal hand that loves to bless;
The clouds of sorrow at her presence flee;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye children of distress!
The beams that play around her head
Thro' Want's dark vale their radiance spread:
The young uncultured mind imbibes the ray,

And Vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.

Cease, thou lorn mother! cease thy wailings drear;
Ye babes! the unconscious sob forego;
Or let full gratitude now prompt the tear
Which erst did sorrow force to flow.
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill
In life's morn oft the traveller chill,
But soon his path the sun of Love shall warm;
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm!

1789.

JULIA

[IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

JULIA was blest with beauty, wit, and grace:
Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain,
Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came
And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
What every look and action would reveal.
With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of Marriage and of Love:
The course of Hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes danc'd pleasure at the sounds.
Nought now remain'd but 'Noes'—how little meant!
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptur'd fell:
The strange misfortunes, oh! what words can tell?
Tell! ye neglected sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward?
Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?
The favourite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies.
Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fixt on guilty Florio first:
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
The storm he fled: he wooes a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
'Twere vain to tell, how Julia pin'd away:
Unhappy Fair! that in one luckless day—
From future Almanacks the day be crost!—
At once her Lover and her Lap-dog lost.

1789.

QUÆ NOCENT DOCENT

[IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

O! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!

OH! might my ill-past hours return again!
No more, as then, should Sloth around me throw
Her soul-enslaving, leaden chain!
No more the precious time would I employ
In giddy revells, or in thoughtless joy,
A present joy producing future woe.

But o'er the midnight Lamp I'd love to pore,
I'd seek with care fair Learning's depths to sound,
And gather scientific Lore:
Or to mature the embryo thoughts inclin'd,

That half-conceiv'd lay struggling in my mind,
The cloisters' solitary gloom I'd round.

'Tis vain to wish, for Time has ta'en his flight—
For follies past be ceas'd the fruitless tears:
Let follies past to future care incite.
Averse maturer judgements to obey
Youth owns, with pleasure owns, the Passions' sway,
But sage Experience only comes with years. 1789.

MS.

THE NOSE

Ye souls unused to lofty verse
Who sweep the earth with lowly wing,
Like sand before the blast disperse—
A Nose! a mighty Nose I sing!
As erst Prometheus stole from heaven the fire
To animate the wonder of his hand;
Thus with unhallow'd hands, O muse, aspire,
And from my subject snatch a burning brand!
So like the Nose I sing—my verse shall glow—
Like Phlegethon my verse in waves of fire shall flow!

Light of this once all darksome spot
Where now their glad course mortals run,
First-born of Sirius begot
Upon the focus of the sun—
I'll call thee ——! for such thy earthly name:—
What name so high, but what too low must be?
Comets, when most they drink the solar flame
Are but faint types and images of thee!
Burn madly, Fire! o'er earth in ravage run,
Then blush for shame more red by fiercer —— outdone!

I saw when from the turtle feast
The thick dark smoke in volumes rose!
I saw the darkness of the mist
Encircle thee, O Nose!
Shorn of thy rays thou shott'st a fearful gleam
(The turtle quiver'd with prophetic fright)
Gloomy and sullen thro' the night of steam:—
So Satan's Nose when Dunstan urged to flight,
Glowing from gripe of red-hot pincers dread
Athwart the smokes of Hell disastrous twilight shed!

The Furies to madness my brain devote—
In robes of ice my body wrap!
On billowy flames of fire I float,
Hear ye my entrails how they snap?
Some power unseen forbids my lungs to breathe!
What fire-clad meteors round me whizzing fly!
I vitrify thy torrid zone beneath,
Proboscis fierce! I am calcined! I die!
Thus, like great Pliny, in Vesuvius' fire,
I perish in the blaze while I the blaze admire. 1789.

TO THE MUSE

Tho', no bold flights to thee belong;
And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,
Shrink from Judgement's eye severe,
Yet much I thank thee, Spirit of my song!
For, lovely Muse! thy sweet employ
Exalts my soul, refines my breast,
Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,
And softens sorrow into pensive Joy.
From thee I learn'd the wish to bless,
From thee to commune with my heart;
From thee, dear Muse! the gayer part,
To laugh with pity at the crowds that press

Where Fashion flaunts her robes by Folly spun,
Whose hues gay-varying wanton in the sun. 1789.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE

I

HEARD'ST thou yon universal cry,
And dost thou linger still on Gallia's shore?
Go, Tyranny! beneath some barbarous sky
Thy terrors lost and ruin'd power deplore!
What tho' through many a groaning age
Was felt thy keen suspicious rage,
Yet Freedom roused by fierce Disdain
Has wildly broke thy triple chain,
And like the storm which earth's deep entrails hide,
At length has burst its way and spread the ruins wide.

* * * *

IV

In sighs their sickly breath was spent; each gleam
Of Hope had ceased the long long day to cheer;
Or if delusive, in some flitting dream,
It gave them to their friends and children dear—
Awaked by lordly Insult's sound
To all the doubled horrors round,
Oft shrunk they from Oppression's band
While anguish raised the desperate hand
For silent death; or lost the mind's controll,
Thro' every burning vein would tides of Frenzy roll.

V

But cease, ye pitying bosoms, cease to bleed!
Such scenes no more demand the tear humane;
I see, I see! glad Liberty succeed
With every patriot virtue in her train!
And mark yon peasant's raptured eyes;
Secure he views his harvests rise;
No fetter vile the mind shall know,
And Eloquence shall fearless glow.
Yes! Liberty the soul of Life shall reign,
Shall throb in every pulse, shall flow thro' every vein!

VI

Shall France alone a Despot spurn?
Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care?
Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn,
Tho' Power's blood-stain'd streamers fire the air,
And wider yet thy influence spread,
Nor e'er recline thy weary head,
Till every land from pole to pole
Shall boast one independent soul!
And still, as erst, let favour'd Britain be
First ever of the first and freest of the free! ? 1789.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

[*Probably the preceding verses.*]

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,

My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourned with the breeze, O Lee Boo![1]
o'er thy tomb.
Where'er I wandered, Pity still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glistened in
the tear:
No knell that tolled but filled my
anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that *one*
should die![2]

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my
breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping
West:
When slumbering Freedom roused with
high Disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain!
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star
glowed;
Her banners, like a midnight meteor,
flowed;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies!
She came, and scattered battles from her
eyes!
Then Exultation waked the patriot fire
And swept with wilder hand the Alcæan
lyre:
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook
the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of
France!

Fallen is the oppressor, friendless, ghastly,
low,
And my heart aches, though Mercy
struck the blow.
With wearied thought once more I seek
the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the Myrtle
braid.
And O! if Eyes whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;

If Smiles more winning, and a gentler
Mien
Than the love-wildered Maniac's brain
hath seen
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand the empassioned Poet's
care—
If Mirth and softened Sense and Wit
refined,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand
assign
No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly
shrine.
Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers
refuse—
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their
simple hues;
No purple bloom the Child of Nature
brings
From Flattery's night-shade: as he feels
he sings.

September 1792.

LIFE

As late I journey'd o'er the extensive
plain [stream,
Where native Otter sports his scanty
Musing in torpid woe a sister's pain,
The glorious prospect woke me from
the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight,
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and
dreary Steep.
Following in quick succession of delight,
Till all—at once—did my eye ravish'd
sweep!

May this (I cried) my course through Life
portray! [display,
New scenes of wisdom may each step
And knowledge open as my days
advance!
Till what time Death shall pour the un-
darken'd ray,
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,
And thought suspended lie in rapture's
blissful trance.

1789.

[1] Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich church-yard. See Keate's *Account of the Pelew Islands.* 1788.

[2] Southey's *Retrospect.*

PROGRESS OF VICE

[IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOOK]

Nemo repente turpissimus

DEEP in the gulph of Guilt and Woe
Leaps man at once with headlong throw?
Him innate Truth and Virtue guide,
Whose guards are Shame and conscious Pride.
In some gay hour Vice steals into the breast;
Perchance she wears some softer Virtue's vest.
By unperceiv'd degrees she tempts to stray,
Till far from Virtue's path she leads the feet away.

Yet still the heart to disenthral
Will Memory the past recall,
And fear before the Victim's eyes
Bid future woes and dangers rise.
But hark! their charms the voice, the lyre, combine—
Gay sparkles in the cup the generous Wine—
The mazy dance, and frail young Beauty fires—
And Virtue vanquish'd, scorn'd, with hasty flight retires.

But soon to tempt the pleasures cease;
Yet shame forbids return to peace,
And stern necessity will force
Still to urge on the desperate course.
The drear black paths of Vice the wretch must try,
Where Conscience flashes horror on each eye,
Where Hate—where Murder scowl—where starts Affright!
Ah! close the scene—ah! close—for dreadful is the sight.

1790.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON

[FIRST VERSION, IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL-BOOK—1790]

Cold penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.

NOW prompts the Muse poetic lays,
And high my bosom beats with love of Praise!
But, Chatterton! methinks I hear thy name,
For cold my Fancy grows, and dead each Hope of Fame.

When Want and cold Neglect had chill'd thy soul,
Athirst for Death I see thee drench the bowl!
Thy corpse of many a livid hue
On the bare ground I view,
Whilst various passions all my mind engage;
Now is my breast distended with a sigh,
And now a flash of Rage
Darts through the tear, that glistens in my eye.

Is this the land of liberal Hearts!
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth her soul-enchanting strain?
Ah me! yet Butler 'gainst the bigot foe
Well-skill'd to aim keen Humour's dart,
Yet Butler felt Want's poignant sting;
And Otway, Master of the Tragic art,
Whom Pity's self had taught to sing,
Sank beneath a load of Woe;
This ever can the generous Briton hear,
And starts not in his eye th' indignant Tear?

Elate of Heart and confident of Fame,
From vales where Avon sports, the Minstrel came,
Gay as the Poet hastes along
He meditates the future song,
How Ælla battled with his country's foes,
And whilst Fancy in the air
Paints him many a vision fair
His eyes dance rapture and his bosom glows.
With generous joy he views th' ideal gold:
He listens to many a Widow's prayers,
And many an Orphan's thanks he hears;
He soothes to peace the care-worn breast,
He bids the Debtor's eyes know rest,
And Liberty and Bliss behold:
And now he punishes the heart of steel,
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Fated to heave sad Disappointment's sigh,
To feel the Hope now rais'd, and now deprest,
To feel the burnings of an injur'd breast,
From all thy Fate's deep sorrow keen
In vain, O Youth, I turn th' affrighted eye;
For powerful Fancy evernigh
The hateful picture forces on my sight.
There, Death of every dear delight,
Frowns Poverty of Giant mien!
In vain I seek the charms of youthful grace,
Thy sunken eye, thy haggard cheeks it shews,
The quick emotions struggling in the Face
Faint index of thy mental Throes,
When each strong Passion spurn'd controll,
And not a Friend was nigh to calm thy stormy soul.

Such was the sad and gloomy hour
When anguish'd care of sullen brow
Prepared the Poison's death-cold power.
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When filial Pity stood thee by,
Thy fixed eyes she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul—
Thy native cot she held to view,
Thy native cot, where Peace ere long
Had listen'd to thy evening song;
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy mother's thrilling tear,
She made thee feel her deep-drawn sigh,
And all her silent agony of Woe.

And from *thy* Fate shall such distress ensue?
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!
And thou had'st dash'd it at her soft command;
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy Woes,
Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling Heart,
The dread dependence on the low-born mind,
Told every Woe, for which thy breast might smart,
Neglect and grinning scorn and Want combin'd—
Recoiling back, thou sent'st the friend of Pain
To roll a tide of Death thro' every freezing vein.

O Spirit blest!
Whether th' eternal Throne around,
Amidst the blaze of Cherubim,
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn,
Or, soaring through the blest Domain,
Enraptur'st Angels with thy strain,—
Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound,
Like thee, with fire divine to glow—
But ah! when rage the Waves of Woe,

Grant me with firmer breast t'oppose
their hate,
And soar beyond the storms with upright
eye elate! 90
1790.

INSIDE THE COACH

'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try
Unclosed to keep the weary eye;
But ah! Oblivion's nod to get
In rattling coach is harder yet.
Slumbrous God of half-shut eye!
Who lovest with limbs supine to lie;
Soother sweet of toil and care
Listen, listen to my prayer;
And to thy votary dispense
Thy soporific influence!
What tho' around thy drowsy head
The seven-fold cap of night be spread,
Yet lift that drowsy head awhile
And yawn propitiously a smile;
In drizzly rains poppean dews
O'er the tired inmates of the Coach
diffuse;
And when thou'st charm'd our eyes to rest
Pillowing the chin upon the breast,
Bid many a dream from thy dominions
Wave its various-painted pinions,
Till ere the splendid visions close
We snore quartettes in ecstasy of nose.
While thus we urge our airy course,
O may no jolt's electric force
Our fancies from their steeds unhorse,
And call us from thy fairy reign
To dreary Bagshot Heath again! 1790.

DEVONSHIRE ROADS

The indignant Bard composed this
furious ode,
As tired he dragg'd his way thro' Plimtree
road!
Crusted with filth and stuck in mire
Dull sounds the Bard's bemudded
lyre;
Nathless Revenge and Ire the Poet
goad
To pour his imprecations on the road.
Curst road! whose execrable way
Was darkly shadow'd out in Milton's
lay,
When the sad fiends thro' Hell's
sulphureous roads
Took the first survey of their new
abodes;
Or when the fall'n Archangel fierce
Dared through the realms of Night to
pierce,
What time the Bloodhound lured by
Human scent
Thro' all Confusion's quagmires flounder-
ing went.

Nor cheering pipe, nor Bird's shrill note
Around thy dreary paths shall float;
Their boding songs shall scritch-owls pour
To fright the guilty shepherds sore,
Led by the wandering fires astray
Thro' the dank horrors of thy way!
While they their mud-lost sandals hunt
May all the curses, which they grunt
In raging moan like goaded hog,
Alight upon thee, damned Bog! 1790.

AN INVOCATION

Sweet Muse! companion of my every
hour!
Voice of my Joy! Sure soother of the
sigh!
Now plume thy pinions, now exert each
power,
And fly to him who owns the candid eye.

And if a smile of Praise thy labour hail
(Well shall thy labours then my mind
employ)
Fly fleetly back, sweet Muse! and with
the tale [Joy!
O'erspread my Features with a flush of
MS. 1790.

MUSIC

Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony
That lead'st th' oblivious soul astray—
Though thou sphere-descended be—
Hence away!—

Thou mightier Goddess, thou demand'st my lay,
Born when earth was seized with cholic;
Or as more sapient sages say,
What time the Legion diabolic
Compell'd their beings to enshrine
In bodies vile of herded swine,
Precipitate adown the steep
With hideous rout were plunging in the deep,
And hog and devil mingling grunt and yell
Seized on the ear with horrible obtrusion;—
Then if aright old legendaries tell,
Wert thou begot by Discord on Confusion!

What though no name's sonorous power
Was given thee at thy natal hour!—
Yet oft I feel thy sacred might,
While concords wing their distant flight.
Such power inspires thy holy son
Sable clerk of Tiverton.
And oft where Otter sports his stream,
I hear thy banded offspring scream.
Thou Goddess! thou inspir'st each throat;
'Tis thou who pour'st the scritch-owl note!
Transported hear'st thy children all
Scrape and blow and squeak and squall,
And while old Otter's steeple rings,
Clappest hoarse thy raven wings!

1790.

ANNA AND HARLAND

WITHIN these wilds was Anna wont to rove
While Harland told his love in many a sigh,
But stern on Harland rolled her brother's eye,
They fought, they fell—her brother and her love!

To Death's dark house did grief-worn Anna haste,
Yet here her pensive ghost delights to stay;
Oft pouring on the winds the broken lay—
And hark, I hear her—'twas the passing blast.

I love to sit upon her tomb's dark grass,
Then Memory backward rolls Time's shadowy tide;
The tales of other days before me glide:
With eager thought I seize them as they pass;
For fair, tho' faint, the forms of Memory gleam,
Like Heaven's bright beauteous bow reflected in the stream. ?1790.

TO THE EVENING STAR

O MEEK attendant of Sol's setting blaze,
I hail, sweet star, thy chaste effulgent glow;
On thee full oft with fixed eye I gaze
Till I, methinks, all spirit seem to grow.

O first and fairest of the starry choir,
O loveliest 'mid the daughters of the night,
Must not the maid I love like thee inspire
Pure joy and *calm* Delight?

Must she not be, as is thy placid sphere
Serenely brilliant? Whilst to gaze a while
Be all my wish 'mid Fancy's high career
E'en till she quit this scene of earthly toil;
Then Hope perchance might fondly sigh to join
Her spirit in thy kindred orb, O star benign! ?1790.

PAIN

ONCE could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze,
All Nature charm, and gay was every hour:—

But ah! not Music's self, nor fragrant bower
Can glad the trembling sense of wan disease.
Now that the frequent pangs my frame assail,
Now that my sleepless eyes are sunk and dim,
And seas of pain seem waving through each limb—
Ah what can all Life's gilded scenes avail?
I view the crowd, whom youth and health inspire,
Hear the loud laugh, and catch the sportive lay,
Then sigh and think—I too could laugh and play
And gaily sport it on the Muse's lyre,
Ere Tyrant Pain had chased away delight,
Ere the wild pulse throbb'd anguish thro' the night!

? 1790.

ON A LADY WEEPING

IMITATION FROM THE LATIN OF NICOLAUS ARCHIUS

LOVELY gems of radiance meek
Tumbling down my Laura's cheek,
As the streamlets silent glide
Thro' the meads' enamell'd pride,
Pledges sweet of pious woe,
Tears which Friendship taught to flow,
Sparkling in yon humid light
Love embathes his pinions bright:
There amid the glitt'ring show'r
As some winged Warbler oft
When spring-clouds shed their treasures soft
Joyous tricks his plumes anew,
And flutters in the fost'ring dew.

MS. ? 1790.

MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE

MUSE that late sang another's poignant pain,
To griefs domestic turn thy coal-black steed!
In slowest steps the funeral steeds shall go,
Nodding their heads in all the pomp of woe:
Wide scatter round each deadly weed,
And let the melancholy dirge complain,
(Whilst bats shall shriek and dogs shall howling run)
His tea-kettle is spoilt and Coleridge is undone!

Your cheerful song, ye unseen crickets, cease!
Let songs of grief your alter'd minds engage!
For he who sang responsive to your lay,
What time the joyous bubbles 'gan to play,
The *sooty swain* has felt the fire's fierce rage;—
Yes, he is gone, and all my woes increase;
I heard the water hissing from the wound—
No more the Tea shall throw its fragrant steam around!

O Goddess best beloved! Delightful Tea!
With whom compar'd what yields the madd'ning Wine?
Sweet power! that know'st to spread the calm delight,
And the pure joy prolong to midmost night!
Ah! must I all thy various charms resign?
Enfolded close in grief thy form I see
No more wilt thou expand thy willing arms,
Receive the *fervent Jove*, and yield him all thy charms!

How low the mighty sink by Fate opprest!—
Perhaps, O Kettle! thou by scornful toe
Rude urg'd t' ignoble place with plaintive din,
May'st rust obscure midst heaps of vulgar tin;—

As if no joy had ever chear'd my
breast
When from thy spout the stream did
arching flow,—
As if, inspir'd, thou ne'er hadst known
t' inspire
All the warm raptures of poetic
fire!

But hark! or do I fancy *Georgian*
voice—
'What tho' its form did wondrous
charms disclose—
(Not such did Memnon's sister sable
drest)
Take these bright arms with royal
face imprest,
A better Kettle shall thy soul rejoice,
And with Oblivion's wing o'erspread
thy woes!'
Thus Fairy Hope can soothe distress
and toil;
On empty Trivets she bids fancied
Kettles boil!

1790.

ON RECEIVING AN ACCOUNT THAT HIS ONLY SISTER'S DEATH WAS INEVITABLE

THE tear which mourn'd a brother's fate
scarce dry—
Pain after pain, and woe succeeding
woe—
Is my heart destined for another blow?
O my sweet sister! and must thou too
die?
Ah! how has Disappointment pour'd
the tear
O'er infant Hope destroy'd by early frost!
How are ye gone, whom most my soul
held dear!
Scarce had I loved you ere I mourn'd
you lost;
Say, is this hollow eye, this heartless
pain,
Fated to rove thro' Life's wide cheerless
plain—
Nor father, brother, sister meet its ken—
My woes, my joys unshared! Ah! long
ere then
On me thy icy dart, stern Death, be
proved;—
Better to die, than live and not be loved!

1790.

ON SEEING A YOUTH AFFECTIONATELY WELCOMED BY A SISTER

I TOO a sister had! too cruel Death!
How sad remembrance bids my bosom
heave!
Tranquil her soul, as sleeping Infant's
breath;
Meek were her manners as a vernal
Eve.
Knowledge, that frequent lifts the
bloated mind,
Gave her the treasure of a lowly breast,
And Wit to venom'd Malice oft
assign'd,
Dwelt in her bosom in a Turtle's nest.
Cease, busy Memory! cease to urge
the dart;
Nor on my soul her love to me
impress!
For oh I mourn in anguish—and my
heart
Feels the keen pang, th' unutterable
distress.
Yet wherefore grieve I that her sorrows
cease,
For Life was misery, and the Grave is
Peace!

?1792.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

If Pegasus will let thee only ride him,
Spurning my clumsy efforts to o'erstride him,
Some fresh expedient the Muse will try,
And walk on stilts, although she cannot fly.

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

DEAR BROTHER,

I have often been surprised that Mathematics, the quintessence of Truth, should have found admirers so few and

so languid. Frequent consideration and minute scrutiny have at length unravelled the cause; viz. that though Reason is feasted, Imagination is starved; whilst Reason is luxuriating in its proper Paradise, Imagination is wearily travelling on a dreary desert. To assist Reason by the stimulus of Imagination is the design of the following production. In the execution of it much may be objectionable. The verse (particularly in the introduction of the ode) may be accused of unwarrantable liberties, but they are liberties equally homogeneal with the exactness of Mathematical disquisition, and the boldness of Pindaric daring. I have three strong champions to defend me against the attacks of Criticism: the Novelty, the Difficulty, and the Utility of the work. I may justly plume myself that I first have drawn the nymph Mathesis from the visionary caves of abstracted idea, and caused her to unite with Harmony. The first-born of this Union I now present to you; with interested motives indeed—as I expect to receive in return the more valuable offspring of your Muse.

Thine ever,
S. T. C.

[CHRIST'S HOSPITAL],
March 31, 1791.

This is now—this was erst,
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I

On a given finite line
Which must no way incline;
To describe an equi—
—lateral Tri—
—A, N, G, L, E.
Now let A. B.
Be the given line
Which must no way incline;
The great Mathematician
Makes this Requisition,
That we describe an Equi—
—lateral Tri—
—angle on it:
Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit!

II

From the centre A. at the distance A. B.
Describe the circle B. C. D.
At the distance B. A. from B. the centre
The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture.
(Third postulate see.)
And from the point C.
In which the circles make a pother
Cutting and slashing one another,
Bid the straight lines a journeying go.
C. A. C. B. those lines will show.
To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd,
And postulate the second
For Authority ye know.
A. B. C.
Triumphant shall be
An Equilateral Triangle,
Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

III

Because the point A. is the centre
Of the circular B. C. D.
And because the point B. is the centre
Of the circular A. C. E.
A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.
Harmoniously equal for ever must stay;
Then C. A. and B. C.
Both extend the kind hand
To the basis, A. B.
Unambitiously join'd in Equality's Band.
But to the same powers, when two powers are equal,
My mind forbodes the sequel;
My mind does some celestial impulse teach,
And equalises each to each.
Thus C. A. with B. C. strikes the same sure alliance,
That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before;
And in mutual affiance
None attempting to soar
Above another,
The unanimous three
C. A. and B. C. and A. B.

All are equal, each to his brother.
Preserving the balance of power so true:
Ah! the like would the proud Autocratrix[1] do!
At taxes impending not Britain would tremble,
Nor Prussia struggle her fear to dissemble;
Nor the Mah'met-sprung wight
The great Mussulman
Would stain his Divan
With Urine the soft-flowing daughter of Fright.

IV

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine!
Should Empires bloat the scientific line?
Or with dishevell'd hair all madly do ye run
For transport that your task is done?
For done it is—the cause is tried!
And Proposition, gentle maid,
Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,
Has proved her right, and A. B. C.
Of Angles three
Is shown to be of equal side;
And now our weary steed to rest in fine,
'Tis raised upon A. B. the straight, the given line. 1791.

SONNET

ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE

Farewell parental scenes! a sad farewell!
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.
Adieu, adieu! ye much-loved cloisters pale!
Ah! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn. 1791.

[1] Empress of Russia.

ABSENCE

A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Where graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song:
Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly!
Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by!—
But cease, fond Heart! this bootless moan:
Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The Sun who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she relumes her lovely light,
We bless the Wanderer of the Night.
1791.

PHILEDON

O, curas hominum! O, quantum est in rebus inane!

THE fervid Sun had more than halved the day,
When gloomy on his couch Philedon lay;
His feeble frame consumptive as his purse,
His aching head did wine and women curse;
His fortune ruin'd and his wealth decay'd,
Clamorous his duns, his gaming debts unpaid,
The youth indignant seized his tailor's bill,
And on its back thus wrote with moral quill:
'Various as colours in the rainbow shown,
Or similar in emptiness alone,
How false, how vain are Man's pursuits below!
Wealth, Honour, Pleasure—what can ye bestow?
Yet see, how high and low, and young and old
Pursue the all delusive power of Gold.
Fond man! should all Peru thy empire own,
For thee tho' all Golconda's jewels shone,
What greater bliss could all this wealth supply?
What, but to eat and drink and sleep and die?
Go, tempt the stormy sea, the burning soil—
Go, waste the night in thought, the day in toil,
Dark frowns the rock, and fierce the tempests rave—
Thy ingots go the unconscious deep to pave!
Or thunder at thy door the midnight train,
Or Death shall knock that never knocks in vain.
Next Honour's sons come bustling on amain;
I laugh with pity at the idle train.
Infirm of soul! who think'st to lift thy name
Upon the waxen wings of human fame,—
Who for a sound, articulated breath—
Gazest undaunted in the face of death!
What art thou but a Meteor's glaring light—
Blazing a moment and then sunk in night?
Caprice which raised thee high shall hurl thee low,
Or envy blast the laurels on thy brow.
To such poor joys could ancient Honour lead
When empty fame was toiling Merit's meed;
To Modern Honour other lays belong;
Profuse of joy and Lord of right and wrong,
Honour can game, drink, riot in the stew,
Cut a friend's throat;—what cannot Honour do?
Ah me—the storm within can Honour still
For Julio's death, whom Honour made me kill?
Or will this lordly Honour tell the way
To pay those debts, which Honour makes me pay?
Or if with pistol and terrific threats
I make some traveller pay my Honour's debts,
A medicine for this wound can Honour give?
Ah, no! my Honour dies to make my Honour live.
But see! young Pleasure, and her train advance,
And joy and laughter wake the inebriate dance;
Around my neck she throws her fair white arms,
I meet her loves, and madden at her charms.
For the gay grape can joys celestial move,
And what so sweet below as Woman's love?

With such high transport every moment flies,
I curse Experience that he makes me wise;
For at his frown the dear deliriums flew,
And the changed scene now wears a gloomy hue.
A hideous hag th' Enchantress Pleasure seems,
And all her joys appear but feverous dreams.
The vain resolve still broken and still made,
Disease and loathing and remorse invade;
The charm is vanish'd and the bubble's broke,—
'A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke!'
Such lays repentant did the Muse supply;
When as the Sun was hastening down the sky,
In glittering state twice fifty guineas come,—
His Mother's plate antique had raised the sum.
Forth leap'd Philedon of new life possest:—
'Twas Brookes's all till two,—'twas Hackett's all the rest!
[*Cambridge.*] 1791.

ON IMITATION

All are not born to soar—and ah! how few
In tracks where Wisdom leads their paths pursue!
Contagious when to wit or wealth allied,
Folly and Vice diffuse their venom wide.
On Folly every fool his talent tries;
It asks some toil to imitate the wise;
Tho' few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink. ?1791.

HAPPINESS

On wide or narrow scale shall Man
Most happily describe life's plan?
Say shall he bloom and wither there,
Where first his infant buds appear;
Or upwards dart with soaring force,
And tempt some more ambitious course?
Obedient now to Hope's command,
I bid each humble wish expand,
And fair and bright Life's prospects seem,
While Hope displays her cheering beam,
And Fancy's vivid colourings stream,
While Emulation stands me nigh
The Goddess of the eager eye.
With foot advanced and anxious heart
Now for the fancied goal I start:—
Ah! why will Reason intervene
Me and my promised joys between!
She stops my course, she chains my speed,
While thus her forceful words proceed:—
'Ah! listen, youth, ere yet too late,
What evils on thy course may wait!
To bow the head, to bend the knee,
A minion of Servility,
At low Pride's frequent frowns to sigh,
And watch the glance in Folly's eye;
To toil intense, yet toil in vain,
And feel with what a hollow pain
Pale Disappointment hangs her head
O'er darling Expectation dead!
'The scene is changed and Fortune's gale
Shall belly out each prosperous sail.
Yet sudden wealth full well I know
Did never happiness bestow.
That wealth to which we were not born
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.
Behold yon flock which long had trod
O'er the short grass of Devon's sod,
To Lincoln's rank rich meads transferr'd,
And in their fate thy own be fear'd;
Through every limb contagions fly,
Deform'd and choked they burst and die.
'When Luxury opens wide her arms,
And smiling wooes thee to those charms,
Whose fascination thousands own,
Shall thy brows wear the stoic frown?
And when her goblet she extends
Which maddening myriads press around,
What power divine thy soul befriends
That thou should'st dash it to the ground?—
No, thou shalt drink, and thou shalt know
Her transient bliss, her lasting woe,

Her maniac joys, that know no measure,
And riot rude and painted pleasure ;—
Till (sad reverse !) the Enchantress vile
To frowns converts her magic smile ;
Her train impatient to destroy,
Observe her frown with gloomy joy ;
On thee with harpy fangs they seize
The hideous offspring of Disease,
Swoln Dropsy ignorant of Rest,
And Fever garb'd in scarlet vest,
Consumption driving the quick hearse,
And Gout that howls the frequent curse,
With Apoplex of heavy head
That surely aims his dart of lead.
'But say Life's joys unmix'd were given
To thee some favourite of Heaven :
Within, without, tho' all were health—
Yet what e'en thus are Fame, Power, Wealth,
But sounds that variously express,
What's thine already—Happiness !
'Tis thine the converse deep to hold
With all the famous sons of old ;
And thine the happy waking dream
While Hope pursues some favourite theme,
As oft when Night o'er Heaven is spread,
Round this maternal seat you tread,
Where far from splendour, far from riot,
In silence wrapt sleeps careless quiet.
'Tis thine with fancy oft to talk,
And thine the peaceful evening walk ;
And what to thee the sweetest are—
The setting sun, the evening star—
The tints, which live along the sky,
And Moon that meets thy raptured eye,
Where oft the tear shall grateful start,
Dear silent pleasures of the Heart !
Ah ! Being blest, for Heaven shall lend
To share thy simple joys a friend !
Ah ! doubly blest, if Love supply
His influence to complete thy joy,
If chance some lovely maid thou find
To read thy visage in thy mind.
'One blessing more demands thy care :—
Once more to Heaven address the prayer :
For humble independence pray
The guardian genius of thy way ;
Whom (sages say) in days of yore
Meek Competence to Wisdom bore,
So shall thy little vessel glide
With a fair breeze adown the tide,
And Hope, if e'er thou 'ginst to sorrow
Remind thee of some fair to-morrow,
Till Death shall close thy tranquil eye
While Faith proclaims "thou shalt not die !"'

?1791.

THE RAVEN

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

UNDERNEATH a huge oak tree
There was of swine a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast :
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high :
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly :
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy !
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go ?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travelled he with wandering wings :
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,

And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were killed; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever;
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship, it was launched; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:
The old Raven flew round and round, and cawed to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thank'd him again and again for this treat:
They had taken his all, and REVENGE WAS SWEET!
[We must not think so; but forget and forgive,
And what Heaven gives life to, we'll still let it live!]

?1791.

A WISH

WRITTEN IN JESUS WOOD, FEB. 10, 1792

[*Sent, with the two pieces which follow, to Mary Evans, in a letter of that date.*]

Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves,
Thro' vales irriguous, and thro' green retreats,
With languid murmur creeps the placid stream
And works its secret way.

Awhile meand'ring round its native fields,
It rolls the playful wave and winds its flight:
Then downward flowing with awaken'd speed
Embosoms in the Deep!

Thus thro' its silent tenor may my Life
Smooth its meek stream by sordid wealth unclogg'd,
Alike unconscious of forensic storms,
And Glory's blood-stain'd palm!

And when dark Age shall close Life's little day,
Satiate of sport, and weary of its toils,
E'en thus may slumbrous Death my decent limbs
Compose with icy hand!

MS.

AN ODE IN THE MANNER OF ANACREON

As late in wreaths gay flowers I bound,
Beneath some roses Love I found,
And by his little frolic pinion
As quick as thought I seiz'd the minion,
Then in my cup the prisoner threw,
And drank him in its sparkling dew:
And sure I feel my angry guest
Fluttering his wings within my breast!

MS. 1792.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS

WHO DESERTED HIM IN QUEST OF A MORE WEALTHY HUSBAND IN THE EAST INDIES

THE dubious light sad glimmers o'er the sky:
'Tis silence all. By lonely anguish torn,
With wandering feet to gloomy groves I fly,
And wakeful Love still tracks my course forlorn.

And will you, cruel Julia! will you go?
And trust you to the Ocean's dark dismay?
Shall the wide wat'ry world between us flow?
And winds unpitying snatch my Hopes away?

Thus could you sport with my too easy heart?
Yet tremble, lest not unaveng'd I grieve!
The winds may learn your own delusive art,
And faithless Ocean smile — but to deceive! 1792.
MS.

WITH FIELDING'S 'AMELIA'

VIRTUES and Woes alike too great for man
In the soft tale oft claim the useless sigh;
For vain the attempt to realise the plan,
On Folly's wings must Imitation fly.
With other aim has Fielding here display'd
Each social duty and each social care;
With just yet vivid colouring portray'd
What every wife should be, what many are.
And sure the Parent of a race so sweet
With double pleasure on the page shall dwell,
Each scene with sympathising breast shall meet,
While Reason still with smiles delights to tell
Maternal hope, that her loved progeny
In all but sorrows shall Amelias be!
? 1792.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
In Lumin's *flowery* vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say,
'Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

'To-morrow shall the Traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The *dreary* vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! *thou* shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour. 1793.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHÓMA

FROM THE SAME

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?

Not always in caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my beauty I strayed;
The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosomed Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the Departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But disturbed by the tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my cavern by night.

1793.

SONGS OF THE PIXIES

THE Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author, during the summer months of the year 1793, conducted a party of young ladies; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

I

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat;
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere Morn with living gems bedight
Purples the East with streaky light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues;
Or sport amid the rosy gleam
Soothed by the distant-tinkling team,
While lusty Labour scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs the accustomed road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion,
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat
O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale
Fanned by the unfrequent gale
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV

Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, 'unknown to Fame,'
Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy grot appear
Many a rudely-sculptured name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue,
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V

When Evening's dusky car
Crowned with her dewy star
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze
Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bowered sequestered walk,
We listen to the enamoured rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

VI

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court,
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froths along;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII

Hence thou lingerer, Light!
Eve saddens into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds in watery colours drest
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell
Where the blameless Pixies dwell:
But thou, Sweet Nymph! proclaimed our Faery Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen
Graceful Ease in artless stole,
And white-robed Purity of soul,
With Honour's softer mien;
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX

Unboastful Maid! though now the Lily pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;
Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek;
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose
Extract a Blush for Love!

1793.

THE ROSE

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest:
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight!
Then clapped his wings for joy.

'And O!' he cried—'Of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix *my* empire here.' 1793.

KISSES

CUPID, if storying Legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich Elixir of Delight.
A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews which Evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,
Each gentler Pleasure of th' unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamour'd Dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive Love.
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And 'Kisses' was the precious Compound's name.
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,
And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest. 1793.

THE GENTLE LOOK

THOU gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!
Could I recal you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright rainbow on a willowy stream. ? 1793.

SONNET

TO THE RIVER OTTER

DEAR native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy and what mournful hours, since last

I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that veined with various dyes
Gleamed through thy bright transparence! On my way,
Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

? 1793.

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE

ONCE more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

? 1793.

LINES

ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;

Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes!
When first the lark high-soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing mid the gleams of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle-trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given
Formed by the wonderous Alchemy of Heaven!
No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the softened echoes of Heaven's Halls!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God!
A flower-entangled Arbour I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So tossed by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream!
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!
No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

? 1793.

TO FORTUNE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MORNING CHRONICLE*

SIR,—The following poem you may perhaps deem admissible into your journal—if not, you will commit it *εἰς ἱερὸν μένος Ἡφαίστου*. — I am, with more respect and gratitude than I ordinarily feel for Editors of Papers, your obliged, etc., CANTAB.—S. T. C.

TO FORTUNE

On buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery

Composed during a walk to and from the Queen's Head, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, and Hornsby's and Co., Cornhill.

PROMPTRESS of unnumber'd sighs,
O snatch that circling bandage from thine eyes!
O look, and smile! No common prayer
Solicits, Fortune! thy propitious care!
For, not a silken son of dress,
I clink the gilded chains of *politesses*,
Nor ask thy boon what time I scheme
Unholy Pleasure's frail and feverish dream;
Nor yet my view life's *dazzle* blinds—
Pomp!—Grandeur! Power!—I give you to the winds!
Let the little bosom cold
Melt only at the sunbeam ray of gold—
My pale cheeks glow—the big drops start—
The rebel *Feeling* riots at my heart!
And if in lonely durance pent,
Thy poor mite mourn a brief imprisonment—
That mite at Sorrow's faintest sound
Leaps from its scrip with an elastic bound!
But oh! if ever song thine ear
Might soothe, O haste with fost'ring hand to rear
One Flower of Hope! At Love's behest,
Trembling, I plac'd it in my secret breast:
And thrice I've viewed the vernal gleam,
Since oft mine eye, with joy's electric beam,
Illum'd it—and its sadder hue
Oft moistened with the tear's ambrosial dew!
Poor wither'd floweret! on its head
Has dark Despair his sickly mildew shed!
But thou, O Fortune! canst relume
Its deaden'd tints—and thou with hardier bloom
May'st haply tinge its beauties pale,
And yield the unsunn'd stranger to the western gale!

Morning Chronicle, Nov. 7, 1793.

LEWTI

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT

AT midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew.—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair,
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reach'd the moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky,
Thin, and white, and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies
When silent night has closed her eyes:
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head:
Voice of the Night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently-swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1794.

IMITATIONS

AD LYRAM

(CASIMIR, BOOK II. ODE 3)

THE solemn-breathing air is ended—
Cease, O Lyre! thy kindred lay!
From the poplar-branch suspended
Glitter to the eye of Day!

On thy wires hovering, dying,
Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber, careless lying,
By yon waterfall reclined.

In the forest hollow-roaring
Hark! I hear a deepening sound—
Clouds rise thick with heavy louring!
See! the horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,
Let me seize thy wetted string!
Swiftly flies the flatterer, Pleasure,
Headlong, ever on the wing.

1794

TO LESBIA

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.
CATULLUS.

MY Lesbia, let us love and live,
And to the winds, my Lesbia, give
Each cold restraint, each boding fear
Of age and all her saws severe.

Yon sun now posting to the main
Will set,—but 'tis to rise again;—
But we, when once our mortal light
Is set, must sleep in endless night.
Then come, with whom alone I'll live,
A thousand kisses take and give!
Another thousand!—to the store
Add hundreds—then a thousand more!
And when they to a million mount,
Let confusion take the account,—
That you, the number never knowing,
May continue still bestowing—
That I for joys may never pine,
Which never can again be mine!

Morning Post, April 11, 1798.

THE DEATH OF THE STARLING

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque.—CATULLUS.

PITY! mourn in plaintive tone
The lovely starling dead and gone!
Pity mourns in plaintive tone
The lovely starling dead and gone.
Weep, ye Loves! and Venus! weep
The lovely starling fall'n asleep!
Venus sees with tearful eyes—
In her lap the starling lies!
While the Loves all in a ring
Softly stroke the stiffen'd wing.

? 1794.

MORIENS SUPERSTITI

THE hour-bell sounds, and I must go;
Death waits—again I hear him calling;—
No cowardly desires have I,
Nor will I shun his face appalling.
I die in faith and honour rich—
But ah! I leave behind my treasure
In widowhood and lonely pain;—
To live were surely then a pleasure!

My lifeless eyes upon thy face
Shall never open more to-morrow;
To-morrow shall thy beauteous eyes
Be closed to love, and drown'd in sorrow;
To-morrow death shall freeze this hand,
And on thy breast, my wedded treasure,
I never, never more shall live;—
Alas! I quit a life of pleasure.

Morning Post, May 10, 1798.

MORIENTI SUPERSTES

YET art thou happier far than she
Who feels the widow's love for thee!
For while her days are days of weeping,
Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping,
In some still world, unknown, remote,
The mighty parent's care hast found,
Without whose tender guardian thought
No sparrow falleth to the ground.

THE SIGH

WHEN Youth his faery reign began
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely Prospect smiled;
Then Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heaved the painless Sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harassed Heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on Life's stormy sea
I heaved an anguished Sigh for thee!

But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid Sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,
And lull to sleep the Joys that were!
Thy Image may not banished be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

June 1794.

THE KISS

ONE kiss, dear Maid! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjured bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.
Bashful lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening Rose;
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased I hear the whispered 'No!'
The whispered 'No'—how little meant!
Sweet Falsehood that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy. ?1794.

TRANSLATION

OF

WRANGHAM'S *HENDECASYLLABI AD BRUNTONAM E GRANTA EXITURAM*

MAID of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth
Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul,
And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl:
Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care;
And, as she loved thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart:
Whether, to rouse the sympathetic glow,
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of woe;
Or haply clothest with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast.
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep,
Th' entranced Passions their still vigil keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace,
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.
Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul:
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, 'Thou art no Actress here!
A semblance of thyself the *Grecian* dame,
And Brunton and Euphrasia still the same!'

O soon to seek the city's busier scene,
Pause thee a while, thou chaste-eyed maid serene,
Till Granta's sons from all her sacred bowers
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flowers

To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
Enchanting ministress of virtuous woe!

1794.

TO MISS BRUNTON

WITH THE PRECEDING TRANSLATION

THAT darling of the Tragic Muse,
When Wrangham sung her praise,
Thalia lost her rosy hues,
And sicken'd at her lays:

But transient was th' unwonted sigh;
For soon the Goddess spied
A sister-form of mirthful eye
And danced for joy and cried:

'Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud dame,
The fates have given to you!
Still bid your Poet boast her name;
I have *my* Brunton too.' 1794.

ELEGY

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE INSCRIPTIONS

NEAR the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,
Where 'sleeps the moonlight' on yon verdant bed—
O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossomed; till the faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
Where'er with wildered step she wandered pale,
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of affluence she pined;
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught:
Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
That Riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

?1794.

THE FADED FLOWER

UNGRATEFUL he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,
Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;
Inhal'd awhile thy odours on his walk,
Then onward pass'd and left thee to decay.
Ah! melancholy emblem! had I seen
Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's gem,
I had not rudely cropp'd thy parent stem,
But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven'd green.
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,
And drop the tear—as Fancy, at my side,

Deep-sighing, points the fair frail Abra's tomb—
'Like thine, sad flower, was that poor wanderer's pride!
Oh! lost to love and truth, whose selfish joy
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy!'

1794.

New Monthly Magazine, August 1836.

AN UNFORTUNATE

PALE Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The world is pitiless: the chaste one's pride
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they that envied thee deride:
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think that there should be
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

?1794.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow
Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildewed bough,
Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

Him who lured thee and forsook,
Oft I watched with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple truth,
But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
Thou hast felt that vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
Inly armed, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of Self-dominion,
Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!
The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
While she moults the firstling plumes,
That had skimmed the tender corn,
Or the beanfield's odorous blooms.

Soon with renovated wing
Shall she dare a loftier flight,
Upward to the day-star spring,
And embathe in heavenly light.

?1794.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soiled beneath the common tread
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirred along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Wooed and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die.
? 1794.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE 'MAN OF ROSS'

RICHER than Miser o'er' his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS! O Traveller, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He mark'd the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness, thou hast never felt! 1794.

ON BALA HILL

WITH many a weary step at length I gain
Thy summit, Bala! and the cool breeze plays
Cheerily round my brow—as hence the gaze
Returns to dwell upon the journey'd plain.

'Twas a long way and tedious!—to the eye
Tho' fair th' extended Vale, and fair to view
The falling leaves of many a faded hue
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by!

Ev'n so it far'd with Life! in discontent
Restless thro' Fortune's mingled scenes I went,
Yet wept to think they would return no more!
O cease fond heart! in such sad thoughts to roam,
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.
MS. 1794.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH

IF while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for *you*!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover. ? 1794.

DOMESTIC PEACE

[FROM *THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE*, ACT I.]

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of Sceptered State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale She dwells,

Listening to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy. 1794.

ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE

THOU bleedest, my poor Heart ! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland ?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand ?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless !—Yet 'twas fair
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest :
Thou should'st have loved it most, when most opprest,
And nursed it with an agony of care,
Even as a mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast ! 1794.

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROBBERS'

SCHILLER ! that hour I would have wished to die,
If thro' the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene !
Ah ! Bard tremendous in sublimity !
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood :
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy ! ? 1794.

MELANCHOLY

A FRAGMENT

STRETCH'D on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,
Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
Had Melancholy mused herself to sleep.
The fern was press'd beneath her hair,
The dark green Adder's Tongue[1] was there ;
And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed : her eager look
Beamed eloquent in slumber ! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead work'd with troubled thought.
Strange was the dream—— ? 1794.

[1] A botanical mistake. The plant which the poet here describes is called the Hart's Tongue. [S. T. C.]

LINES ON A FRIEND

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feigned caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground,
And mingled forms of Misery rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied:
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping Pain,
Darts her hot lightning-flash athwart the brain.

Rest, injured shade! Shall Slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The zoneless Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,
And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world marked them well!
Were they more wise, the Proud who never fell?
Rest, injured shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.

As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—
Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my grasp-less hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crowned?
Tired Centinel! mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod!

November 1794.

TO A YOUNG ASS

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT

POOR little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:

And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
'Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes'?
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
And truly, very piteous is *her* lot—
Chained to a log within a narrow spot
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!

Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show
Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe!
For much I fear me that *He* lives like thee,
Half famished in a land of Luxury!
How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend?
It seems to say, 'And have I then *one* friend?'
Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

1794.

PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS

ALMOST awake? Why, what is this, and whence,
O ye right loyal men, all undefiled?
Sure, 'tis not possible that Common Sense
Has hitch'd her pullies to each heavy eye-lid?

Yet wherefore else that start, which discomposes
The drowsy waters lingering in your eye?
And are you *really* able to descry
That precipice three yards beyond your noses?

Yet flatter you I cannot, that your wit
Is much improved by this long loyal dozing;
And I admire, no more than Mr. Pitt,
Your jumps and starts of patriotic prosing—

Now cluttering to the Treasury Cluck, like chicken,
Now with small beaks the ravenous *Bill* opposing;
With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now licking,
Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—

Now having faith implicit that he can't err,
Hoping his hopes, alarm'd with his alarms;
And now believing him a sly inchanter,
Yet still afraid to break his brittle charms,

Lest some mad devil suddenly unhamp'r-
ing,
Slap-dash! the imp should fly off
with the steeple,
On revolutionary broom-stick scamper-
ing.—
O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted
people,

If you can stay so long from slumber
free,
My muse shall make an effort to
salute 'e:
For lo! a very dainty simile
Flash'd sudden through my brain, and
'twill just suit 'e!

You know that water-fowl that cries,
Quack! Quack!? 29
Full often have I seen a waggish crew
Fasten the Bird of Wisdom on its back,
The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, Tu-
whoo!

Both plunged together in the deep mill-
stream,
(Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or
mountain-lake,)
Shrill, as a *Church and Constitution*
scream,
Tu-whoo! quoth Broad-face, and
down dives the Drake!

The green-neck'd Drake once more pops
up to view,
Stares round, cries *Quack!* and makes
an angry pother;
Then shriller screams the bird with eye-
lids blue,
The broad-faced bird! and deeper
dives the other. 40
Ye *quacking* Statesmen! 'tis even so
with you—
One peasecod is not liker to another.

Even so on Loyalty's Decoy-pond, each
Pops up his head, as fir'd with British
blood,
Hears once again the Ministerial screech,
And once more seeks the bottom's
blackest mud! 1794.

TO A FRIEND

[CHARLES LAMB]

TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM

['*Religious Musings*']

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the
rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing
powers
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding
verse,
Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious
thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I
know)
From business wandering far and local
cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-loved Sister's
bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the
faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I too a Sister had, an only Sister—
She loved me dearly, and I doted on
her!
To her I pour'd forth all my puny
sorrows,
(As sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That even from Friendship's eye will
shrink ashamed.
O! I have woke at midnight, and have
wept,
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear
Charles!
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many
a year:
Such warm presagings feel I of high
Hope.
For not uninterested the dear Maid
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet
wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent
glories
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to *implore*[1] were impotence of mind)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
Prepared, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's Joy!

December 1794.

SONNETS ON EMINENT CHARACTERS

CONTRIBUTED TO THE *MORNING CHRONICLE* IN DECEMBER 1794 AND JANUARY 1795

[The first of the series was addressed 'To the Honourable Mr. Erskine,' and was introduced by the following letter :—

'MR. EDITOR—If, Sir, the following Poems will not disgrace your poetical department, I will transmit you a series of *Sonnets* (as it is the fashion to call them) addressed like these to eminent Contemporaries. S. T. C.

'JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.'

At foot of the Sonnet was printed the following editorial note :—

*** 'Our elegant correspondent will highly gratify every reader of taste by the continuance of his exquisitely beautiful productions. No. II. shall appear on an early day.']

I

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. ERSKINE

WHEN British Freedom for a happier land
Spread her broad wings, that fluttered with affright,
ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand

(Thy censer glowing with the hallowed flame)
An hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name

Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breathed. And when the doom
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West

Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze. *December* 1, 1794.

II

BURKE

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—

'Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with altered voice

---

[1] I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines—

'Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,'

it being written in Scripture, 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to Deity. [Note of S. T. C., in *Poems*, 1803.]

Thou badst Oppression's hireling crew rejoice
Blasting with wizard spell my laurelled fame.

'Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure
Of Pomp, and proud precipitance of soul
Wildered with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!

'That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!' *December* 9, 1794.

III

PRIESTLEY

THOUGH roused by that dark Vizir Riot rude
Have driven our PRIESTLEY o'er the ocean swell;
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;

Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell!
For lo! Religion at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,

Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail,
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won

Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son! *December* 11, 1794.

IV

LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among;
Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares!

Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:

For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

*** The above beautiful sonnet was written antecedently to the joyful account of the Patriot's escape from the Tyrant's Dungeon. [Note in *M. Ch.*] *December* 15, 1794.

V

KOSKIUSKO

O WHAT a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan poured!
Ah me! they viewed beneath an hireling's sword
Fallen Koskiusko! Through the burthened air

(As pauses the tired Cossac's barbarous yell

Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murder'd Hope! while Freedom pale

Bends in such anguish o'er her destined bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gathered in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrowed cheek

Fit channel found; and she had drained the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul! *December* 16, 1794.

VI

PITT

NOT always should the tear's ambrosial dew
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek!
Not always heaven-breathed tones of suppliance meek
Beseem thee, Mercy! Yon dark Scowler view,

Who with proud words of dear-loved Freedom came—
More blasting than the mildew from the South!
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth
(Ah! foul apostate from his Father's fame!) [1]

Then fix'd her on the cross of deep distress,
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
Pierce her big side! But O! if some strange trance
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd Sister [2] press,

Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand! *December* 23, 1794.

VII

TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES [1]

[FIRST VERSION, PRINTED IN *MORNING CHRONICLE*, DECEMBER 26, 1794]

MY heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES! for those soft strains,
That, on the still air floating, tremblingly
Wak'd in me Fancy, Love, and Sympathy!
For hence, not callous to a Brother's pains

Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went;
And, when the *darker* day of life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man!
Thy kindred Lays an healing solace lent,

Each lonely pang with dreamy joys combin'd,
And stole from vain REGRET her scorpion stings;
While shadowy PLEASURE, with mysterious wings,
Brooded the wavy and tumultuous mind,

[1] Earl of Chatham.

[2] Justice.

[1] Author of *Sonnets and other Poems*, published by Dilly. To Mr. Bowles's poetry I have always thought the following remarks from Maximus Tyrius peculiarly applicable:—'I am not now treating of that poetry which is estimated by the pleasure it affords to the ear—the ear having been corrupted, and the judgment-seat of the perceptions; but of that which proceeds from the intellectual Helicon, that which is *dignified*, and appertaining to *human* feelings, and entering into the soul.'—The 13th Sonnet for exquisite delicacy of painting; the 19th for tender simplicity; and the 25th for manly pathos, are compositions of, perhaps, unrivalled merit. Yet while I am selecting these, I almost accuse myself of causeless partiality; for surely never was a writer so equal in excellence!—S. T. C.

Like that great Spirit, who with plastic sweep
Mov'd on the darkness of the formless Deep!

[SECOND VERSION, IN *POEMS*, 1796]

My heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES! for those soft strains
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:
And when the *darker* day of life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man,
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, such as the pang consign'd
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd;
Bidding a strange mysterious PLEASURE brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As the great SPIRIT erst with plastic sweep
Mov'd on the darkness of the unform'd deep.

VIII

MRS. SIDDONS

As when a child on some long winter's night
Affrighted clinging to its Grandam's knees
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;
Or of those hags, who at the witching time
Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell:

Cold Horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear [tell
More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
Murder'd by cruel Uncle's mandate fell:
Even such the shivering joys thy tones impart,
Even so thou, SIDDONS! meltest my sad heart! *December* 29, 1794.

IX

TO WILLIAM GODWIN

AUTHOR OF *POLITICAL JUSTICE*

O FORM'D t' illume a sunless world forlorn,
As o'er the chill and dusky brow of Night,
In Finland's wintry skies the mimic morn[1]
Electric pours a stream of rosy light,
Pleased I have mark'd Oppression, terror-pale,
Since, thro' the windings of her dark machine,
Thy steady eye has shot its glances keen—
And bade th' all-lovely 'scenes at distance hail.'

Nor will I not thy holy guidance bless,
And hymn thee, GODWIN! with an ardent lay;
For that thy voice, in Passion's stormy day,
When wild I roam'd the bleak Heath of Distress,
Bade the bright form of Justice meet my way—
And told me that her name was Happiness. *January* 10, 1795.

[1] Aurora Borealis.

X

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

OF BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AUTHOR OF THE 'RETROSPECT,' AND OTHER POEMS

SOUTHEY! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear
Like far-off joyance, or the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring—
Sounds of such mingled import as may cheer

The lonely breast, yet rouse a mindful tear:
Waked by the Song doth Hope-born Fancy fling
Rich showers of dewy fragrance from her wing,
Till sickly Passion's drooping Myrtles sear

Blossom anew! But O! more thrill'd, I prize
Thy sadder strains, that bid in Memory's Dream
The faded forms of past Delight arise;

Then soft, on Love's pale cheek, the tearful gleam
Of Pleasure smiles—as faint yet beauteous lies
The imaged Rainbow on a willowy stream. *January* 14, 1795.

XI

TO RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

IT was some Spirit, SHERIDAN! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power!
My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymettian[1] flow'rets wreathed:

And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled thro' Vaucluse's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear.

Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance

The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.
January 29, 1795.

[1] Hymettus, a mountain of Attica famous for honey.

TO LORD STANHOPE

ON READING HIS LATE PROTEST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

[*MORNING CHRONICLE*, JAN. 31, 1795]

STANHOPE! I hail, with ardent Hymn, thy name!
Thou shalt be bless'd and lov'd, when in the dust
Thy corse shall moulder—Patriot pure and just!
And o'er thy tomb the grateful hand of FAME

Shall grave:—'Here sleeps the Friend of Humankind!'
For thou, untainted by CORRUPTION'S bowl,
Or foul AMBITION, with undaunted soul
Hast spoke the language of a Free-born mind

Pleading the cause of Nature! Still pursue

The path of Honour !—To thy Country true,
Still watch th' expiring flame of Liberty !
O Patriot ! still pursue thy virtuous way,
As holds his course the splendid Orb of Day,
Or thro' the stormy or the tranquil sky !

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

[Although the above Sonnet was not printed as one of the series of 'Sonnets on Eminent Characters,' I think there can be little doubt that it is by Coleridge, and was the original of the one to Stanhope printed in the *Poems* in 1796 and 1803. Of the latter, which follows, I can find no trace in the *Morning Chronicle*.—ED.]

TO EARL STANHOPE

NOT, STANHOPE ! with the Patriot's doubtful name
I mock thy worth—Friend of the Human Race !
Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim
Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,

Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
Nobility : and aye unterrify'd
Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
That sit complotting with rebellious pride

'Gainst *Her*[1] who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love !
Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above :

And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice,
Champion of Freedom and her God ! rejoice !

[1] Gallic Liberty.

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER

AWAY, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour !
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train :
To-morrow shall the many-coloured main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam !

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre : in shadowy dance
The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime !

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate ;
The swain, who, lulled by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest ;
And mixed with nails and beads, an equal jest !
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

? 1795.

TO AN INFANT

AH! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasped knife:
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry!
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,
Tutored by pain each source of pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill Affright!
Untaught, yet wise! mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy!

?1795.

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER

THO' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
To find a likeness for friend V—ker,
I've made thro' Earth, and Air, and Sea,
A Voyage of Discovery!
And let me add (to ward off strife)
For V—ker and for V—ker's Wife—
She large and round beyond belief,
A superfluity of beef!
Her mind and body of a piece,
And both composed of kitchen-grease.
In short, Dame Truth might safely dub her
Vulgarity enshrined in blubber!
He, meagre bit of littleness,
All snuff, and musk, and politesse;
So thin, that strip him of his clothing,
He'd totter on the edge of Nothing!
In case of foe, he well might hide
Snug in the collops of her side.

Ah then what simile will suit?
Spindle-leg in great jack-boot?
Pismire crawling in a rut?
Or a spigot in a butt?
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,
When Madam Memory with a smile
Thus twitch'd my ear—'Why sure, I ween,
In London streets thou oft hast seen
The very image of this pair:
A little Ape with huge She-Bear
Link'd by hapless chain together:
An unlick'd mass the one—the other
An antic huge with nimble crupper——'
But stop, my Muse! for here comes supper.

?1795.

TO THE REV. W. J. HORT

WHILE TEACHING A YOUNG LADY SOME SONG-TUNES ON HIS FLUTE

I

HUSH! ye clamorous Cares! be mute!
Again, dear Harmonist! again
Thro' the hollow of thy flute
Breathe that passion-warbled strain:
Till Memory each form shall bring
The loveliest of her shadowy throng;
And Hope, that soars on sky-lark wing,
Carol wild her gladdest song!

II

O skill'd with magic spell to roll
The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!
Breathe thro' thy flute those tender notes again,
While near thee sits the chaste-eyed Maiden mild;
And bid her raise the Poet's kindred strain
In soft impassion'd voice, correctly wild.

III

In Freedom's UNDIVIDED dell,
Where *Toil* and *Health* with mellow'd *Love* shall dwell,
Far from folly, far from men,
In the rude romantic glen,
Up the cliff, and thro' the glade,
Wandering with the dear-loved maid,
I shall listen to the lay,
And ponder on thee far away
Still, as she bids those thrilling notes aspire
('Making my fond attuned heart her lyre'),
Thy honour'd form, my Friend! shall re-appear,
And I will thank thee with a raptured tear. ?1795.

CHARITY

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man!. and thy grey hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My Father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.—
He did not so, the Galilæan mild,
Who met the Lazars turned from rich man's doors
And called them Friends, and healed their noisome sores! ?1795.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

SISTER of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!
How many Bards in city garret pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of Watchmen
(Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of Time!),
How many wretched Bards address *thy* name,
And hers, the full-orb'd Queen that shines above.
But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
O! I have listen'd, till my working soul,
Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorb'd hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft,
I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, Minstrel of the Moon!
'Most musical, most melancholy' Bird!
That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-arm'd Lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love

Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
My Sara—best beloved of human kind!
When breathing the pure soul of tenderness
She thrills me with the Husband's promised name! 1795.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY 1795

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The Yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest:—and now have gained the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadow'd fields, and prospect-bounding sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

LINES IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

O PEACE, that on a lilied bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an olive-tree,
I would that from the pinions of thy dove
One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vowed to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engrossed,
Chill Fancy drooped wreathing herself with willow,
As though my breast entombed a pining ghost.
'From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
As night-closed floweret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey.'

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought,
Contrived a too successful wile, I ween:
And whispered to himself, with malice fraught—
'Too long our Slave the Damsel's *smiles* hath seen:
To-morrow shall he ken her altered mien!'
He spake, and ambushed lay, till on my bed
The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
'Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!' the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
When twanged an arrow from Love's mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.

Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairer decked the bowers of old Romance)
That Sleep enamoured grew, nor moved from his sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide,
That I the living Image of my Dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
'O! how shall I behold my Love at eventide!' ?1795.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

(*Composed during Illness, and in Absence.*)

DIM Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering Dove,
And give me to the bosom of my Love!
My gentle Love, caressing and carest,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest!
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and medicine me with sighs!
[While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.]
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day;
Young Day returning at her promised hour
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her favourite Flower;
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals! ?1795.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL

Good verse *most* good, and bad verse then seems better
Received from absent friend by way of Letter.
For what so sweet can laboured lays impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?
ANON.

NOR travels my meandering eye
The starry wilderness on high;
Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with 'green radiance'[1] through the grass,
An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppressed with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chilled Friendship's dark disliking eye,

[1] The expression 'green radiance' is borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth ['An Evening Walk,' 1793], a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure: but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring. [Note by S. T. C. in the editions of 1796-97.]

Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with tenderness,
When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unblessed
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
Dim-visaged shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has winged its way,
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender dream,
When slowly sank the day's last gleam;
You roused each gentler sense,
As sighing o'er the blossom's bloom
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channell'd Isle[1]
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watchfire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that light-house tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster-leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

[1] The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flashed o'er the blackness of the night—
To see *no* vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As skylarks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The open'd rose! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Blest visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,
To me your arms you'll stretch:
Great God! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity's dew divine;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment, we shall meet!
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a husband's care
I press you to my heart!

'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-coloured flower
A fair electric flame:
And so shall flash my love-charged eye
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame!

THE EOLIAN HARP

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!),
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every where—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring

For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this cot, and thee, dear honoured Maid! 1795.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

[JOSEPH COTTLE]

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY AT BRISTOL IN SEPTEMBER 1795

UNBOASTFUL BARD! whose verse concise yet clear
Tunes to smooth mèlody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as 'never-sere'
The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence
Embowers me from Noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless Rivulet stealing by,
Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount:
The vapour-poison'd Birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet
Beneath the Mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlabouring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
That like some giant king, o'er-glooms the hill;
Nor there the Pine-grove to the midnight blast [rill
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing
To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill
Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers. [will
In this same pleasant meadow, at your
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flowers
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
You wove th' unfinish'd[1] wreath of saddest hues;
And to that holier[2] chaplet added bloom
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
But lo your Henderson[3] awakes the Muse——
His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd mid richer views!
So Nature mourn'd when sunk the First Day's light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar, my Friend, those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Waked by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam

[1] 'War,' a Fragment. [2] 'John Baptist,' a poem. [3] 'Monody on John Henderson.'

What balmy sweets Pomona breathes
around!
But if the vext air rush a stormy stream
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive
sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the
tempest-honor'd ground.

THE SILVER THIMBLE

THE PRODUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY, ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEMS ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING EPISTLE

She had lost her Silver Thimble, and her complaint being accidentally overheard by him, her Friend, he immediately sent her four others to take her choice of.

As oft mine eye with careless glance
Has gallop'd thro' some old romance,
Of speaking Birds and Steeds with
wings,
Giants and Dwarfs, and Fiends and
Kings;
Beyond the rest with more attentive care
I've loved to read of elfin-favoured
Fair——
How if she long'd for aught beneath the
sky
And suffer'd to escape one votive sigh,
Wafted along on viewless pinions aery
It laid itself obsequious at her feet:
Such things, I thought, one might not
hope to meet
Save in the dear delicious land of Faery!
But now (by proof I know it well)
There's still some peril in free wishing——
Politeness is a licensed *spell*,
And *you*, dear Sir! the Arch-magician.

You much perplex'd me by the various
set:
They were indeed an elegant quartette!
My mind went to and-fro, and waver'd
long;
At length I've chosen (Samuel thinks me
wrong)

That, around whose azure rim
Silver figures seem to swim,
Like fleece-white clouds, that on the
skiey Blue,
Waked by no breeze, the self-same shapes
retain;
Or ocean-Nymphs with limbs of snowy
hue
Slow-floating o'er the calm cerulean
plain.

Just such a one, *mon cher ami*,
(The finger shield of industry)
Th' inventive Gods, I deem, to Pallas
gave
What time the vain Arachne, madly
brave,
Challenged the blue-eyed Virgin of the
sky
A duel in embroider'd work to try.
And hence the thimbled Finger of grave
Pallas
To th' erring Needle's point was more
than callous.
But ah the poor Arachne! She unarm'd
Blundering thro' hasty eagerness, alarm'd
With all a *Rival's* hopes, a *Mortal's*
fears,
Still miss'd the stitch, and stain'd the
web with tears.
Unnumber'd punctures small yet sore
Full fretfully the maiden bore,
Till she her lily finger found
Crimson'd with many a tiny wound;
And to her eyes, suffused with watery
woe,
Her flower-embroider'd web danced dim,
I wist,
Like blossom'd shrubs in a quick-moving
mist:
Till vanquish'd the despairing Maid sunk
low.

O Bard! whom sure no common Muse
inspires,
I heard your Verse that glows with
vestal fires!
And I from unwatch'd needle's erring
point
Had surely suffer'd on each finger joint

Those wounds, which erst did poor Arachne meet;
While he, the much-loved Object of my choice
(My bosom thrilling with enthusiast heat),
Pour'd on mine ear with deep impressive voice,
How the great Prophet of the Desart stood
And preach'd of Penitence by Jordan's Flood;
On War; or else the legendary lays
In simplest measures hymn'd to Alla's praise;
Or what the Bard from his heart's inmost stores
O'er his *Friend's* grave in loftier numbers pours:
Yes, Bard polite! you but obey'd the laws
Of Justice, when the thimble you had sent;
What wounds your thought-bewildering Muse might cause
'Tis well your finger-shielding gifts prevent.

SARA.

1795.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT

Sermoni propriora.—HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again.
And sighed, and said, it was a Blessed Place.
And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of Happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens!'

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! *Here* the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The Channel *there*, the Islands and white sails,

Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless Ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple: the whole World
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference:
No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount sublime!
I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
And he that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my brother man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
Ah!—had none greater! And that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

1795.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794

THIS is the time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymned the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!
Yet thou more bright than all the Angel-blaze,
That harbingered thy birth, Thou Man of Woes!
Despised Galilæan! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppressed good man,
When heedless of himself the scourged saint
Mourns for the oppressor. Fair the vernal mead,
Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars;
True impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high grove, nor many-colour'd mead,
Nor the green ocean with his thousand isles,
Nor the starred azure, nor the sovran sun,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture

Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted anguish winged the prayer
Harped by Archangels, when they sing of mercy!
Which when the Almighty heard from forth his throne
Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paused: and Hell her yawning mouth
Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark idolatry
Broke and misshaped the omnipresent Sire:
And first by Fear uncharmed the drowsed Soul.
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for His immortal sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorbed: and centered there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its Identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And blest are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature's essence, mind, and energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
Lead gradual — else nor glorified nor loved.
They nor contempt embosom nor revenge:
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole operant: in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Their's too celestial courage, inly armed—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created Might
Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.
For they are holy things before the Lord
Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell;
God's altar grasping with an eager hand
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised:
And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,

A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating wells of Love
Have fill'd their vials with salutary wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds !

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark passions and what thirsty cares
Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish ! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrobed with Light, and naturalised in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
His downward eye : all else of fairest kind
Hid or deformed. But lo ! the bursting Sun !
Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam
Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs !
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import ! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blest outstarting ! From himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation ; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good !
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High !
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in His vast family no Cain
Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide)
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature : and, behold !
A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
Embattling Interests on each other rush
With unhelmed rage !

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wonderous whole !
This fraternises man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole ;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality !
The plenitude and permanence of bliss !
O Fiends of Superstition ! not that oft
The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One !

But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An Anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitched,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams
Feeling himself, his own low self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one Self! Self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destined victory!

But first offences needs must come!
Even now[1]

(Black hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands
Of social peace: and listening Treachery lurks
With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War!—
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful murderess of her wedded lord!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feigned)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!
Soul-hardened barterers of human blood!
Death's prime slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons!
Thee to defend, the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd,
That Deity, Accomplice Deity
In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath

[1] January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect:—'That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France,' etc. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who 'considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion.' May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of resolutions, with a view to the establishment of a peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: 'The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength.'

Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes! O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,[1]
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock,
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
But soon Imagination conjured up
An host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.
So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,
The timbrel, and arched dome and costly feast,
With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualized the mind, which in the means
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleasured with its own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The daggered Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.
Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand
Strong as an host of armed Deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.
O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not wealth's rivalry! and they, who long
Enamoured with the charms of order, hate
The unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the Patriot Sage
Called the red lightnings from the o'errushing cloud
And dashed the beauteous terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice the unnumbered tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind—
These, hush'd awhile with patient eye serene,
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;

[1] Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment, etc. —Habakkuk i. 12.

Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont,—bright visions of the day!—
To float before them, when, the summer noon,
Beneath some arched romantic rock reclined
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they strayed
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was misery in a world so fair.

Ah! far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognise
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranched! *Blessed* Society!
Fitliest depictured by some sun-scorched waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth[1] yells,
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor wretch
Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want,
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form,
The victim of seduction, doomed to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loathed orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tossed by law-forced charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly suppliants! ye, that unreceived
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak!
O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatched cot
Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold
Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile
Children of wretchedness! More groans must rise,

[1] Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of retribution nigh :
The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal :
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of wrongs
By man on man inflicted ! Rest awhile,
Children of wretchedness ! The hour is nigh
And lo ! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fixed on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins : [1] each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off—for lo ! the Giant Frenzy
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return !
Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence that cry ?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth ! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery ;
She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood ;
She that worked whoredom with the Dæmon Power,
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtured : mitred Atheism !
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that stabbed him ; and pale Fear
Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight !
Return pure Faith ! return meek Piety !
The kingdoms of the world are your's : each heart
Self-governed, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants !
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales !
The favoured good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view !
For in his own and in his Father's might
The Saviour comes ! While as the Thousand Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts !
Old Ocean claps his hands ! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time

[1] Alluding to the French Revolution.

With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hushed,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he[1] first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,
Him, full of years, from his loved native land
Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired,
And mused expectant on these promised years.

O Years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraphs' eyes,
What time they bend before the Jasper Throne[2]
Reflect no lovelier hues! Yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,

[1] David Hartley.

[2] Rev. chap. iv. v. 2 and 3.—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, etc.

How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched[1]
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumbers—destined then to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
Time is no more!

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organising surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind?)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then
I discipline my young noviciate thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

1796.

[1] The final Destruction impersonated.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON

[LATEST VERSION—1829]

O WHAT a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
Night following night for threescore years and ten!
But doubly strange, where life is but a breath
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away!
Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display
For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of State!
Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom
(*That* all bestowing, *this* withholding all)
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome
Sound like a seeking Mother's anxious call,
Return, poor Child! Home, weary truant, home!

Thee, Chatterton! these unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect.
Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven
Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod!
Thou! O vain word! *thou* dwell'st not with the clod!
Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven
Thou at the throne of mercy and thy God
The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn
(Believe it, O my Soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perforce ('tis suffering Nature's call),
I weep that heaven-born Genius *so* shall fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
Now indignation checks the feeble sigh,
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Poured forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd.
And o'er her darling dead
Pity hopeless hung her head,
While 'mid the pelting of that merciless storm,'
Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famished form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon[1] winds the Minstrel came.
Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,
He meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foe;
And while the numbers flowing strong
In eddies whirl, in surges throng,
Exulting in the spirits' genial throe
In tides of power his life-blood seems to flow.

And now his cheeks with deeper ardors flame, [declare
His eyes have glorious meanings, that
More than the light of outward day shines there,
A holier triumph and a sterner aim!
Wings grow within him; and he soars above

[1] Avon, a river near Bristol, the birth-place of Chatterton.

Or Bard's or Minstrel's lay of war or love.
Friend to the friendless, to the sufferer health,
He hears the widow's prayer, the good man's praise;
To scenes of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth,
And young and old shall now see happy days.
On many a waste he bids trim gardens rise,
Gives the blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes;
And now in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Sweet Flower of Hope! free Nature's genial child!
That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume!
For thee in vain all heavenly aspects smil'd;
From the hard world brief respite could they win—
The frost nipp'd sharp without, the canker prey'd within!
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams that lightened o'er thy face?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy wan forehead starts the lethal dew,
And oh! the anguish of that shuddering sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of withered brow,
Prepared the poison's death-cold power:
Already to thy lips was raised the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
Peace smiling sate, and listened to thy lay;
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy mother's thrilling tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poisoned chalice from thy hand!

And thou hadst dashed it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart,
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined!
Recoiling quick, thou badest the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave;
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequestered tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.
And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,

Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
With wild unequal steps he passed along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee, ere too late.
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shivered at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! no more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottaged dell
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard Passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song,
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly masked as hoar Antiquity.

Alas, vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

1790-1829.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY 1796

SWEET flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
Even now the keen North-East is on its way.
Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth
Nipp'd by consumption mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's bard,[1] the wondrous boy!
An amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own,

[1] Chatterton.

Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright flower of hope killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From anxious Self, Life's cruel task-master!
And the warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame and harmonize
The attempered organ, that even saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.
1796.

COUNT RUMFORD

THESE, Virtue, are thy triumphs, that adorn
Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
For loftiest action; not to gaze and run
From clime to clime; or batten in the sun,
Dragging a drony flight from flower to flower,
Like summer insects in a gaudy hour;
Nor yet o'er love-sick tales with fancy range
And cry, "*'Tis pitiful, 'tis passing strange!*"
But on life's varied views to look around
And raise expiring sorrow from the ground:—
And he, who thus hath borne his part assign'd
In the sad fellowship of human kind,
Or for a moment soothed the bitter pain
Of a poor brother—has not lived in vain!
1796.

FRAGMENT

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM

THE early year's fast-flying vapours stray
In shadowing trains across the orb of day:
And we, poor insects of a few short hours,
Deem it a world of gloom.
Were it not better hope a nobler doom,
Proud to believe that with more active powers
On rapid many-coloured wing
We thro' one bright perpetual Spring
Shall hover round the fruits and flowers,
Screen'd by those clouds and cherish'd by those showers!
1796.

TO ——

I MIX in life, and labour to seem free,
With common persons pleased and common things,
While every thought and action tends to thee,
And every impulse from thy influence springs.
?1796.

TO A PRIMROSE

THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON

Nitens et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est: et spe delectat.
OVID, *Metam.*

THY smiles I note, sweet early flower,
That peeping from thy rustic bower
The festive news to earth dost bring,
A fragrant messenger of spring.

But, tender blossom, why so pale?
Dost hear stern winter in the gale?
And didst thou tempt the ungentle sky
To catch one vernal glance and die?

Such the wan lustre sickness wears
When health's first feeble beam appears;
So languid are the smiles that seek
To settle on the care-worn cheek

When timorous hope the head uprears,
Still drooping and still moist with tears,
If, through dispersing grief, be seen
Of bliss the heavenly spark serene.

And sweeter far the early blow,
Fast following after storms of woe,
Than (comfort's riper season come)
Are full-blown joys and pleasure's gaudy bloom. 1796.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO J. HORNE TOOKE AND THE COMPANY WHO MET ON JUNE 28TH, 1796, TO CELEBRATE HIS POLL AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION

BRITONS ! when last ye met, with distant streak
So faintly promised the pale Dawn to break ;
So dim it stain'd the precincts of the Sky
E'en *Expectation* gaz'd with doubtful Eye.
But now such fair Varieties of Light
O'ertake the heavy sailing Clouds of Night ;
Th' Horizon kindles with so rich a red,
That tho' the *Sun still hides* his glorious head
Th' impatient Matin-bird, *assur'd of Day*,
Leaves his low nest to meet its earliest ray ;
Loud the sweet song of Gratulation sings,
And high in air claps his rejoicing wings !
Patriot and Sage ! whose breeze-like Spirit first
The lazy mists of Pedantry dispers'd
(Mists in which Superstition's *pigmy* band
Seem'd Giant Forms, the Genii of the Land !),
Thy struggles soon shall wak'ning Britain bless,
And Truth and Freedom hail thy wish'd success.
Yes *Tooke !* tho' foul Corruption's wolfish throng
Outmalice Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue,
Thy Country's noblest and *determin'd* Choice,
Soon shalt thou thrill the Senate with thy voice ;
With gradual Dawn bid Error's phantoms flit,
Or wither with the lightning's flash of Wit ;
Or with sublimer mien and tones more deep,
Charm sworded Justice from mysterious Sleep,
'By violated Freedom's loud Lament,
Her Lamps extinguish'd and her Temple rent ;
By the forc'd tears her captive Martyrs shed ;
By each pale Orphan's feeble cry for bread ;
By ravag'd Belgium's corse-impeded Flood,
And Vendee steaming still with brothers' blood !'
And if amid the strong impassion'd Tale,
Thy Tongue should falter and thy Lips turn pale ;
If transient Darkness film thy aweful Eye,
And thy tir'd Bosom struggle with a sigh :
Science and Freedom shall demand to hear
Who practis'd on a Life so doubly dear ;
Infus'd the unwholesome anguish drop by drop,
Pois'ning the sacred stream they could not stop !
Shall bid thee with recover'd strength relate
How dark and deadly is a Coward's Hate :
What seeds of death by wan Confinement sown,
When Prison-echoes mock'd Disease's groan !
Shall bid th' indignant Father flash dismay,
And drag the unnatural Villain into Day
Who [1] to the sports of his flesh'd Ruffians left
Two lovely Mourners of their Sire bereft !
'Twas wrong, like this, which Rome's *first Consul* bore,

[1] 'Dundas left thief-takers in Horne Tooke's House for three days, with his two Daughters *alone* : for Horne Tooke keeps no servant.'—S. T. C. TO ESTLIN.

So by th' insulted Female's name *he* swore,
Ruin (and rais'd her reeking dagger high)
Not to the *Tyrants* but the Tyranny ! !

SONNET

ON RECEIVING A LETTER INFORMING ME OF THE BIRTH OF A SON

WHEN they did greet me father, sudden awe
Weigh'd down my spirit : I retired and knelt
Seeking the throne of grace, but inly felt
No heavenly visitation upwards draw
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart.
Ah me ! before the Eternal Sire I brought
Th' unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings : my o'erwhelmed heart
Trembled, and vacant tears stream'd down my face.
And now once more, O Lord ! to thee I bend,
Lover of souls ! and groan for future grace,
That ere my babe youth's perilous maze have trod,
Thy overshadowing Spirit may descend,
And he be born again, a child of God.

Sept. 20, 1796.

SONNET

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD ; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, SEPT. 20, 1796

OFT o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep ; and some have said
We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby ! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear)
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve ;
Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier !

SONNET

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME

CHARLES ! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be !
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

1796

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

[CHARLES LLOYD]

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR

Composed in 1796

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And, 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;
Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds beguiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy clift above
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
Made meek enquiry for her wandering lamb:
Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless
The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply *there* uprears
That shadowing Pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, basoned in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralising mood,
While west-winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss

Gives *this* the Husband's, *that* the
Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to
trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-
place,
And many a stream, whose warbling
waters pour
To glad, and fertilise the subject
plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks
untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low-murmuring, lay; and starting from
the rock's
Stiff evergreens, (whose spreading foliage
mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts
of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!)
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill
sublime;
And from the stirring world up-lifted
high
(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy *theme* supply),
There, while the prospect through the
gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the
soul,
We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile
at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys
the same,
As neighbouring fountains image each
the whole:
Then when the mind hath drunk its fill
of truth
We'll discipline the heart to pure
delight,
Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
They whom I love shall love thee,
honoured youth!
Now may Heaven realize this vision
bright!

1796.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE [C. LLOYD]

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY

HENCE that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plundered Want's half-sheltered hovel
go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear
Moan haply in a dying mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps
brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sear elm-
leaves strewed,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose
dearer part
Was slaughtered where o'er his un-
coffined limbs
The flocking flesh-birds screamed! Then,
while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow
dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy
young mind)
What Nature makes thee mourn, she
bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resigned,
All effortless thou leave life's commonweal
A prey to tyrants, murderers of man-
kind.

1796.

SONNET

[TO CHARLES LLOYD]

THE piteous sobs that choke the virgin's
breath
For him, the fair betrothed youth, who
lies
Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries
With which a mother wails her darling's
death,
These from our nature's common impulse
spring,
Unblamed, unpraised; but o'er the
piled earth
Which hides the sheeted corse of grey-
hair'd worth,

If droops the soaring youth with slacken'd
wing;
If he recall in saddest minstrelsy
Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth
imprest,
Such grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety!
And from the Almighty Father shall
descend
Comforts on his late evening, whose
young breast
Mourns with no transient love the aged
friend. 1796.

TO A FRIEND

[CHARLES LAMB]

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY

DEAR Charles! whilst yet thou wert a
babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard
fount
Hight Castalie: and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst
renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly
Muse,
And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son:
And with those recreant unbaptized heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden ministeries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But
take thou heed:
For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed boy,
And I have arrows[1] mystically dipped
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy
Burns dead?
And shall he die unwept, and sink to
earth
'Without the meed of one melodious
tear'?

[1] *Vide* Pind. *Olymp.* ii. 150.

Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved
bard,
Who to the 'Illustrious[1] of his native
Land
So properly did look for patronage.'
Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing
face!
They snatched him from the sickle and
the plough—
To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian
mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight
blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest
bough,
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be
exhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's
tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions
grow,
Pick the rank henbane and the dusky
flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting
fruit,
These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine,
The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility!
1796.

ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE

[PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES]

I SIGH, fair injured stranger! for thy fate;
But what shall sighs avail thee? thy
poor heart,
'Mid all the 'pomp and circumstance' of
state,
Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden,
start

[1] Verbatim from Burns's Dedication of his Poems to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream,
That shaped a seraph form, and named it Love,
Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy
Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arched dome;
Those plaudits that thy *public* path annoy,
Alas! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch *at home!*

O then retire, and weep! *Their very woes*
Solace the guiltless. Drop the pearly flood
On thy sweet infant, as the full-blown rose,
Surcharged with dew, bends o'er its neighbouring bud.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend
To lure thy wanderer from the syren's power;
Then bid your souls inseparably blend
Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower. 1796.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

A VISION

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have poured
To the Great Father, only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!
The Will, the Word, the Breath,—the Living God.

Such symphony requires best instrument.
Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The harp which hangeth high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.

For what is freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
Whose latence is the plenitude of All,
Thou with retracted beams, and self-eclipse
Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,
Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God: the naked mass
(If mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost)
Acts only by its inactivity,
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
That as one body seems the aggregate
Of atoms numberless, each organized;
So by a strange and dim similitude

Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs
With absolute ubiquity of thought
(His one eternal self-affirming act!)
All his involved Monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centering end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
Some roll the genial juices through the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom,
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda Zhiok, or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper, while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impressed,
I deemed those legends terrible, with which
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that giant bird
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is tempest, when the unutterable Shape
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never murderer heard, and lived.

Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep)
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave

By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such
As earth ne'er bred, nor air, nor the upper sea.

There dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unsleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear
Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast
The fateful word let slip the Elements
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of Good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean's stream, — Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of high God
Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope,
Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual steps, winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic song half fears to name,
Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike
The palace-roof and soothe the monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,
And Heaven had doom'd her early years to toil
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfeared by fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor labouring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn bench
The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft
Vacantly watched the rudely-pictured board
Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learnt more than schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,
His vices and his sorrows! And full oft
At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress
Had wept and shivered. To the tottering Eld
Still as a daughter would she run: she placed
His cold limbs at the sunny door, and loved
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's form,
Active and tall, nor sloth nor luxury
Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexile eye-brows wildly haired and low,

And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,
Spake more than Woman's thought; and all her face
Was moulded to such features as declared
That pity there had oft and strongly worked,
And sometimes indignation. Bold her mien,
And like an haughty huntress of the woods
She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth so brightly, that who saw would say
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
In this bad World, as in a place of tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the dead.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slow-varying their huge imagery;
When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid
Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the heart, shapes out Man's course
To the predoomed adventure. Now the ascent
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watched
The alien shine of unconcerning stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
Seen in Neufchâtel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheep-track vale-ward: when, behold
In the first entrance of the level road
An unattended team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretched limbs; the others, yet alive
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes
Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally
The dark-red dawn now glimmered; but its gleams
Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,
Then hailed who might be near. No voice replied.
From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seemed
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort pushed,
A miserable man crept forth: his limbs
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, meantime,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretched on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Looked with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke

The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.
She shuddered; but, each vainer pang subdued,
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
The stiff cramped team forced homeward. There arrived,
Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs,
And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death
Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the noon-tide hour,
The hovering spirits of his wife and babes
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs,
With interruptions long from ghastly throes,
His voice had faltered out this simple tale.

The village, where he dwelt an husbandman,
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife
And little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame, they heard
Uproar and shrieks! and terror-struck drove on
Through unfrequented roads, a weary way!
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quenched
Their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.
The air clipt keen, the night was fanged with frost,
And they provisionless! The weeping wife
Ill hushed her children's moans; and still they moaned,
Till fright and cold and hunger drank their life.
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas death.
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
Gained a sad respite, till beside the base
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead.
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
Till wakened by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered,
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!
And now her flushed tumultuous features shot
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery fancy-crazed! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fixed, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smouldered stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yea, swallow'd up in the ominous dream, she sate
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
Breathed from her look! and still with pant and sob,
Inly she toiled to flee, and still subdued,
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toiled in troublous ecstasy,
A horror of great darkness wrapt her round,

And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones,
Calming her soul,—'O Thou of the Most High
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
Behold expectant——'

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the poem when finished.]

'Maid beloved of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)
Of Chaos the adventurous progeny
Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyss fluttered with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant sail uprising. Night
An heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the Prot last beheld
Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
Moaning she fled, and enter'd the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the cave
Of darkness palpable, Desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots.
There many a dateless age the Beldame lurked
And trembled; till engendered by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.
It roused the Hell-Hag; she the dew-damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps; but ere she reached the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulph.
As through the dark vaults of some mouldered tower
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deemed the plaining groan
Of prisoned spirits; with such fearful voice
Night murmured, and the sound through Chaos went.
Leaped at her call her hideous-fronted brood!
A dark behest they heard, and rushed on earth;
Since that sad hour, in camps and courts adored,
Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!'

From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly dam,
Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

'Even so (the exulting Maiden said)
The sainted heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witnessed God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing

Loud songs of triumph! O ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!'
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed multitude of slaughtered saints
At Heaven's wide-opened portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a mist, the relict of that trance
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appeared,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretched opposite, where ever and anon
The plough-man following sad his meagre team
Turned up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the fields
Stept a fair form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beamed in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That blessed prophetic mandate then fulfilled—
Peace be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief,
She seemed to wander with assiduous feet,
And healed the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moaned hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a dre[illegible]
The red [illegible] shapes, transformed to warrior-hosts,
Cou[illegible]d o'er the sky, and battled in mid-air.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
Like hideous features looming on the mist,
Wan stains of ominous light! Resigned, yet sad,
The fair form bowed her olive-crowned brow,
Then o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled till a place of tombs she reached, and there
Within a ruined sepulchre obscure
Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed;—
'Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?

The Power of Justice like a name all light,
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery?
Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek;
And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.
But boasts the shrine of Dæmon War one charm,
Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
Dancing around with interwoven arms,
The Maniac Suicide and Giant Murder
Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
And know not why the simple peasants crowd
Beneath the Chieftains' standard!' Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied:
'When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
No more can rouse the appetites of kings;
When the low flattery of their reptile lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;
When eunuchs sing, and fools buffoonery make,
And dancers writhe their harlot limbs in vain;
Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts;
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Insipid Royalty's keen condiment!
Therefore uninjured and unprofited
(Victims at once and executioners),
The congregated husbandmen lay waste
The vineyard and the harvest. As along
The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
Though hushed the winds and cloudless the high noon,
Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his island-bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and before
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
Still violate the unfinished works of Peace.
But yonder look! for more demands thy view!'
He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle
A vapour sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
Till o'er some death-doomed land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steered its course which way the vapour went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean.
But long time passed not, ere that brighter cloud
Returned more bright; along the plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosomed, bold of eye,
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.

Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hissed the locust-fiends that crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing for their native shores,
Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of palms,
The infuriate spirits of the Murder'd make
Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
Warmed with new influence, the unwholesome plain
Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn:
The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in Blood!

'Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
Soon shall the morning struggle into day,
The stormy morning into cloudless noon.
Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
But this be thy best omen—Save thy Country!'
Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
And with him disappeared the heavenly Vision.

'Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
All-conscious Presence of the Universe!
Nature's vast ever-acting Energy!
In will, in deed, Impulse of All to All!
Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray
Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if
Diseasing realms the Enthusiast, wild of thought,
Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
Thou both inspiring and predooming both,
Fit instruments and best, of perfect end:
Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!'

And first a landscape rose
More wild and waste and desolate than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sundered cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony. 1796.

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR

Ἰοὺ ἰού, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ὑπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
Στροβεῖ, παράσσων φροιμίοις ἐφημίοις.
. . . . .
Τὸ μέλλον ἥξει. Καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρὼν
Ἄγαν ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖς.
Æschyl. *Agam.* 1215-18; 1240-41.

ARGUMENT

THE Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty

with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, etc., as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild Harp of Time !
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind ;
When lo ! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the Departing Year !
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From distemper's midnight anguish ;
And thence, where poverty doth waste and languish ;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines Manhood's maze ;
Or where o'er cradled infants blending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze ;
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !
By time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour ;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice !
Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell :
And now advance in saintly Jubilee
Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

III

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay !
Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?'
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !
Manes of the unnumbered slain !
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams !
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling !
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb !
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate !

IV

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven,
(The mystic Words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffer'd insult scared,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'

VI

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death!
No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

VII

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his Island-child!

Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore;
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII

Abandon'd of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And join'd the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON

With some Poems

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
HOR. *Carm.* lib. 1, 2.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having passed
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb life's upland road,
Yet cheered and cheering: now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed

Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair-foliaged as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poisoned! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one friend,
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of Husband and of Father; not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;
And boding evil yet still hoping good,
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!
Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequestered orchard-plot
Sit on the tree crooked earth-ward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains,
Which I have framed in many a various mood,
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of error or intemperate truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

NETHER-STOWEY, SOMERSET,
May 26, 1797.

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

THIS day among the faithful placed
And fed with fontal manna,
O with maternal title graced,
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fair,
A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
May'st thou deserve thy name!

Thy mother's name, a potent spell,
That bids the Virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell,
Confess'd to Fancy's eye;

Meek Quietness without offence;
Content in homespun kirtle;
True Love; and True Love's Innocence,
White Blossom of the Myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Child!
These Virtues may'st thou win;
With face as eloquently mild
To say, they lodge within.

So, when her tale of days all flown,
Thy mother shall be miss'd here;
When Heaven at length shall claim its own
And Angels snatch their Sister;

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance,
May gaze with stifled breath;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

Even thus a lovely rose I've view'd
In summer-swelling pride;
Nor mark'd the bud, that green and rude
Peep'd at the rose's side.

It chanc'd I pass'd again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the selfsame spray
Rich with the selfsame flower.

Ah fond deceit! the rude green bud
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd where bloom'd its parent stud,
Another and the same!

† 1797.

TRANSLATION

OF A LATIN INSCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES IN NETHER-STOWEY CHURCH

DEPART in joy from this world's noise and strife
To the deep quiet of celestial life!
Depart!—Affection's self reproves the tear
Which falls, O honour'd Parent! on thy bier;—
Yet Nature will be heard, the heart will swell,
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

1797.

[*The Tablet is erected to the Memory of Richard Camplin, who died Jan.* 20, 1792.

'Lætus abi! mundi strepitu curisque remotus;
Lætus abi! cæli quâ vocat alma Quies.
Ipsa fides loquitur lacrymamque incusat inanem,
Quæ cadit in vestros, care Pater, Cineres.
Heu! tantum liceat meritos hos solvere Ritus,
Naturæ et tremulâ dicere Voce, Vale!']

THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

[From *Osorio*, Act IV. The title and text are here printed from *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.]

Foster-Mother. I never saw the man whom you describe.
Maria. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly
As mine and Albert's common Foster-mother.
Foster-Mother. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady,
As often as I think of those dear times
When you two little ones would stand at eve,

On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you—
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been!
Maria. O my dear Mother! this strange man has left me
Troubled with wilder fancies, than the moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it,
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye,
She gazes idly!—But that entrance, Mother!
Foster-Mother. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!
Maria. No one.
Foster-Mother. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni!—Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water, on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the Friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time,
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a very learned youth.
But Oh! poor wretch!—he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place—
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the Chapel
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him; and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart.
And once as he was working in the cellar,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,

How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described:
And the young man escaped.
Maria. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.—
And what became of him?
Foster-Mother. He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And all alone, set sail by silent moonlight,
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,
He lived and died among the savage men. 1797.

THE DUNGEON

[From *Osorio*, Act V.; and *Remorse*, Act V. Scene i. The title and text are here printed from *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.]

And this place our forefathers made for men!
This is the process of our love and wisdom,
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt; till changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot;
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steams and vapours of his dungeon,
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of ever more deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty. 1797.

THE THREE GRAVES

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE

[PART I—FROM MS.]

BENEATH this thorn when I was young,
This thorn that blooms so sweet,
We loved to stretch our lazy limbs
In summer's noon-tide heat.

And hither too the old man came,
The maiden and her feer,
'Then tell me, Sexton, tell me why
The toad has harbour here.

The Thorn is neither dry nor dead,
But still it blossoms sweet;
Then tell me why all round its roots
The dock and nettle meet.

Why here the hemlock, etc. [*sic in MS.*]

Why these three graves all side by side,
Beneath the flow'ry thorn,
Stretch out their lengths so green and dark,
By any foot unworn.'

There, there a ruthless mother lies
Beneath the flowery thorn;
And there a barren wife is laid,
And there a maid forlorn.

The barren wife and maid forlorn
Did love each other dear;
The ruthless mother wrought the woe,
And cost them many a tear.

Fair Ellen was of serious mind,
Her temper mild and even,
And Mary, graceful as the fir
That points the spire to heaven.

Young Edward he to Mary said,
'I would you were my bride,'
And she was scarlet as he spoke,
And turned her face to hide.

'You know my mother she is rich,
And you have little gear;
And go and if she say not Nay,
Then I will be your feer.'

Young Edward to the mother went,
To him the mother said:
'In truth you are a comely man;
You shall my daughter wed.'

[1] [In Mary's joy fair Eleanor
Did bear a sister's part;

For why, tho' not akin in blood,
They sisters were in heart.]

Small need to tell to any man
That ever shed a tear
What passed within the lover's heart
The happy day so near.

The mother, more than mothers use,
Rejoiced when they were by;
And all the 'course of wooing' passed
Beneath the mother's eye.

And here within the flowering thorn
How deep they drank of joy:
The mother fed upon the sight,
Nor.. . . [*sic in MS.*]

[Part II—From MS.]

And now the wedding day was fix'd,
The wedding-ring was bought;
The wedding-cake with her own hand
The ruthless mother wrought.

'And when to-morrow's sun shines forth
The maid shall be a bride';
Thus Edward to the mother spake
While she sate by his side.

Alone they sate within the bower:
The mother's colour fled,
For Mary's foot was heard above—
She decked the bridal bed.

And when her foot was on the stairs
To meet her at the door,
With steady step the mother rose,
And silent left the bower.

She stood, her back against the door,
And when her child drew near—
'Away! away!' the mother cried,
'Ye shall not enter here.

'Would ye come here, ye maiden vile,
And rob me of my mate?'
And on her child the mother scowled
A deadly leer of hate.

Fast rooted to the spot, you guess,
The wretched maiden stood,

[1] Uncertain whether this stanza is erased, or merely blotted in the MS.—Ed.

As pale as any ghost of night
That wanteth flesh and blood.

She did not groan, she did not fall,
She did not shed a tear,
Nor did she cry, 'Oh! mother, why
May I not enter here?'

But wildly up the stairs she ran,
As if her sense was fled.
And then her trembling limbs she threw
Upon the bridal bed.

The mother she to Edward went
Where he sate in the bower,
And said, 'That woman is not fit
To be your paramour.

'She is my child—it makes my heart
With grief and trouble swell;
I rue the hour I gave her birth,
For never worse befel.

'For she is fierce and she is proud,
And of an envious mind;
A wily hypocrite she is,
And giddy as the wind.

'And if you go to church with her,
You'll rue the bitter smart;
For she will wrong your marriage-bed,
And she will break your heart.

'Oh God, to think that I have shared
Her deadly sin so long;
She is my child, and therefore I
As mother held my tongue.

'She is my child, I've risked for her
My living soul's estate:
I cannot say my daily prayers,
The burthen is so great.

'And she would scatter gold about
Until her back was bare;
And should you swing for lust of hers
In truth she'd little care.'

Then in a softer tone she said,
And took him by the hand:

'Sweet Edward, for one kiss of your's
I'd give my house and land.

'And if you'll go to church with me,
And take me for your bride,
I'll make you heir of all I have—
Nothing shall be denied.'

Then Edward started from his seat,
And he laughed loud and long—
'In truth, good mother, you are mad,
Or drunk with liquor strong.'

To him no word the mother said,
But on her knee she fell,
And fetched her breath while thrice your hand
Might toll the passing-bell.

'Thou daughter now above my head,
Whom in my womb I bore,
May every drop of thy heart's blood
Be curst for ever more.

'And cursed be the hour when first
I heard thee wawl and cry;
And in the Church-yard cursed be
The grave where thou shalt lie!'

And Mary on the bridal-bed
Her mother's curse had heard;
And while the cruel mother spake
The bed beneath her stirred.

In wrath young Edward left the hall,
And turning round he sees
The mother looking up to God
And still upon her knees.

Young Edward he to Mary went
When on the bed she lay:
'Sweet love, this is a wicked house—
Sweet love, we must away.'

He raised her from the bridal-bed,
All pale and wan with fear;
'No Dog,' quoth he, 'if he were mine,
No Dog would kennel here.'

He led her from the bridal-bed,
He led her from the stairs.

* * * *

The mother still was in the bower,
And with a greedy heart
She *drank perdition* on her knees,
Which never may depart.

But when their steps were heard below
On God she did not call;
She did forget the God of Heaven,
For they were in the hall.

She started up—the servant maid
Did see her when she rose;
And she has oft declared to me
The blood within her froze.

As Edward led his bride away
And hurried to the door,
The ruthless mother springing forth
Stopped midway on the floor.

What did she mean? What did she mean?
For with a smile she cried:
'Unblest ye shall not pass my door,
The bride-groom and his bride.

'Be blithe as lambs in April are,
As flies when fruits are red;
May God forbid that thought of me
Should haunt your marriage-bed.

'And let the night be given to bliss,
The day be given to glee:
I am a woman weak and old,
Why turn a thought on me?

'What can an aged mother do,
And what have ye to dread?
A curse is wind, it hath no strength
To haunt your marriage-bed.'

When they were gone and out of sight
She rent her hoary hair,
And foamed like any Dog of June
When sultry sunbeams glare.

* * * *

Now ask you why the barren wife,
And why the maid forlorn,
And why the ruthless mother lies
Beneath the flowering thorn?

Three times, three times this spade of mine,
In spite of bolt or bar,
Did from beneath the belfry come,
When spirits wandering are.

And when the mother's soul to Hell
By howling fiends was borne,
This spade was seen to mark her grave
Beneath the flowery thorn.

And when the death-knock at the door
Called home the maid forlorn,
This spade was seen to mark her grave
Beneath the flowery thorn.

And 'tis a fearful, fearful tree;
The ghosts that round it meet,
'Tis they that cut the rind at night,
Yet still it blossoms sweet.

* * * *

[*End of MS.*]

PART III

The grapes upon the Vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane
Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
There leads from Edward's door
A mossy track, all over boughed,
For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
The bride and bridegroom went;
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,
I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stepped into the sun,
Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar join'd their hands,
Her limbs did creep and freeze;
But when they prayed, she thought she saw
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—
I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
The married maiden set:
That moment—I have heard her say—
She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—
Then came a chill like death:
And when the merry bells rang out,
They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest mother's curse
No child could ever thrive:
A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed: the mother still
Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man,
And Mary a fond wife.

'My sister may not visit us,
'My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

'I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 'tis a gloomy season.'

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
And on the few fine days
She stirred not out, lest she might meet
Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
And weather dark and dreary,
Trudged every day to Edward's house,
And made them all more cheery.

Oh! Ellen was a faithful friend,
More dear than any sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
But few to church repair:
For on that day you know we read
The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,
Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wished that service was clean out
Of our good Liturgy.

The mother walked into the church—
To Ellen's seat she went:
Though Ellen always kept her church
All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
With courteous looks and mild:
Thought she, 'What if her heart should melt,
And all be reconciled!'

The day was scarcely like a day—
The clouds were black outright:
And many a night, with half a moon,
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging over head,
You scarce could hear the Vicar!

And then and there the mother knelt,
And audibly she cried—
'Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!

'O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

'By night and day, in bed and bower,
O let her cursed be!!!'
So having prayed, steady and slow,
She rose up from her knee!
And left the church, nor e'er again
The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale! I guessed not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and asked her why :
Giddy she seemed, and sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped
She smiled and told us why :
'It was a wicked woman's curse,'
Quoth she, 'and what care I?'

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off
Ere from the door she stept—
But all agree it would have been
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
This was her constant cry—
'It was a wicked woman's curse—
God's good, and what care I?'

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled :
'It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?'

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature! and she hid it all :
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale : her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw ;
'O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you!'

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk fast adown the lee,
He snatched a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He snapped them still with hand or knee,
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!

You see, good sir! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath :
He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares :
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Fast-linked they both together came,
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike :
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his looks
They saw his inward strife :
And they clung round him with their arms,
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
So on his breast she bowed ;
Then frenzy melted into grief,
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
But closelier did she cling,
And turned her face and looked as if
She saw some frightful thing.

PART IV

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark ;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord he gives,
The Lord, he takes away :
O Sir! the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me ;
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

'Aye, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale.'
You, Sir! are but a lad ;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
For three good hours and more ;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self, before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward look'd as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she spanned;
And once when Mary was down-cast,
She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
She gently pressed her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
Did gripe like a convulsion!
'Alas!' said she, 'we ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion!'

And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
'Oh Christ! you're like your mother!'

So gentle Ellen now no more
Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb:
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning cried,
'O! Heaven! that I were dead.'

Mary looked up into his face,
And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer:
'Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
It is too great to bear!'

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
Old sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we knew not how:
You looked about for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.

It happened then ('twas in the bower,
A furlong up the wood:
Perhaps you know the place, and yet
I scarce know how you should,)

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
To any pasture-plot;
But clustered near the chattering brook,
Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbour took,
A close, round arbour; and it stands
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still
With scarlet berries hung,

Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
Upon a mossy heap,
With shut-up senses, Edward lay:
That brook e'en on a working day
Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,
And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
And talked as 'twere by stealth.

'The Sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
See, dearest Ellen! see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
No bigger than your ee;

'A tiny sun, and it has got
A perfect glory too;
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory gay and bright
Round that small orb, so blue.'

And then they argued of those rays,
What colour they might be;
Says this, 'They're mostly green'; says that,
'They're amber-like to me.'

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast.

'A mother too!' these self-same words
Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
With horror and huge pain.

Both groan'd at once, for both knew well
What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
Had had time to depart,
'O God, forgive me!' (he exclaimed)
'I have torn out her heart.'

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shivered, where she sat,
And never she smiled after.

1797-1809.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!——[Note of S. T. C.—1815.]

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA HOUSE, LONDON

In the June of 1797 some long-expected friends paid a visit to the author's cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the garden-bower.

WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock

Flings arching like a bridge;—that
branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor
yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble
still,
Fanned by the water-fall! and there my
friends
Behold the dark green file of long lank
weeds,
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping
edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and
view again
The many-steepled tract magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose
sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt
two Isles
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander
on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks,
most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast
pined
And hungered after Nature, many a
year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil
and pain
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious
Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking
orb,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn,
ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant
groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my
friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I
have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing
round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth
seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet
he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am
glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this
bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not
marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath
the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I
watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to
see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above,
Dappling its sunshine! And that wal-
nut-tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance
lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now, with
blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter
hue
Through the late twilight: and though
now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow
twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble-bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I
shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and
pure;
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well
employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the
heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and some-
times
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the soul, and contem-
plate
With lively joy the joys we cannot
share.

My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creeking o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

1797.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1798. See p. xlii. *note*.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.* p. 68.

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country. [1798.]

PART I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—'
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

'And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.'

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till climb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

PART IV

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him ;

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.[1]

[1] For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed. [Note of S. T. C., first printed in *Sibylline Leaves*.]

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

' I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! '
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;

Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in their own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

The Hermit of the Wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.

How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

1797-1798.

SONNETS ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

[SIGNED 'NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM']

I

PENSIVE at eve on the hard world I mus'd,
And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon
I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—for, ah! how soon
Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd
With tearful vacancy the *dampy* grass
Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray;
And I did pause me on my lonely way,
And mused me on those wretched ones who pass
O'er the black heath of Sorrow. But, alas!
Most of Myself I thought: when it befell
That the sooth Spirit of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear—'All this is very well;
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good.'
Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

II

TO SIMPLICITY

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity*!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness

Goes to my heart and soothes each small
distress,
Distress though small, yet haply great to
me!
'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; yet, though I know not
why,
So sad I am!—but should a friend and I
Grow cool and *miff*, O! I am *very* sad!
And then with sonnets and with sym-
pathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaint-
ively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But, whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek Simplicity!

III

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY

AND this reft house is that the which he
built,
Lamented Jack! And here his malt
he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! These rats that
squeak so wild,
Squeak, not unconscious of their father's
guilt.
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the
glade?
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milk no cow with
crumpled horn,
Yet *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst*
she stray'd;
And *aye* beside her stalks her amorous
knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues
are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd
and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly
white;
As when thro' broken clouds at night's
high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-
orb'd harvest-moon! 1797.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER

A WAR ECLOGUE

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE *is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

Fam. SISTERS! sisters! who sent you
here?
Slau. [*to Fire*]. I will whisper it in
her ear.
Fire. No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell,
No! no! no!
Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls, that damned be,
Leaped up at once in anarchy,
Clapped their hands and danced for
glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laughed to hear Hell's burning
rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!
No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell!
Fam. Whisper it, sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.
Slau. Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you?
Both. The same! the same!
Slau. He came by stealth, and un-
locked my den,
And I have drunk the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.
Both. Who bade you do 't?
Slau. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
Fam. Thanks, sister, thanks! the men
have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for
bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle;
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,

To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.
So off I flew: for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?
Both. Whisper it, sister! in our ear.
Fam. A baby beat its dying mother:
I had starved the one and was starving the other! 41
Both. Who bade you do't?
Fam. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
Fire. Sisters! I from Ireland came!
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun!
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides, 50
I flung back my head and I held my sides,
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light!
By the light of his own blazing cot
Was many a naked Rebel shot:
The house-stream met the flame and hissed,
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
On some of those old bed-rid nurses, 60
That deal in discontent and curses.
Both. Who bade you do't?
Fire. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
All. He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we yield him honour due?
Fam. Wisdom comes with lack of food.
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim: 70
They shall seize him and his brood—
Slau. They shall tear him limb from limb!
Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue!
And is this all that you can do
For him, who did so much for you?
Ninety months he, by my troth!
Hath richly catered for you both;
And in an hour would you repay
An eight years' work?—Away! away!
I alone am faithful! I 80
Cling to him everlastingly. 1797.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

PREFATORY NOTE

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another [Wordsworth], whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and which ever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austerely pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having despatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humourous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the plan and proposed incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realising this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the 'Fortunate Isles' of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen:—

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the 'Wanderings of Cain, a poem,'—intreating, however, my Readers, not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself were I to record pro *tædio* publico a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[1828.]

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

CANTO II

'A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight.' Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

'It is dark, O my father!' said Enos, 'but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight.'

'Lead on, my child!' said Cain; 'guide me, little child!' And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. 'The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.' 'Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I climb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leaped away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?' Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice: and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up.' Then Enos spake to his father, 'Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher.' And Cain said, 'How knowest thou!' and the child answered—'Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo.' Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite

his breast and cry aloud, 'Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger.'

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered, 'Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it': and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous, like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, 'Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery.' Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, 'What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?' 'Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation.' Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—'The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?' Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child, 'I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?' But Cain said, 'Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?' The Shape answered, 'The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God.' Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. 'Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life,' exclaimed the Shape, 'who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion.' Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands: and Cain said in his heart, 'The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?' and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, 'he has passed into the dark woods,' and he

walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, 'Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?' The Shape arose and answered, 'O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!'

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows. 1798.

CHRISTABEL

PART THE FIRST

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud:
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!

Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:

The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, 'tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
'All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

THE CONCLUSION
TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,

The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !
Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !

And see ! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance ;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light !

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near ?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call :
For the blue sky bends over all !

1797.

PART THE SECOND

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead :
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day !

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !

There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother ;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed ;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?
I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree !
Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair !
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep !
And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
'Sure I have sinn'd ! ' said Christabel,
'Now heaven be praised if all be well ! '
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!
With new surprise,
'What ails then my beloved child?'
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!

Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing;
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

'And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;

But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!'
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance!—
One moment — and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!

The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
'By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonour'd thus in his old age;

Dishonour'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

1801.

THE CONCLUSION
TO PART THE SECOND

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

? 1801.

FRANCE: AN ODE

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may controul!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;

Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III

'And what,' I said, 'though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!'
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
'And soon,' I said, 'shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own.'

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February 1798.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

February 1798.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;

And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of Nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark;
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Engulf'd in Courts, Committees, Institutions,
Associations and Societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild,
One Benefit-Club for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,

(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'

Thankless too for peace,
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows,)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation on contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings?

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! O! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laughed at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising

Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistimed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images.
And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deemed.—
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country! O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!—

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad

The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze :
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot !
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way ; and lo ! recalled
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled ! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought !
And now, beloved Stowey ! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend ;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace ! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell !
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

NETHER STOWEY, *April 20th*, 1798.

TO A YOUNG LADY

[MISS LAVINIA POOLE]

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER

WHY need I say, Louisa dear !
How glad I am to see you here,
A lovely convalescent ;
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny showers, the dappled sky,
The little birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray :
You made us grow devouter !
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
How can we do without her ?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going :
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing !

March 31, 1798.

THE NIGHTINGALE

A CONVERSATION POEM, WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798

NO cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird !
A melancholy bird ? Oh ! idle thought !
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds

Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.

RECANTATION

ILLUSTRATED IN THE STORY OF THE MAD OX

[As printed in the *Morning Post* for July 30, 1798, with the following heading—

ORIGINAL POETRY

A TALE

The following amusing Tale gives a very humourous description of the French Revolution, which is represented as an Ox.]

I

An Ox, long fed with musty hay,
And work'd with yoke and chain,
Was loosen'd on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay
At once with sun and rain.

II

The grass was fine, the sun was bright—
With truth I may aver it;
The beast was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisk'd,—to shew his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

III

'Stop, neighbours, stop, why these alarms?
The ox is only glad!'
But still they pour from cots and farms—
'Halloo!' the parish is up in arms,
(A *hoaxing*-hunt has always charms)
'Halloo! the ox is mad.'

IV

The frighted ox scamper'd about—
Plunge! through the hedge he drove:
The mob pursue with hideous rout,

A bull-dog fasten'd on his snout;
'He gores the dog! his tongue hangs out!
He's mad, he's mad, by Jove!'

V

'Stop, neighbours, stop!' aloud did call
A sage of sober hue.
'You cruel dog!' at once they bawl,
And women squeak and children squall,
'What? would you have him toss us all?
And dam'me, who are you?'

VI

Ah! hapless sage! his ears they stun,
And curse him o'er and o'er!
'You bloody-minded dog! (cries one,)
To slit your windpipe were good fun,
'Od bl—st you for an *impious* son
Of a Presbyterian wh—re!'

VII

'You'd have him gore the Parish-priest,
And drive against the altar!
You rogue!' The sage his warnings ceas'd,
And north and south, and west and east,
Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Tom, Bob, Dick and Walter.

VIII

Old Lewis ('twas his evil day),
Stood trembling in his shoes;
The ox was his—what cou'd he say?
His legs were stiffen'd with dismay,
The ox ran o'er him mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.

IX

The baited ox drove on (but here,
The Gospel scarce more true is,
My Muse stops short in mid career—
Nay, gentle Reader, do not sneer!
I could chuse but drop a tear,
A tear for good old Lewis!)

X

The ox drove on right through the town.
All follow'd, boy and dad,
Bull-dog, parson, shopman, clown:
The publicans rush'd from the Crown,
'Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!'
They drove the poor ox mad.

XI

Should you a rat to madness tease
Why ev'n a rat might plague you:
There's no Philosopher but sees
That Rage and Fear are one disease—
Though that may burn, and this may freeze,
They're both alike the ague.

XII

And so this ox, in frantic mood,
Fac'd round like a mad Bull!
The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued,
Till they with flight and fear were stew'd,
And not a chick of all the brood
But had his belly full!

XIII

Old Nick's astride the ox, 'tis clear!
Old Nicholas, to a tittle!
But all agreed, he'd disappear,
Would but the Parson venture near,
And through his teeth,[1] right o'er the steer,
Squirt out some fasting-spittle.

XIV

Achilles was a warrior fleet,
The Trojans he could worry:
Our Parson too was swift of feet,
But shew'd it chiefly in retreat:
The victor ox drove down the street,
The mob fled hurry-scurry.

[1] According to the common superstition there are two ways of fighting with the Devil. You may cut him in half with a straw, or he will vanish if you spit over his horns with a fasting spittle. [Note by S. T. C. in *M. Post.*]

XV

Through gardens, lanes and fields new-plough'd,
Through *his* hedge, and through *her* hedge,
He plung'd and toss'd and bellow'd loud—
Till in his madness he grew proud
To see this helter-skelter crowd
That had more wrath than courage!

XVI

Alack! to mend the breaches wide
He made for these poor ninnies,
They all must work, whate'er betide,
Both days and months, and pay beside
(Sad news for Av'rice and for Pride),
A *sight* of golden guineas!

XVII

But here once more to view did pop
The man that kept his senses—
And now he bawl'd,—'Stop, neighbours, stop!
The ox is mad! I would not swop,
No! not a school-boy's farthing top
For all the parish-fences.'

XVIII

'The ox is mad! Tom! Walter! Mat!'
'What means this coward fuss?
Ho! stretch this rope across the plat—
'Twill trip him up—or if not that,
Why, dam'me! we must lay him flat—
See! here's my blunderbuss.'

XIX

'A barefaced dog! just now he said
The ox was only glad—
Let's break his Presbyterian head!'
'Hush!' quoth the sage, 'you've been misled;
No quarrels now! let's all make head,
You *drove* the poor ox mad.'

XX

But lo, to interrupt my chat,
With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blund'ring as a bat,
In rush'd that fierce aristocrat,
Our pursy woollen-draper.

XXI

And so my Muse per force drew bit;
And he rush'd in and panted!
'Well, have you heard?' No, not a whit.
'What, ha'nt you heard?' Come, out with it!
'That Tierney's wounded Mister PITT,
And his fine tongue enchanted.'

LOVE

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faultering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin-shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

1798-1799.

THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIÉ

A FRAGMENT

BENEATH yon birch with silver bark,
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scatter'd down the rock:
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,
The Dark Ladié in silent pain;
The heavy tear is in her eye,
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page
Up the castled mountain's breast,
If he might find the Knight that wears
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,
And she had linger'd there all day,
Counting moments, dreaming fears—
Oh wherefore can he stay?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
She sees far off a swinging bough!
'' 'Tis He! 'Tis my betrothed Knight!
Lord Falkland, it is Thou!'

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,
She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks
She quenches with her tears.

* * * *

'My friends with rude ungentle words
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!
O give me shelter in thy breast!
O shield and shelter me!

'My Henry, I have given thee much,
I gave what I can ne'er recall,
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all.'

The Knight made answer to the Maid,
While to his heart he held her hand,
'Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

'The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

'Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we two will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!'—

'The dark? the dark? No! not the dark?
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?
O God! 'twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

'And in the eye of noon my love
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

'But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

'And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids.'

* * * *

1798.

HEXAMETERS

[Sent in a letter from Ratzeburg to the Wordsworths at Goslar in the winter of 1798-9. The seven lines beginning 'O! what a life is the eye' were printed in the edition of 1834, with the heading 'Written during a temporary blindness in the year 1799.' 'When I was ill and wakeful (writes Coleridge) I composed some English hexameters:—]

WILLIAM, my teacher, my friend! dear William and dear Dorothea!
Smooth out the folds of my letter, and place it on desk or on table;
Place it on table or desk; and your right hands loosely half-closing,[1]
Gently sustain them in air, and extending the digit didactic,
Rest it a moment on each of the forks of the five-forkéd left hand,
Twice on the breadth of the thumb, and once on the tip of each finger;
Read with a nod of the head in a humouring recitativo;
And, as I live, you will see my hexameters hopping before you.
This is a galloping measure; a hop, and a trot, and a gallop!

All my hexameters fly, like stags pursued by the stag-hounds,
Breathless and panting, and ready to drop, yet flying still onwards,[2]

1 False metre.

2 '*Still* flying onwards' were perhaps better.

I would full fain pull in my hard-mouthed
runaway hunter;
But our English Spondeans are clumsy
yet impotent curb-reins;
And so to make him go slowly, no way
left have I but to lame him.

William, my head and my heart! dear
Poet that feelest and thinkest!
Dorothy, eager of soul, my most affec-
tionate sister!
Many a mile, O! many a wearisome
mile are ye distant,
Long, long comfortless roads, with no
one eye that doth know us.
O! it is all too far to send you mockeries
idle:
Yea, and I feel it not right! But O! my
friends, my beloved!
Feverish and wakeful I lie,—I am weary
of feeling and thinking.
Every thought is worn *down*, I am weary
yet cannot be vacant.
Five long hours have I tossed, rheumatic
heats, dry and flushing,
Gnawing behind in my head, and wan-
dering and throbbing about me,
Busy and tiresome, my friends, as the
heat of the boding night-spider.[1]

'I forget the beginning of the line:

. . . my eyes are a burthen,
Now unwillingly closed, now open and
aching with darkness.
O! what a life is the eye! what a fine[2]
and inscrutable essence!
Him that is utterly blind, nor glimpses
the fire that warms him;
Him that never beheld the swelling breast
of his mother;
Him that ne'er smiled at the bosom as
babe that smiles in its slumber;[3]
Even to[4] him it exists, it stirs and
moves[5] in its prison;
Lives with a separate life, and 'Is it
the Spirit?'[1] he murmurs:
Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to
see is only its language.[2]

There was a great deal more, which I have forgotten. . . . The last line which I wrote, I remember, and write it for the truth of the sentiment, scarcely less true in company than in pain and solitude:—

William my head and my heart! dear
William and dear Dorothea!
You have all in each other; but I am
lonely, and want you!

AD VILMUM AXIOLOGUM

[TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH]

THIS be the meed, that thy song creates
a thousand-fold echo!
Sweet as the warble of woods, that
awakes at the gale of the morning!
List! the Hearts of the Pure, like caves
in the ancient mountains
Deep, deep *in* the Bosom, and *from* the
Bosom resound it,
Each with a different tone, complete or
in musical fragments—
All have welcomed thy Voice, and re-
ceive and retain and prolong it!

This is the word of the Lord! it is
spoken and Beings Eternal
Live and are borne as an Infant, the
Eternal begets the Immortal,
Love is the Spirit of Life, and Music the
Life of the Spirit! ? 1805.

MS.

HYMN TO THE EARTH

[IMITATED FROM STOLBERG'S *HYMNE AN DIE ERDE*]

HEXAMETERS

EARTH! thou mother of numberless chil-
dren, the nurse and the mother,

[1] False metre. [2] [Strange. 1834. Ed.]
[3] [Him that smiled in his gladness as a babe that smiles in its slumber. 1834. Ed.]
[4] [For. 1834. Ed.]
[5] [Moves and stirs. 1834. Ed.]

[1] [A spirit. 1834. Ed.]
[2] [A language. 1834. Ed.]

Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and, blessing, I hymn thee!
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges—
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,
Thrill'd with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-hair'd goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the Sun, the rejoicer!
Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth, whom the comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamour'd!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother and goddess,
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he woo'd thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teem'd forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impell'd by thousand-fold instincts,
Fill'd, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on their channels;
Laugh'd on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swell'd upward;
Young life low'd through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wander'd bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.

* * * *

? 1799.

MAHOMET

UTTER the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,
Prophet and priest, who scatter'd abroad both evil and blessing,
Huge wasteful empires founded and hallow'd slow persecution,
Soul-withering, but crush'd the blasphemous rites of the Pagan
And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the Gospel of Jesus,
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.
Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.
Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river

Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy
uproar bewilder'd,
Rushes dividuous all—all rushing im-
petuous onward. ? 1799.

CATULLIAN
HENDECASYLLABLES

HEAR, my beloved, an old Milesian story !—
High, and embosom'd in congregated
laurels,
Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy head-
land ;
In the dim distance amid the skiey billows
Rose a fair island ; the god of flocks had
blest it.
From the far shores of the bleat-resound-
ing island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came
floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy
headland,
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in
mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd
temple.
There in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight
canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusk wave, until the nightly
sailor
Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her
bosom. ? 1799.

THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER

DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling
and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but
the sky and the ocean. ? 1799.

THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE

DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED

IN the hexameter rises the fountain's
silvery column ;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody
back. ? 1799.

METRICAL FEET

LESSON FOR A BOY

TRŌCHĔE trīps frŏm lōng tŏ shōrt ;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slōw SpōndĕE stālks ; strōng fōōt ! yea
ill able
ĔvĕR tŏ cōme ŭp wĭth DāctўL trĭ-
sўllăblĕ.
ĬāmbĭcS mārch frŏm shōrt tŏ lōng ;—
WĭTh ă lēāp ănd ă bōūnd thĕ swĭft
ĂnăpæSts thrōng ;
One syllable long, with one short at each
side,
ĂmphĭbrăchўS hāstes wĭth ă stātelў
stride ;—
FĭRst ănd lāst bēĭng lōng, mĭddlĕ shōrt,
Ămphĭmācer
StrĭKes hĭs thŭndĕRĭng hōōfS lĭke ă prōūd
hĭgh-brĕd RācER.
If Derwent be innocent, steady, and
wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water,
and skies ;
Tender warmth at his heart, with these
metres to show it,
With sound sense in his brains, may
make Derwent a poet,—
May crown him with fame, and must
win him the love
Of his father on earth and his Father
above.
My dear, dear child !
Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you
would not from its whole ridge
See a man who so loves you as your
fond S. T. COLERIDGE. 1803.

THE BRITISH STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG

YES, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds which our countrymen wrought;
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.

Despise not my youth, for my spirit is steel'd
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my hand;
Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the field,
And as proudly would die for my dear native land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the fight,
The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath;
And my fancy still wander'd by day and by night,
Amid battle and tumult, 'mid conquest and death.

My own shout of onset, in the heat of my trance,
How oft it awakes me from visions of glory;
When I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France,
And have dash'd him to earth, pale and breathless and gory.

As late thro' the city with banners all streaming
To the music of trumpets the Warriors flew by,
With helmet and scimitars naked and gleaming,
On their proud-trampling, thunder-hoof'd steeds did they fly;
I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm;
And I hurl'd the mock-lance thro' the objectless air,
And in open-eyed dream proved the strength of my arm.

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen wrought;
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought!

? 1799.

ON A CATARACT

FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN PRECIPICE

[AFTER STOLBERG'S *UNSTERBLICHER JÜNGLING*]

STROPHE

UNPERISHING youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices;
The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the rock,
That is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight!

ANTISTROPHE

The wild goat in awe
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible ;—
Thou at once full-born
Madd'nest in thy joyance,
Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st,
Life invulnerable. ? 1799.

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG

I

MARK this holy chapel well !
The birth-place, this, of William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II

Here first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest ;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers use to pray.

III

'Vouchsafe him health, O God ! and give
The child thy servant still to live !'
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

IV

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !

V

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit :
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft !

VI

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace :
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

VII

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of *Slavery*——the which he broke !
? 1799.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone :
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus ! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler ;
Lo ! Phœbus the Glorious descends from his throne !
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !
With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial hall !

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire ?
Me rather, bright guests ! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre !
Hah ! we mount ! on their pinions they waft up my soul !
O give me the nectar !
O fill me the bowl !

Give him the nectar !
Pour out for the poet,
Hebe ! pour free !

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die! ? 1799.

FROM THE GERMAN

KNOW'ST thou the land where the pale citrons grow,
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high!
Know'st thou it well, that land, beloved Friend?
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend! ? 1799.

WESTPHALIAN SONG

[The following is an almost literal translation of a very old and very favourite song among the Westphalian Boors. The turn at the end is the same with one of Mr. Dibdin's excellent songs, and the air to which it is sung by the Boors is remarkably sweet and lively.]

WHEN thou to my true-love com'st
Greet her from me kindly;
When she asks thee how I fare?
Say, folks in Heaven fare finely.

When she asks, 'What! Is he sick?'
Say, dead!—and when for sorrow
She begins to sob and cry,
Say, I come to-morrow. ? 1799.

MUTUAL PASSION

ALTERED AND MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD POET

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who:
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too.
Yet while my joy's unknown,
Its rosy buds are but half-blown:
What no one with me shares, seems scarce my own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
'Twould vex me worse than scorn!
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would like my thoughts be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too;
As after rain the summer air,
And looks as lilies do,
That are this morning blown!
Yet, yet I doubt, he is not known,
Yet, yet I fear to have him fully shown.

But he hath eyes so large, and bright,
Which none can see, and doubt
That Love might thence his torches light
Tho' Hate had put them out!
But then to raise my fears,
His voice——what maid so ever hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more! yet I love him,
And he loves me; yet so,
That never one low wish did dim
Our love's pure light, I know——
In each so free from blame,
That both of us would gain new fame,
If love's strong fears would let me tell his name! ? 1799.

WATER BALLAD

'COME hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er

This stream so brightly flowing
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavour
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

'Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my father-land.'—
'Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?'
'A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.'

The happy bridal over
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home.
And still they sang together
As steering o'er the tide:
'Row on through wind and weather
For ever by my side.'

? 1799.

NAMES

[FROM LESSING]

I ASK'D my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine.'

Morning Post, August 27, 1799.

THE EXCHANGE

WE pledg'd our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not guess the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.
Her father's leave she bade me gain;
I went, but shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

1799.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE GOSPEL

[This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord. Most interesting is it to consider the effect when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural. Then it is that religion and poetry strike deepest.]

SHE gave with joy her virgin breast;
She hid it not, she bared the breast
Which suckled that divinest babe!
Blessed, blessed were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd;
And blessed, blessed was the mother
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And soothed him with a lulling motion.
Blessed! for she shelter'd him
From the damp and chilling air;
Blessed, blessed! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!
Blessed, blessed evermore,
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms, and to her breast,
She embraced the babe divine,
Her babe divine the virgin mother!
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night
For us she *bore* the heavenly Lord!

? 1799.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. 1794.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM

'BE, rather than be call'd, a child of God,'
Death whisper'd!—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
The Baby bow'd, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest
Possessor, not inheritor.
April 8th, 1799.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

ITS balmy lips the infant blest
Relaxing from its mother's breast,
How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
Of innocent satiety!

And such my infant's latest sigh!
Oh tell, rude stone! the passer by,
That here the pretty babe doth lie,
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.
1799.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet-stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood:[1] for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within;—
Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native Land!
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,

[1] ——————— 'When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales,
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest and call it home.
SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates.*

Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

May 17, 1799.

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

If I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

April 23, 1799.

HOME-SICK

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

'Tis sweet to him who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doomed to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There's healing only in thy wings,
Thou breeze that play'st on Albion's shore!

May 26, 1799.

THE DAY-DREAM

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!
As if some bird had taken shelter there;

And lo! I seem'd to see a woman's form—
Thine, Sara, thine? O joy, if thine it were!
I gazed with stifled breath, and fear'd to stir it,
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seem'd sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and waken'd me:
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping.
I bless'd him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping! 1799.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the DEVIL is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a LAWYER killing a Viper
On a dung heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A POTHECARY on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
DEATH in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! we are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Fast by the tree of knowledge.[1]

1 'And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (query *paper-money*), and next to Life
Our Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by.—
* * * * * *
So clomb this first grand thief——
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant.'
Par. Lost, iv.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for 'LIFE' *Cod. quid. habent*, 'TRADE.' Though indeed THE TRADE, *i.e.* the bibliopolic, so called κατ' ἐξόχην, may be regarded as LIFE sensu *eminentiori*; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, etc., of the trade, exclaimed, 'Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!'—This 'Life, *our* Death,' is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.

Of this poem, which with the 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter' first appeared in the *Morning Post* (6th Sept. 1799), the three first stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr. Southey. See Apologetic Preface [to 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter']. Between the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted as grounded on subjects which have lost their interest—and for better reasons.

If any one should ask who General —— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel. [S. T. C.'s note in 1829.] [See the original version of the poem in the "Notes."—ED.]

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,
It cut its own throat. 'There!' quoth he with a smile,
'Goes "England's commercial prosperity."'

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

* * * *

General ———— burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
It was general conflagration.

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM

Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest
These scented Rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud Harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint,
But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hate!
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert Captain, or the primmer Priest,
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and grey,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wreck'd sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasure

The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze. 1799.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER 'PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD'

And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aim'd the arrow at the tyrant's heart.

SPLENDOUR's fondly-foster'd child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from Nature: stately vests,
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
And bending low, with godlike kiss
Breath'd in a more celestial life;
But boasts not many a fair compeer
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet *these* delight to celebrate
Laurelled War and plumy State;
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness—
Pernicious tales! insidious strains!
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of ignorance and penury!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

You were a Mother! That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose infants owe them less
Than the poor caterpillar owes
Its gaudy parent fly.
You were a mother! at your bosom fed

The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones,
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
New influences in your being rose,
Blest intuitions and communions fleet
With living Nature, in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learnt you that heroic measure.

1799.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

I

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

II

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,——
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

V

And is not War a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI

'Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

VII

'A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

VIII

'Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.'

1799.

TALLEYRAND TO LORD GRENVILLE

A METRICAL EPISTLE

[As printed in *Morning Post* for January 10, 1800.]

To the Editor of *The Morning Post*.

MR EDITOR,—An unmetrical letter from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville has already appeared, and from an authority too high to be questioned: otherwise I could adduce some arguments for the exclusive authenticity of the following metrical epistle. The very epithet which the wise ancients used, '*aurea carmina*,' might have been supposed likely to have determined the choice of the French minister in favour of verse; and the rather when we recollect that this phrase of '*golden verses*' is applied emphatically to the works of that philosopher who imposed *silence* on all with whom he had to deal. Besides is it not somewhat improbable that Talleyrand should have preferred prose to rhyme, when the latter alone *has got the chink*? Is it not likewise curious that in our official answer no notice whatever is taken of the Chief Consul, Bonaparte, as if there had been no such person existing; notwithstanding that his existence is pretty generally admitted, nay that some have been so rash as to believe that he has created as great a sensation in the world as Lord Grenville, or even the Duke of Portland? But the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, *is* acknowledged, which, in our opinion, could not have happened had he written only that insignificant prose-letter, which seems to precede Bonaparte's, as in old romances a dwarf always ran before to proclaim the advent or arrival of knight or giant. That Talleyrand's character and practices more resemble those of some *regular* Governments than Bonaparte's I admit; but this of itself does not appear a satisfactory explanation. However, let the letter speak for itself. The second line is supererogative in syllables, whether from the oscitancy of the transcriber, or from the trepidation which might have overpowered the modest Frenchman, on finding himself in the act of writing to so *great* a man, I shall not dare to determine. A few Notes are added by

Your servant,
GNOME.

P.S.—As mottoes are now fashionable, especially if taken from out of the way books, you may prefix, if you please, the following lines from Sidonius Apollinaris:

'Saxa, et robora, corneasque fibras
Mollit dulciloquâ canorus arte!'

TALLEYRAND, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT PARIS, TO LORD GRENVILLE, SECRETARY OF STATE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AUDITOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, A LORD OF TRADE, AN ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE, ETC.

MY Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation
From forms long establish'd, yet with high consideration,
I plead for the honour to hope, that no blame
Will attach, should this letter *begin* with my name.
I dared not presume on your Lordship to bounce,
But thought it more *exquisite* first to *announce*!
My Lord! I've the honour to be Talleyrand,
And the letter's from *me*! you'll not draw back your hand

Nor yet take it up by the rim in dismay,
As boys pick up ha'pence on April fool day.
I'm no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier
That your Lordship's *un*gauntleted fingers need fear
An infection or burn! Believe me, 'tis true,
With a scorn like another I look down on the crew
That bawl and hold up to the mob's detestation
The most delicate wish for a *silent persuasion.*
A form long-establish'd these Terrorists call
Bribes, perjury, theft, and the devil and all!
And yet spite of all that the Moralist[1] prates,
'Tis the keystone and cement of *civilized States.*
Those American *Reps*![2] And i' faith, they were serious!
It shock'd us at Paris, like something mysterious,
That men who've a Congress—But no more of 't! I'm proud
To have stood so distinct from the Jacobin crowd.

My Lord! though the vulgar in wonder be lost at
My transfigurations, and name me *Apostate*,
Such a meaningless nickname, which never incens'd me,
Cannot prejudice you or your Cousir against me:
I'm Ex bishop. What then? Burke himself would agree
That I left not the Church—'twas the Church that left me.
My titles prelatic I lov'd and retain'd,
As long as what *I* meant by Prelate remain'd:
And tho' Mitres no longer will *pass* in our mart,
I'm *episcopal* still to the core of my heart.
No time from my name this my motto shall sever:
'Twill be *Non sine pulvere palma*[1] for ever!

Your goodness, my Lord, I conceive as excessive,
Or I dar'd not present you a scroll so digressive;
And in truth with my pen thro' and thro' I should strike it;
But I hear that your Lordship's own style is just like it.
Dear my Lord, we are right: for what charms can be shew'd
In a thing that goes straight like an old Roman road?
The tortoise crawls straight, the hare doubles about;
And the true line of beauty still winds in and out.
It argues, my Lord! of fine thoughts such a brood in us
To split and divide into heads multitudinous,
While charms that surprise (it can ne'er be denied us)
Sprout forth from each head, like the ears from King Midas.
Were a genius of rank, like a commonplace dunce,
Compell'd to drive on to the main point at once,

[1] This sarcasm on the writings of moralists is, in general, extremely just; but had Talleyrand continued long enough in England, he might have found an honourable exception in the second volume of Dr. Paley's *Moral Philosophy*; in which both Secret Influence, and all the other *Established Forms*, are justified and placed in their true light.

[2] A fashionable abbreviation in the higher circles for Republicans. Thus *Mob* was originally the Mobility.

[1] *Palma non sine pulvere.* In plain English, an itching palm, not without the yellow dust.

What a plentiful vintage of initiations[1]
Would Noble Lords lose in your Lordship's orations.
My fancy transports me! As mute as a mouse,
And as fleet as a pigeon, I'm borne to the house
Where all those who *are* Lords, from father to son,
Discuss the affairs of all those who are none.
I behold you, my Lord! of your feelings quite full,
'Fore the woolsack arise, like a sack full of wool!
You rise on each Anti-Grenvillian Member,
Short, thick and blustrous, like a day in November![2]
Short in person, I mean: for the length of your speeches
Fame herself, that most famous reporter, ne'er reaches.
Lo! Patience beholds you contemn her brief reign,
And Time, that all-panting toil'd after in vain
(Like the Beldam who raced for a smock with her grandchild)
Drops and cries: 'Were such lungs e'er assign'd to a man-child?'

Your strokes at her vitals pale Truth has confess'd,
And Zeal unresisted entempests your breast![1]
Though some noble Lords may be wishing to sup,
Your merit self-conscious, my Lord, *keeps you up*,
Unextinguish'd and swoln, as a balloon of paper
Keeps aloft by the smoke of its own farthing taper.
Ye SIXTEENS[2] of Scotland, your snuffs ye must trim;
Your Geminies, fix'd stars of England! grow dim,
And but for *a form long-establish'd*, no doubt
Twinkling faster and faster, ye all would *go out*.

Apropos, my dear Lord! a ridiculous blunder
Of some of our Journalists caused us some wonder:

[1] The word *Initiations* is borrowed from the new Constitution, and can only mean, in plain English, introductory matter. If the manuscript would bear us out, we should propose to read the line thus—'What a plentiful *Verbage*, what Initiations!' inasmuch as Vintage must necessarily refer to wine, really or figuratively; and we cannot guess what species Lord Grenville's eloquence may be supposed to resemble, unless, indeed, it be *Cowslip* wine. A slashing critic to whom we read the manuscript, proposed to read, 'What a plenty of Flowers—what initiations!' and supposes it may allude indiscriminately to Poppy Flowers, or Flour of Brimstone. The most modest emendation, perhaps, would be this—for Vintage read Ventage.

[2] We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy of this simile. For as Lord Grenville, though short, is certainly not the shortest man in the House, even so is it with the days in November.

[1] An evident plagiarism of the Ex-Bishop's from Dr. Johnson:—

'Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisting Passion storm'd the breast.'

[2] This line and the following are involved in an almost Lycophrontic tenebricosity. On repeating them, however, to an *Illuminant*, whose confidence I possess, he informed me (and he ought to know, for he is a Tallow-chandler by trade) that certain candles go by the name of *sixteens*. This explains the whole, the Scotch Peers are destined to burn out—and so are candles! The English are perpetual, and are therefore styled Fixed Stars! The word *Geminies* is, we confess, still obscure to us; though we venture to suggest that it may perhaps be a metaphor (daringly sublime) for the two eyes which noble Lords do in general possess. It is certainly used by the poet Fletcher in this sense, in the 31st stanza of his *Purple Island*:—

'What! shall I then need seek a patron out,
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
And shine upon me with her *geminies*?'

It was said that in aspect malignant and sinister
In the Isle of Great Britain a great Foreign Minister
Turn'd as pale as a journeyman miller's frock coat is
On observing a star that appear'd in BOOTES !
When the whole truth was this (O those ignorant brutes !)
Your Lordship had made his appearance in boots.
You, my Lord, with your star, sat in boots, and the Spanish
Ambassador thereupon thought fit to vanish.

But perhaps, dear my Lord, among other worse crimes,
The whole was no more than a lie of *The Times*.
It is monstrous, my Lord ! in a civilis'd state
That such Newspaper rogues should have license to prate.
Indeed printing in general—but for the taxes,
Is in theory false and pernicious in praxis !
You and I, and your Cousin, and Abbé Sieyes,
And all the great Statesmen that live in these days,
Are agreed that no nation secure is from vi'lence
Unless all who must think are maintain'd all in silence.
This printing, my Lord—but 'tis useless to mention
What we both of us think—'twas a cursed invention,
And Germany might have been honestly prouder
Had she left it alone, and found out only powder.
My Lord ! when I think of our labours and cares
Who rule the Department of foreign affairs,
And how with their libels these journalists bore us,
Though Rage I acknowledge than Scorn less decorous ;
Yet their presses and types I could shiver in splinters,
Those Printers' black Devils ! those Devils of Printers !
In case of a peace—but perhaps it were better
To proceed to the absolute point of my letter :
For the deep wounds of France, Bonaparte, my master,
Has found out a new sort of *basilicon* plaister.
But your time, my dear Lord ! is your nation's best treasure,
I've intruded already too long on your leisure ;
If so, I entreat you with penitent sorrow
To pause, and resume the remainder to-morrow.

THE KEEPSAKE

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,

Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not![1]
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked (the flowers which most she knew I loved),
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep),
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring returned,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

1800.

[1] One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*) and, we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

LINES TO W. LINLEY, ESQ.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear,
Linley! methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face at my bed-side,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

1800.

A STRANGER MINSTREL

[WRITTEN TO MRS. ROBINSON, A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HER DEATH]

As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine,
Midway th' ascent, in that repose divine
When the soul centred in the heart's recess

Hath quaff'd its fill of Nature's loveliness,
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkles of a silent laugh—
In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought
A form within me rose, within me wrought
With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,
'Thou ancient Skiddaw by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-colour'd chasms deep,
And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height,
And by yon shepherds with their sheep,
And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd,
That rush even now with clamour loud
Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud,
And by this laugh, and by this tear,
I would, old Skiddaw, she were here!
A lady of sweet song is she,
Her soft blue eye was made for thee!
O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
I would, I would that she were here!'

Then ancient Skiddaw, stern and proud,
In sullen majesty replying,
Thus spake from out his helm of cloud
(His voice was like an echo dying!):—
'She dwells belike in scenes more fair,
And scorns a mount so bleak and bare.'

I only sigh'd when this I heard,
Such mournful thoughts within me stirr'd
That all my heart was faint and weak,
So sorely was I troubled:
No laughter wrinkled on my cheek,
But O the tears were doubled!

But ancient Skiddaw green and high
Heard and understood my sigh;
And now, in tones less stern and rude,
As if he wish'd to end the feud,
Spake he, the proud response renewing
(His voice was like a monarch wooing):—
'Nay, but thou dost not know her might,
The pinions of her soul how strong!
But many a stranger in my height
Hath sung to me her magic song,
Sending forth his ecstasy
In her divinest melody,
And hence I know her soul is free,
She is where'er she wills to be,
Unfetter'd by mortality!
Now to the "haunted beach" can fly,
Beside the threshold scourged with waves,
Now where the maniac wildly raves,
"*Pale moon, thou spectre of the sky!*"
No wind that hurries o'er my height
Can travel with so swift a flight.
I too, methinks, might merit
The presence of her spirit!
To me too might belong
The honour of her song and witching melody,
Which most resembles me,
Soft, various, and sublime,
Exempt from wrongs of Time!'

Thus spake the mighty Mount, and I
Made answer, with a deep-drawn sigh:—
'Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
I would, I would that she were here!'

November 1800.

THE MAD MONK

I HEARD a voice from Etna's side;
Where o'er a cavern's mouth
That fronted to the south
A chesnut spread its umbrage wide:
A hermit or a monk the man might be;
But him I could not see:
And thus the music flow'd along,
In melody most like to old Sicilian song

'There was a time when earth, and sea, and skies,
The bright green vale, and forest's dark recess,
With all things, lay before mine eyes
In steady loveliness:
But now I feel, on earth's uneasy scene,
Such sorrows as will never cease;—
I only ask for peace;
If I must live to know that such a time has been!'
A silence then ensued:
Till from the cavern came
A voice;—it was the same!
And thus, in mournful tone, its dreary plaint renew'd:

'Last night, as o'er the sloping turf I trod,
The smooth green turf, to me a vision gave
Beneath mine eyes, the sod—
The roof of Rosa's grave!
My heart has need with dreams like these to strive,
For, when I woke, beneath mine eyes I found
The plot of mossy ground,
On which we oft have sat when Rosa was alive.—
Why must the rock, and margin of the flood,
Why must the hills so many flow'rets bear,
Whose colours to a *murder'd* maiden's blood
Such sad resemblance wear?—

'*I struck the wound,*—this hand of mine!
For Oh, thou maid divine,
I lov'd to agony!
The youth whom thou call'd'st thine
Did never love like me?

'Is it the stormy clouds above
That flash'd so red a gleam?
On yonder downward trickling stream?—
'Tis not the blood of her I love.—
The sun torments me from his western bed,
Oh, let him cease for ever to diffuse
Those crimson spectre hues!
Oh, let me lie in peace, and be for ever dead!'

Here ceas'd the voice. In deep dismay,
Down thro' the forest I pursu'd my way.

1801.

THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE

[As printed in *Morning Post*, Dec. 4, 1800.]

THE Devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same time that he came last
On an old Christmas-day in a snowy blast:
Till he bids the trump sound neither body nor soul stirs
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their bolsters.

Ho! ho! brother Bard, in our churchyard
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green;
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.
This tomb would be square, if it were not too long;
And 'tis rail'd round with iron, tall, spear-like, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip
With a waxy face and a blubber lip,
And a black tooth in front to show in part
What was the colour of his whole heart.
This Counsellor sweet,
This Scotchman complete
(The Devil scotch him for a snake!),
I trust he lies in his grave awake.

On the sixth of January,
When all around is white with snow
As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,
Brother Bard, ho! ho! believe it, or no,
On that stone tomb to you I'll show
After sunset, and before cock-crow,
Two round spaces clear of snow.
I swear by our Knight and his forefathers' souls,
That in size and shape they are just like the holes
In the large house of privity
Of that ancient family.
On those two places clear of snow
There have sat in the night for an hour or so,
Before sunrise, and after cock-crow
(He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of the wind in their horns),
The Devil and his Grannam,
With the snow-drift to fan 'em;
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow;
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below!

THE SNOW-DROP

[A FRAGMENT]

1

FEAR thou no more, thou timid Flower!
Fear thou no more the winter's might,
The whelming thaw, the ponderous shower,
The silence of the freezing night!
Since Laura murmur'd o'er thy leaves
The potent sorceries of song,
To thee, meek Flowret! gentler gales
And cloudless skies belong.

2

Her eye with tearful meanings fraught,
My fancy saw her gaze on thee:
Interpreting the spirit's thought,
The spirit's eager sympathy,
Now trembled with thy trembling stem
And while thou droopedst o'er thy bed
With sweet unconscious sympathy
Inclin'd the drooping head.

3

She droop'd her head, she stretch'd her arm,
She whisper'd low her witching rhymes,
Fame unreluctant heard the charm,
And bore thee to Pierian climes!
Fear thou no more the Matin Frost
That sparkled on thy bed of snow:
For there, mid laurels ever green,
Immortal thou shalt blow.

4

Thy petals boast a white more soft,
The spell hath so perfumed thee,
That careless Love shall deem thee oft
A blossom from his Myrtle tree.
Then laughing o'er the fair deceit
Shall race with some Etesian wind
To seek the woven arboret
Where Laura lies reclin'd.

5

All them whom Love and Fancy grace,
When grosser eyes are clos'd in sleep,
The gentle spirits of the place
Waft up the insuperable steep,
On whose vast summit broad and smooth
Her nest the Phœnix Bird conceals,
And where by cypresses o'erhung
The heavenly Lethe steals.

6

A sea-like sound the branches breathe,
Stirr'd by the Breeze that loiters there;
And all that stretch their limbs beneath,
Forget the coil of mortal care.
Strange mists along the margins rise,
To heal the guests who thither come,
And fit the soul to re-endure
Its earthly martyrdom.

* * *

MS. ?1800.

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE

AFTER LONG ABSENCE, UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
'Those briny waves for thee are Death!'
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And low! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams (the Soul herself forsaking),
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
A blessed shadow of this Earth!

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

August 1801.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

1801.

DEJECTION: AN ODE

WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,

This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings —all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

THE PICTURE

OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

THROUGH weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts;[1] while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
Here too the love-lorn man, who, sick in soul,
And of this busy human heart aweary,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that he is;
But would be something that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

[1] *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, known by the different names of Whorts, Whortle-berries, Bilberries; and in the North of England, Blea-berries and Bloom-berries. [Note by S. T. C. 1802.]

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here!
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!
And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at morn
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
You, O ye wingless Airs! that creep between
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!
With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
His little Godship, making him perforce
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work: here will couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And listening only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound;
Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me,
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, the downcast look
Contemplative! Behold! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile
Had from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth
(For fear is true-love's cruel nurse), he now
With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,

E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shapes the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes!
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the virgin's snowy arm, that leaned
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad love-yearning by the vacant brook,
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the mirror!

Not to thee,
O wild and desert stream! belongs this tale:
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs,
How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found: and see
Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye!
With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds;
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills

Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow: All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns; from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore-legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peeled from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this may'st thou flower early, and the sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus wooed,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!
The picture in my hand which she has left;
She cannot blame me that I follow'd her:
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

1802.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its 'flowers of loveliest blue.'

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!

GOD! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD.

1802.

TO MATILDA BETHAM FROM A STRANGER

['One of our most celebrated poets, who had, I was told, picked out and praised the little piece "On a Cloud," another had quoted (saying it would have been faultless if I had not used the word *Phœbus* in it, which he thought inadmissible in modern poetry), sent me some verses inscribed "To Matilda Betham, from a Stranger"; and dated "Keswick, Sept. 9, 1802, S. T. C." I should have guessed whence they came, but dared not flatter myself so highly as satisfactorily to believe it, before I obtained the avowal of the lady who had transmitted them.']

MATILDA! I have heard a sweet tune play'd
On a sweet instrument—thy Poesie—
Sent to my soul by Boughton's pleading voice,
Where friendship's zealous wish inspirited,
Deepened and fill'd the subtle tones of *taste*:
(So have I heard a Nightingale's fine notes
Blend with the murmurs of a hidden stream!)
And now the fair, wild offspring of thy genius,
Those wanderers whom thy fancy had sent forth
To seek their fortune in this motley world,
Have found a little home within *my* heart,
And brought me, as the quit-rent of their lodging,
Rose-buds, and fruit-blossoms, and pretty weeds,
And timorous laurel leaflets half-disclos'd,
Engarlanded with gadding woodbine tendrils!
A coronel, which, with undoubting hand,
I twine around the brows of patriot HOPE!

The Almighty, having first composed a Man,
Set him to music, framing Woman for him,

And fitted each to each, and made them one!
And 'tis my faith, that there's a natural bond
Between the female mind and measur'd sounds,
Nor do I know a sweeter Hope than this,
That this sweet Hope, by judgment unreprov'd,
That our own Britain, our dear mother Isle,
May boast one Maid, a poetess *indeed*,
Great as th' impassion'd Lesbian, in sweet song,
And O! of holier mind, and happier fate.

Matilda! I dare twine *thy* vernal wreath
Around the brows of patriot Hope! But thou
Be wise! be bold! fulfil my auspices!
Tho' sweet thy measures, stern must be thy thought,
Patient thy study, watchful thy mild eye!
Poetic feelings, like the stretching boughs
Of mighty oaks, pay homage to the gales,
Toss in the strong winds, drive before the gust,
Themselves one giddy storm of fluttering leaves;
Yet, all the while self-limited, remain
Equally near the fix'd and solid trunk
Of Truth and Nature in the howling storm,
As in the calm that stills the aspen grove.
Be bold, meek Woman! but be wisely bold!
Fly, ostrich-like, firm land beneath thy feet,
Yet hurried onward by thy wings of fancy
Swift as the whirlwind, singing in their quills.
Look round thee! look within thee! think and feel!
What nobler meed, Matilda! canst thou win,
Than tears of gladness in a BOUGHTON'S eyes,
And exultation even in strangers' hearts?

1802.

one of the finest Odes

AN ODE TO THE RAIN

COMPOSED BEFORE DAYLIGHT, ON THE MORNING APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN

I

I KNOW it is dark; and though I have lain,
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

II

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days and months, and almost years,
Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

III

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say
You're a good creature in your way;
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.—
What then? sometimes it must be fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

IV

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset—
We three dear friends! in truth, we groan
Impatiently to be alone.
We three, you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

V

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant as you're good),
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay'd a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away. 1802.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees! 1802.

THE GOOD, GREAT MAN

'How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains.'

REPLY TO THE ABOVE

FOR shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain!
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?

Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword had slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means*, but *ends*!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? *three* treasures, LOVE, and LIGHT,
And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL DEATH!

Morning Post, Sep. 23, 1802.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, 'I love and I love!'
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
['I love, and I love,' almost all the birds say
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!]
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me!'
['Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim,
When he loves his Love, and his Love loves him!]

1802.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a *sense* of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin:

For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me? 50
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed. 1803.

AN EXILE

FRIEND, Lover, Husband, Sister, Brother!
Dear names close in upon each other!
Alas! poor Fancy's bitter-sweet—
Our names, and but our names can meet.
MS. 1805.

THE VISIONARY HOPE

SAD lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed,
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.
That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—
For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and *can* wish for this alone!
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live. ? 1807 ? 1810.

HOMELESS

'O! CHRISTMAS Day, Oh! happy day,
A foretaste from above,
To him who hath a happy home
And love returned from love!'

[ON THE ABOVE]

O! CHRISTMAS Day, O gloomy day,
The barb in Memory's dart,
To him who walks alone through Life,
The desolate in heart. ? 1810.
MS.

TO ASRA

ARE there two things, of all which men possess,
That are so like each other and so near,
As mutual Love seems like to Happiness?
Dear Asra, woman beyond utterance dear!
This Love which ever welling at my heart,
Now in its living fount doth heave and fall,

Now overflowing pours thro' every part
Of all my frame, and fills and changes all,
Like vernal waters springing up through snow,
This Love that seeming great beyond the power
Of growth, yet seemeth ever more to grow,
Could I transmute the whole to one rich Dower
Of Happy Life, and give it all to Thee,
Thy lot, methinks, were Heaven, thy age, Eternity! 1803.
MS.

PHANTOM

ALL look and likeness caught from earth,
All accident of kin and birth,
Had pass'd away. There was no trace
Of aught on that illumined face,
Upraised beneath the rifted stone
But of one spirit all her own;—
She, she herself, and only she,
Shone through her body visibly. 1804.

SONNET

[TRANSLATED FROM MARINI]

LADY, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same!
Thou, that in me thou kindled'st such fierce heat;
I, that my heart did of a Sun so sweet
The rays concentre to so hot a flame.
I, fascinated by an Adder's eye—
Deaf as an Adder thou to all my pain;
Thou obstinate in Scorn, in Passion I—
I lov'd too much, too much didst thou disdain.
Hear then our doom in Hell as just as stern,
Our sentence equal as our crimes conspire—
Who living bask'd at Beauty's earthly fire,
In living flames eternal there must burn—
Hell for us both fit places too supplies—
In my heart thou wilt burn, I roast before thine eyes. ? 1805.
MS.

A SUNSET

UPON the mountain's edge with light touch resting,
There a brief while the globe of splendour sits
And seems a creature of the earth, but soon,
More changeful than the Moon,
To wane fantastic his great orb submits,
Or cone or mow of fire: till sinking slowly
Even to a star at length he lessens wholly.

Abrupt, as Spirits vanish, he is sunk!
A soul-like breeze possesses all the wood.
The boughs, the sprays have stood
As motionless as stands the ancient trunk!
But every leaf through all the forest flutters,
And deep the cavern of the fountain mutters. 1805.
MS.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT

SINCE all that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish; why should'st thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning Thought! that liv'st but in the brain?
Call to the Hours, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day——
Fond Thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Yet still thou haunt'st me; and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear *embodied* Good,

Some *living* Love before my eyes there stood
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—'Ah! loveliest friend!
That this the meed of all my toils might be,
To have a home, an English home, and thee!'
Vain repetition! Home and Thou are one.
The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,
Lulled by the thrush and wakened by the lark,
Without thee were but a becalmed bark,
Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a glory round its head;
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he *makes* the shadow, he pursues!
? 1805.

FAREWELL TO LOVE

Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth;
More fondly ne'er did mother eye her child
Than I your form: *yours* were my hopes of youth,
And as *you* shaped my thoughts I sighed or smiled.
While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving
To pleasure's secret haunts, and some apart
Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of deserving,
To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart.

And when I met the maid that realized
Your fair creations, and had won her kindness,
Say, but for her if aught on earth I prized!
Your dreams alone I dreamt, and caught your blindness.

O grief!—but farewell, Love! I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray me.
? 1805.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Resembles life what once was deem'd of light,
Too ample in itself for human sight?
An absolute self — an element ungrounded—
All that we see, all colours of all shade
By encroach of darkness made?—
Is very life by consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?
1805.

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE

A LAMENT

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew writers, an apologue or Rabbinical tradition to the following purpose: While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the

guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: 'Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so! for the man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise.' And the word of the Most High answered Satan: '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself.'

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the Author at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre.

S. T. C.

1

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. 'What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own.' The presence of a ONE,

> The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

2

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

3

Imagination; honourable aims;
Free commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and song; delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5

The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair

And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

6

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee*:
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me? 1805.

SEPARATION

A SWORDED man whose trade is blood,
In grief, in anger, and in fear,
Thro' jungle, swamp, and torrent flood,
I seek the wealth you hold so dear!

The dazzling charm of outward form,
The power of gold, the pride of birth,
Have taken Woman's heart by storm—
Usurp'd the place of inward worth.

Is not true Love of higher price
Than outward form, though fair to see,
Wealth's glittering fairy-dome of ice,
Or echo of proud ancestry?—

O! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of Love for thee,
As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear;
O! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her!)

The perils, erst with steadfast eye
Encounter'd, now I shrink to see—
Oh! I have heart enough to die—
Not half enough to part from Thee!
? 1805.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A VIEW

OF SADDLEBACK IN CUMBERLAND

ON stern Blencartha's perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong;
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencartha's skiey height,
As loud the torrents throng!
Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,
They bind the earth and sky together.
But oh! the sky and all its forms, how quiet!
The things that seek the earth, how full of noise and riot! 1806.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! *Amen.*
1806.

fine tribute rendered fully

TO A GENTLEMAN

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH]

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND

FRIEND of the wise! and Teacher of the Good!
Into my heart have I received that Lay
More than historic, that prophetic Lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth),
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner Power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills!
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams,
The guides and the companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the main.
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general heart of human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
——Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,
Action and joy!—An orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chaunted!

O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With stedfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space

Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
Commune with *thee* had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,
Singing of glory, and futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By pity or grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of storms, more than wintry
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed
And more desired, more precious, for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated foam, still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both

That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

January 1807.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE

I

How warm this woodland wild recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here:
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

II

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

III

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

IV

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

V

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

VI

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

? 1803 ? 1807.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND

A FRAGMENT

Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee,
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

? 1807.

A DAY-DREAM

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree:
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! but now few, large, and bright,
The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fall'n, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!
For dearly, Asra! love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!
Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!

But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay
Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women! 1807.

TO TWO SISTERS

[MRS. MORGAN AND MISS BRENT]

A WANDERER'S FAREWELL

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part—
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart;
Alas for some abiding-place of love,
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,
Might brood with warming wings!

O fair! O kind!
Sisters in blood, yet each with each intwined
More close by sisterhood of heart and mind!
Me disinherited in form and face
By nature, and mishap of outward grace;
Who, soul and body, through one guiltless fault
Waste daily with the poison of sad thought,
Me did you soothe, when solace hoped I none!
And as on unthaw'd ice the winter sun,
Though stern the frost, though brief the genial day,
You bless my heart with many a cheerful ray;
For gratitude suspends the heart's despair,

Reflecting bright though cold your image there.
Nay more! its music by some sweeter strain
Makes us live o'er our happiest hours again,
Hope re-appearing dim in memory's guise—
Even thus did you call up before mine eyes
Two dear, dear Sisters, prized all price above,
Sisters, like you, with more than sisters' love;
So like you *they*, and so in *you* were seen
Their relative statures, tempers, looks, and mien,
That oft, dear ladies! you have been to me
At once a vision and reality.
Sight seem'd a sort of memory, and amaze
Mingled a trouble with affection's gaze.

Oft to my eager soul I whisper blame,
A Stranger bid it feel the Stranger's shame—
My eager soul, impatient of the name,
No strangeness owns, no Stranger's form descries:
The chidden heart spreads trembling on the eyes.
First-seen I gazed, as I would look you thro'!
My best-beloved regain'd their youth in you,—
And still I ask, though now familiar grown,
Are you for *their* sakes dear, or for your own?

O doubly dear! may Quiet with you dwell!
In Grief I love you, yet I love you well!
Hope long is dead to me! an orphan's tear
Love wept despairing o'er his nurse's bier.
Yet still she flutters o'er her grave's green slope:
For Love's despair is but the ghost of Hope!

Sweet Sisters! were you placed around one hearth
With those, your other selves in shape and worth,
Far rather would I sit in solitude,
Fond recollections all my fond heart's food,
And dream of *you*, sweet Sisters! (ah! not mine!)
And only *dream* of you (ah! dream and pine!)
Than boast the presence and partake the pride,
And shine in the eye, of all the world beside.

1807.

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH

'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling blame with praise
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal)
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honouring with religious love the Great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of an hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless idols! Learning, power, and time,
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,

And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The citadel unconquered, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden path, that to the shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurked undiscovered by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek. ?1809.

FOR A MARKET-CLOCK

(IMPROMPTU)

'WHAT now, O Man! thou dost or mean'st to do
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue,
When hovering o'er the dot this hand shall tell
The moment that secures thee Heaven or Hell! 1809.
MS.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE

Now! it is gone.—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal NOW! ?1830.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY

DORMI, Jesu! Mater ridet
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily! 1811.

TO A LADY

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you *are* you cannot *have*
'Tis I that *have* one since I first had *you*! ?1811.

REASON FOR LOVE'S BLINDNESS

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But that within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. ?1811

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT

ERE the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes; what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER

Is't returned, as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare! 1811.

THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL

AN ALLEGORY

I

HE too has flitted from his secret nest,
Hope's last and dearest child without a name!—
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
That makes false promise of a place of rest
To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind;—
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
Glides out of view, and whither none can find!

II

Yes! he hath flitted from me—with what aim,
Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss,
And he was innocent, as the pretty shame
Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,
From its twy-cluster'd hiding place of snow!
Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast—
Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge;—
Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a targe—
Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest!

III

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
He flitted from me—and has left behind
(As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
Of either sex and answerable mind
Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame:—
The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight)
And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
Dim likeness now, though fair she be and good,
Of that bright boy who hath us all forsook;—
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
And while her face reflected every look,
And in reflection kindled—she became
So like him, that almost she seem'd the same!

IV

Ah! he is gone, and yet will not depart!—
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled!
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there he made up-grow by his strong art,

As in that crystal[1] orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
The wondrous 'World of Glass,' wherein inisled
All long'd for things their beings did repeat;—
And there he left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete!

V

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?—
Yes! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal!
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betray'd!
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,
When, at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!

? 1811.

Ἔρως ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἑταῖρος

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.

1826.

[*Motto to one of the Divisions of the "Poems," 1828 and 1829.*]

[1] *Faërie Queene*, b. iii. c. 2, s. 19.

THE NIGHT-SCENE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

Sandoval. You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?
Earl Henry. Loved?
Sand. Did you not say you wooed her?
Earl H. Once I loved
Her whom I dared not woo!
Sand. And wooed, perchance,
One whom you loved not!
Earl H. Oh! I were most base,
Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with impassioned pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
Who in his dream of hope already grasped
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit with insult, and in memory
Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
But thou art stern, and with unkindling countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.
Sand. Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza—
Earl H. Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the garden:—
The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!

No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbour stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.
Sand. A rude and scaring note, my friend!
Earl H. Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul—I vow'd to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.
Sand. (*with a sarcastic smile*). No other than as eastern sages paint,
The God, who floats upon a Lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss.

Earl H. Ah! was that bliss
Feared as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on them.
Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voice,
'Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?'
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
The purpose and the substance of my being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblenched state with hers.—
Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the torment
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—
[*Earl Henry retires into the wood.*
Sand. (*alone*). O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from Earth to Heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

1813.

A HYMN

My Maker! of thy power the trace
In every creature's form and face
The wond'ring soul surveys:
Thy wisdom, infinite above
Seraphic thought, a Father's love
As infinite displays!

From all that meets or eye or ear,
There falls a genial holy fear
Which, like the heavy dew of morn,
Refreshes while it bows the heart forlorn!

Great God! thy works how wondrous fair!
Yet sinful man didst thou declare
The whole Earth's voice and mind!
Lord, ev'n as Thou all-present art,
O may we still with heedful heart
Thy presence know and find!
Then, come, what will, of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow;
For though 'tis Heaven Thyself to see,
Where but thy *Shadow* falls, Grief cannot be!— 1814.

TO A LADY

WITH FALCONER'S *SHIPWRECK*

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-listening, 'mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging bark!

'Cling to the shrouds!' In vain! The breakers roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a shipwrecked man!

Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffered pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of gratitude! remembrances of friend,
Or absent or no more! shades of the Past,
Which Love makes substance! Hence to thee I send,
O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship formed! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me. ? 1814.

THE BUTTERFLY

The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—[1]
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life!—For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed. ? 1815.

[1] Psyche means both Butterfly and Soul.

HUMAN LIFE

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY

If dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But *are* their *whole* of being ! If the breath
Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;
O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously.
Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights !—Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create
And to repay each other ! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self ?
Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have none ;
Thy being's being is contradiction.

? 1815.

SONG

SUNG BY GLYCINE IN *ZAPOLYA*, ACT II. SCENE I

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted :
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : 'Adieu ! adieu !
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay :
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away ;
Far, far away !
To-day ! to-day !

1815.

HUNTING SONG

[*ZAPOLYA*, ACT IV. SCENE 2]

Up, up ! ye dames, and lasses gay !
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse :
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

1815.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY

AN ALLEGORY

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
This far outstript the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

? 1815.

ISRAEL'S LAMENT

Translation of 'A Hebrew Dirge, chaunted in the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place, Aldgate, on the day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. By Hyman Hurwitz, Master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate, 1817.

Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!
Give utterance to the inward throe!
As wails, of her first love forlorn,
The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away
From Light and Life's ascending Sun!
Mourn for the babe, Death's voiceless prey,
Earn'd by long pangs and lost ere won.

Mourn the bright Rose that bloom'd and went
Ere half disclosed its vernal hue!
Mourn the green bud, so rudely rent,
It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal woe
With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue:
For England's Lady is laid low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The blossoms on her Tree of Life
Shone with the dews of recent bliss:
Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at morn
To seek and bless the firstling bud
Of his own Rose, and found the thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string!
Again bewail that princely Sire!
A destined Queen, a future King,
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,
Her daughters wail their dear defence;
Their fair example, prostrate laid,
Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
We will take up a Mourning yearly:
To wail the blow that crush'd the Rose,
So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.

Long as the fount of Song o'erflows
Will I the yearly dirge renew:
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
Damp, trickling Vault their only mourner!
Not so the regal Rose, that still
Clung to the breast which first had worn her!

O thou, who mark'st the Mourner's path
To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!
Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath
The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!
And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—
Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!
Be thou their Comforter, O God!

1817.

THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE

A Hebrew Dirge and Hymn, chaunted in the Great Synagogue, St. James' pl. Aldgate, on the Day of the Funeral of King George III. of blessed memory. By Hyman Hurwitz of Highgate, Translated by a Friend.

Dirge

OPPRESS'D, confused, with grief and pain,
And inly shrinking from the blow,
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain,
The wonted words refuse to flow.

A fear in every face I find,
Each voice is that of one who grieves;
And all my Soul, to grief resigned,
Reflects the sorrow it receives.

The Day-Star of our glory sets!
Our King has breathed his latest breath!
Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,
As if it own'd the pow'r of death.

Our Crown, our heart's Desire is fled!
Britannia's glory moults its wing!
Let us with ashes on our head,
Raise up a mourning for our King.

Lo! of his beams the Day-Star shorn,[1]
Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil!
The Stars are dim! Our Nobles mourn;
The Matrons weep, their Children wail.

No age records a King so just,
His virtues numerous as his days;
The Lord Jehovah was his trust,
And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

His Love was bounded by no Clime;
Each diverse Race, each distant Clan
He govern'd by this truth sublime,
'God only knows the heart — not man.'

His word appall'd the sons of pride,
Iniquity far wing'd her way;
Deceit and fraud were scatter'd wide,
And truth resum'd her sacred sway.

He sooth'd the wretched, and the prey
From impious tyranny he tore;
He stay'd th' Usurper's iron sway,
And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

Thou too, Jeshurun's Daughter! thou,
Th' oppress'd of nations and the scorn!
Didst hail on his benignant brow
A safety dawning like the morn.

The scoff of each unfeeling mind,
Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief;
Beneath his throne, peace thou didst find,
And blest the hand that gave relief.

E'en when a fatal cloud o'erspread
The moonlight splendour of his sway,
Yet still the light remain'd, and shed
Mild radiance on the traveller's way.

But he is gone—the Just! the Good!
Nor could a Nation's pray'r delay
The heavenly meed, that long had stood
His portion in the realms of day.

Beyond the mighty Isle's extent
The mightier Nation mourns her Chief:
Him Judah's Daughter shall lament,
In tears of fervour, love and grief.

Britannia mourns in silent grief;
Her heart a prey to inward woe.
In vain she strives to find relief,
Her pang so great, so great the blow.

Britannia! Sister! woe is me!
Full fain would I console thy woe.
But, ah! how shall I comfort thee,
Who need the balm I would bestow?

United then let us repair,
As round our common Parent's grave;
And pouring out our heart in prayer,
Our heav'nly Father's mercy crave.

[1] The author, in the spirit of Hebrew Poetry, here represents the Crown, the Peerage, and the Commonalty, by the figurative expression of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

Until Jehovah from his throne
Shall heed his suffering people's fears;
Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan,
To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.

Praise to the Lord! Loud praises sing!
And bless Jehovah's righteous hand!
Again he bids a George, our King,
Dispense his blessings to the Land.

Hymn

O thron'd in Heav'n! Sole King of kings,
Jehovah! hear thy Children's prayers and sighs!
Thou Binder of the broken heart! with wings
Of healing on thy people rise!
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet,
Before thy Judgment seat:
Lord, hear us! we entreat!

When angry clouds thy throne surround,
E'en from the cloud thou bid'st thy mercy shine:
And ere thy righteous vengeance strikes the wound,
Thy grace prepares the balm divine!
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
etc.

The Parent tree thy hand did spare—
It fell not till the ripen'd fruit was won:
Beneath its shade the Scion flourish'd fair,
And for the Sire thou gav'st the Son.
etc.

This thy own Vine, which thou didst rear,
And train up for us from the royal root,
Protect, O Lord! and to the Nations near
Long let it shelter yield, and fruit.
etc.

Lord, comfort thou the royal line:
Let Peace and Joy watch round us hand and hand.
Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine,
And banish sorrow from the land!
Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet
Before thy Judgment seat;
Lord, hear us! we entreat!

1820.

LIMBO

* * * *

THE sole true Something — This, in Limbo's Den.
It frightens Ghosts, as here Ghosts frighten men.
Thence cross'd unseiz'd—and shall some fated hour
Be pulveriz'd by Demogorgon's power
And given as poison to annihilate souls—
Even now it shrinks them—they shrink in as moles
(Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)
Creep back from Light—then listen for its sound;—
See but to dread, and dread they know not why—
The natural alien of their negative eye.

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place
Yet name it so;—where Time and weary Space
Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,
Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;—
Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands
Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,
Not mark'd by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they
As moonlight on the dial of the day!
But that is lovely—looks like human Time,—

An old man with a steady look sublime,
That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;
But he is blind—a statue hath such eyes;—
Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,
Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,
With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high,
He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye;—
As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,
His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!
Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—
He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him!
No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immure,
Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,
By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,
Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthral.
A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,
Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
Hell knows a fear far worse,
A fear—a future state;—'tis positive Negation!

1817.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

? 1817.

ON DONNE'S POETRY

WITH Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.

? 1818.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS

O! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount through Cloud-land, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

1819.

TO NATURE

IT may indeed be phantasy when I
Essay to draw from all created things

Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie
Lessons of love and earnest piety.
So let it be; and if the wide world rings
In mock of this belief, it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God! and thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

? 1820.

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe*, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

1823-1832

THE REPROOF AND REPLY

Or, The Flower-thief's Apology, for a robbery committed in Mr. and Mrs. ——'s garden, on Sunday morning, 25th of May, 1823, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

'Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?
Break two commandments? and in church-time too!
Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,
The birth-and-parentage-recording strain?
Confessions shrill, that out-shrill'd mackarel drown—
Fresh from the drop, the youth not yet cut down.
Letter to sweet-heart—the last dying speech—
And didn't all this begin in Sabbath-breach?
You, that knew better! In broad open day,
Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away?

What could possess you? Ah! sweet youth, I fear
The chap with horns and tail was at your ear!'

Such sounds of late, accusing fancy brought
From fair C—— to the Poet's thought.
Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply:—
A bow, a pleading look, a downcast eye,—
And then:

'Fair dame! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your poet's wont to roam,
And many a morn, on his becharmed sense
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deem'd himself, as it flow'd warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern,
A nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn,—
Say, can you blame?—No! none that saw and heard
Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirr'd;
A muse beholding in each fervent trait,
Took Mary H—— for Polly Hymnia!
Or haply as there stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole array'd,
If with regretful thought he hail'd in thee
C——m, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene!
But most of you, soft warblings, I complain!
'Twas ye that from the bee-hive of my brain
Lured the wild fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witch'd the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

'Thus all conspir'd—each power of eye and ear,
And this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,
To cheat poor me (no conjuror, God wot!)
And C——m's self accomplice in the plot.
Can you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they;—
All Nature day-dreams in the month of May.
And if I pluck'd 'each flower that sweetest blows,'—
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his nose.

Thus, long accustom'd on the twy-fork'd hill,[1]
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's-land, I tread,
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from C——m who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun or man-trap in that face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron 'blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For C——m speaks, "Poor youth! he's but a waif!
The spoons all right? the hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!"'

1823.

[1] The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.

LOVE'S FIRST HOPE

O FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle mind !
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping ;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,
O'er willowy meads, and shadow'd waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden fields ;—the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping. ? 1824.

ALICE DU CLOS

OR THE FORKED TONGUE

A BALLAD

'One word with two meanings is the traitor's shield and shaft : and a slit tongue be his blazon !'
Caucasian Proverb.

' THE Sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew :
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, Lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
Your buskins and your quiver ;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Long waiting brook'd he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
And you his lady gay.
O Lady ! throw your book aside !
I would not that my Lord should chide.'

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless fair, as airy light
As that moon-shiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral crest !
For ere the lark had left his nest,
She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight,
A snow-drop on a tuft of snow !

O close your eyes, and strive to see
The studious maid, with book on knee,—
Ah ! earliest-open'd flower ;
While yet with keen unblunted light
The morning star shone opposite
The lattice of her bower—
Alone of all the starry host,
As if in prideful scorn
Of flight and fear he stay'd behind,
To brave th' advancing morn.

O ! Alice could read passing well,
And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain ;
Yet never from the book
She rais'd her head, nor did she deign
The knight a single look.

' Off, traitor friend ! how dar'st thou fix
Thy wanton gaze on me ?
And why, against my earnest suit,
Does Julian send by thee ?

' Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure :
Fair speed his shafts to-day !
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.'

She said : and with a baleful smile
The vassal knight reel'd off—
Like a huge billow from a bark
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,
That shouldering sideways in mid plunge,
Is travers'd by a flash.
And staggering onward, leaves the ear
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien
A moment ; for the scoff was keen,
And thro' her veins did shiver !
Then rose and donn'd her dress of green,
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree !
From thro' the veiling mist you see
The black and shadowy stem ;—

Smit by the sun the mist in glee
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—
Each blossom hath its gem!

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden-stile
Mimics the hunter's shout.
'Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!
Go, bring the palfrey out.

'My Julian's out with all his clan,
And, bonny boy, you wis,
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Who comes late, comes amiss.'

Now Florian was a stripling squire,
A gallant boy of Spain,
That toss'd his head in joy and pride,
Behind his Lady fair to ride;
But blush'd to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green,—
And forth they go; she with her bow,
Her buskins and her quiver!—
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Ellen stay'd the race,
And stopp'd to see, a moment's space,
The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much,
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,
Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbour knight prick'd on to join
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
Tho' with an anger'd mind:
Betroth'd not wedded to his bride,
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He look'd around, he look'd above,
But pretext none could find or frame.

Alas! alas! and well-a-day!
It grieves me sore to think, to say,
That names so seldom meet with Love,
Yet Love wants courage without a name!

Straight from the forest's skirt the trees
O'er-branching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chaunt
As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire, and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;
The horses paw'd the ground.

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurr'd in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round,—
'What! doth not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?'

With stifled tones the knight replied,
And look'd askance on either side,—
'Nay, let the hunt proceed!—
The Lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantly please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

'You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd
I found the middle door;—
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice, and one more.

'I came unlook'd for: and, it seem'd,
In an unwelcome hour;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the lattic'd bower.

'But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid's lips than mine.'

'God's wrath! speak out, man,' Julian cried,
O'ermaster'd by the sudden smart;—
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—
'Scowl not at me; command my skill,
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman's heart.

'"Go! (said she) tell him,—slow is sure;
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey."

The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame's eyes engage;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fix'd with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page.'

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian's ear,—
From two o'erarching oaks between,
With glist'ning helm-like cap is seen,
Borne on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
That seems at once to laugh and chide—
'Not mine, dear mistress,' still he cried,
'"Tis this mad filly's choice.'

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy,
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,
A quiver'd Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted Maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurl'd!—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the glade. ?1825.

LOVE, A SWORD

THOUGH veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath,
Love is a sword which cuts its sheath,
And through the clefts itself has made,
We spy the flashes of the blade!

But through the clefts itself has made,
We likewise see Love's flashing blade
By rust consumed, or snapt in twain:
And only hilt and stump remain. ?1825.

A CHARACTER

A BIRD, who for his other sins
Had lived amongst the Jacobins;
Though like a kitten amid rats,
Or callow tit in nest of bats,
He much abhorr'd all democrats;
Yet nathless stood in ill report
Of wishing ill to Church and Court,
Though he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,
And learnt to pipe God save the King;
Though each day did new feathers bring,
All swore he had a leathern wing;
Nor polish'd wing, nor feather'd tail,
Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail;
And though—his tongue devoid of gall—
He civilly assured them all:—
'A bird am I of Phœbus' breed,
And on the sunflower cling and feed;
My name, good sirs, is Thomas Tit!'
The bats would hail him brother cit,
Or, at the furthest, cousin-german.
At length the matter to determine,
He publicly denounced the vermin;
He spared the mouse, he praised the owl;
But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.
Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, goul,
Came in full clatter from his throat,

Till his old nest-mates changed their note
To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—
A base apostate who had sold
His very teeth and claws for gold ;—
And then his feathers !—sharp the jest—
No doubt he feather'd well his nest !
A Tit indeed ! ay, tit for tat—
With place and title, brother Bat,
We soon shall see how well he'll play
Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay ! '
Alas, poor Bird ! and ill-bestarr'd—
Or rather let us say, poor Bard !
And henceforth quit the allegoric,
With metaphor and simile,
For simple facts and style historic :—
Alas, poor Bard ! no gold had he.
Behind another's team he stept,
And plough'd and sow'd, while others reapt ;
The work was his, but theirs the glory,
Sic vos non vobis, his whole story.
Besides, whate'er he wrote or said
Came from his heart as well as head ;
And though he never left in lurch
His king, his country, or his church,
'Twas but to humour his own cynical
Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical ;
To his own conscience only hearty,
'Twas but by chance he served the party ;—
The self-same things had said and writ,
Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt ;
Content his own applause to win,
Would never dash through thick and thin,
And he can make, so say the wise,
No claim who makes no sacrifice ;—
And Bard still less :—what claim had he,
Who swore it vex'd his soul to see
So grand a cause, so proud a realm,
With Goose and Goody at the helm ;
Who long ago had fall'n asunder
But for their rivals' baser blunder,
The coward whine and Frenchified
Slaver and slang of the other side !—

Thus, his own whim his only bribe,
Our Bard pursued his old A. B. C.

Contented if he could subscribe
In fullest sense his name Ἔστησε ;
('Tis Punic Greek for 'he hath stood ! '
Whate'er the men, the cause was good ;
And therefore with a right good will,
Poor fool, he fights their battles still.
Tush ! squeak'd the Bats ;—a mere bravado
To whitewash that base renegado ;
'Tis plain unless you're blind or mad,
His conscience for the bays he barters ;—
And true it is—as true as sad—
These circlets of green baize he had—
But then, alas ! they were his garters !
Ah ! silly Bard, unfed, untended,
His lamp but glimmer'd in its socket ;
He lived unhonour'd and unfriended
With scarce a penny in his pocket ;—
Nay—tho' he hid it from the many—
With scarce a pocket for his penny !

1825.

THE TWO FOUNTS

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY [MRS. ADERS] ON HER RECOVERY WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure ;
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
Fix'd on my heart ; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book :
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
Two Founts there are, of Suffering and of Cheer !

That to let forth, and *this* to keep within !
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense,
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright :

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Even so, Eliza ! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence thro' her crystal shrine !)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring,
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife) the Fount of Pain
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had passed : yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream ;

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer ; if the case be so,
I pray thee, be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give !

1826.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE

A SOLILOQUY

UNCHANGED within, to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret ?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and *on whom*, thou may'st—shine on ! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite :
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *are* ; nor love them less,
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*.

1826.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threatened death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *recreant* Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn;
Lest so we tempt th' approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our Morn.

? 1826.

SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND

FOUND WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF AT THE BEGINNING OF BUTLER'S 'BOOK OF THE CHURCH' (1825)

POET

I NOTE the moods and feelings men betray,
And heed them more than aught they do or say;
The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed
Still-born or haply strangled in its birth;
These best reveal the smooth man's inward creed!
These mark the spot where lies the treasure Worth!

Butler made up of impudence and trick,
With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,
Rome's brazen serpent—boldly dares discuss
The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss!
And with grim triumph and a truculent glee

Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,
That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,
And fix'd a broad stare on the Devil's eye—
(Pleased with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart
To stand outmaster'd in his own black art!)
Yet Butler—

FRIEND

Enough of Butler! we're agreed,
Who now defends would then have done the deed.
But who not feels persuasion's gentle sway,
Who but must meet the proffer'd hand half way
When courteous Butler—

POET (*aside*)

(Rome's smooth go-between!)

FRIEND

Laments the advice that sour'd a milky queen—
(For 'bloody' all enlighten'd men confess
An antiquated error of the press:)
Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,
With actual cautery staunch'd the Church's wounds!
And tho' he deems, that with too broad a blur
We damn the French and Irish massacre,
Yet blames them both—and thinks the Pope might err!
What think you now? Boots it with spear and shield
Against such gentle foes to take the field
Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus wield?

POET

What think I now? Even what I thought before;—
What Butler boasts though Butler may deplore,
Still I repeat, words lead me not astray
When the shown feeling points a different way.
Smooth Butler can say grace at slander's feast,
And bless each haut-gout cook'd by monk or priest;
Leaves the full lie on Butler's gong to swell,
Content with half-truths that do just as well;
But duly decks his mitred comrade's flanks,
And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks!

So much for you, my friend! who own a Church,
And would not leave your mother in the lurch!
But when a Liberal asks me what I think—
Scared by the blood and soot of Cobbett's ink,
And Jeffrey's glairy phlegm and Connor's foam,
In search of some safe parable I roam—
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's mood,
I see a tiger lapping kitten's food:
And who shall blame him that he purs applause,
When brother Brindle pleads the good old cause;
And frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes his claws!
Yet not the less, for modern lights unapt,
I trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws
More than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,
Impearling a tame wild-cat's whisker'd jaws!

1825, or 1826.

NE PLUS ULTRA

SOLE Positive of Night!
Antipathist of Light!
Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod—

The one permitted opposite of God !—
Condensed blackness and abysmal storm
Compacted to one sceptre
Arms the Grasp enorm—
The Intercepter—
The Substance that still casts the shadow
Death !—
The Dragon foul and fell—
The unrevealable,
And hidden one, whose breath
Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell !—
Ah ! sole despair
Of both th' eternities in Heaven !
Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,
The all-compassionate !
Save to the Lampads Seven
Reveal'd to none of all th' Angelic State,
Save to the Lampads Seven,
That watch the throne of Heaven !

? 1826.

THE IMPROVISATORE

OR, 'JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN'

Scene—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Katharine. What are the words ?

Eliza. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore ; here he comes. Kate has a favour to ask of you, Sir ; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sang so sweetly.

Friend. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies ; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this :—

Love would remain the same if true,
When we were neither young nor new ;
Yea, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would show itself the same.

Eliz. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much ? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Fri. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in *The Elder Brother*.

We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another !
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit ;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn ;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Kath. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love—if true ! But is there any such true love ?

Fri. I hope so.

Kath. But do you believe it ?

Eliz. (*eagerly*). I am sure he does.

Fri. From a man turned of fifty, Katharine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Kath. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Fri. Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times ?

Eliz. Nay, but be serious.

Fri. Serious ! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the 'elderly gentleman' who sate 'despairing beside a clear stream,' with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliz. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

Kath. No ! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. —— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

Fri. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem ! Now then commences the discourse ; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius (*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend*). But is not Love the union of both ?

Fri. (*aside to Lucius*). He never loved who thinks so.

Eliz. Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Luc. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliz. Off! Off! Now, dear Sir,—Love, you were saying—

Fri. Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza.

Eliz. (*impatiently*). Pshaw!

Fri. Well then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within —to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is *the* Love;——

Eliz. There is something here (*pointing to her heart*) that seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

Kath. I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Fri. —— I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; —that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on;—lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has pass'd the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

Eliz. What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

Kath. If it be not only an idea.

Fri. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate —in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other—too often proves 'the dead fly

in the compost of spices,' and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by negatives—that is, by not doing or saying any thing, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical;—or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

Eliz. (*in answer to a whisper from Katharine*). To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Fri. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; —in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions — the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Kath. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' with whom to totter down the hill of life.

Fri. Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

Eliz. Surely, he, who has described it so well, must have possessed it?

Fri. If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment! (Then, after a pause of a few minutes),

ANSWER, *ex improviso*

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat
He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—
The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane;
Faith asks her daily bread,
And Fancy must be fed!
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots not how—I know not why—
She missed her wonted food; and quickly
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow;
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess'd
In a *belief*, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it *had* been,
And if by error lost, or luck;
And what it *was*;—an evergreen

Which some insidious blight had struck,
Or annual flower, which, past its blow,
No vernal spell shall e'er revive;
Uncertain, and afraid to know,
Doubts toss'd him to and fro:
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
Like babes bewildered in a snow,
That cling and huddle from the cold
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast
Fading, one by one away,
Thin and hueless as a ghost,
Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay;
Ill at distance, worse when near,
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear!
Where was it then, the sociable sprite
That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish!
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
Itself a substance by no other right
But that it intercepted Reason's light;
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate!
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate!
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose!
Late autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When passion's flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or a magic show,
Whate'er it *was*, it *is* no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck Hope dead,
Hath left Contentment in her stead:
And that is next to Best! 1827.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY 1827

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live. 1827.

TO MARY PRIDHAM

[AFTERWARDS MRS. DERWENT COLERIDGE]

Dear tho' unseen! tho' hard has been my lot
And rough my path thro' life, I murmur not—

Rather rejoice — Hope making a new start,
Since I have heard with most believing heart,
That all this shaping heart has yearn'd to see,
My Derwent hath found realiz'd in thee.
The boon prefigur'd in his earliest wish
Crown of the cup and garnish of the dish!
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!
Dear tho' unseen! unseen, yet long portray'd!
A Father's blessing on thee, gentle Maid! S. T. COLERIDGE.

GROVE, HIGHGATE, *15th October* 1827.
MS.

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO

OF late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the Past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design.
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by, one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,

That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings;
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest:
The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;—
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Mæonides;[1]

[1] Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.

But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart![1]

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves! 1828.

SONG, *ex improviso*

ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S BEAUTY

'Tis not the lily-brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that Love discloses,—
The look that Love alone can see!
Keepsake, 1830. ? 1828.

[1] I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of Boccaccio: where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. 'Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori accendere.'

IN MISS E. TREVENEN'S ALBUM

Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay,
Remembrances of dear-loved friends away,
On spotless page of virgin white displayed,
Such should thine Album be, for such art thou, sweet maid! 1829.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtask'd at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both. 1829.

LINES

WRITTEN IN COMMONPLACE BOOK OF MISS BARBOUR, DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER OF THE U.S.A. TO ENGLAND

CHILD of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand
Go cross the main: thou seek'st no foreign land:
'Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name
Our country. Each heaven-sanctioned tie the same,
Laws, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood,
Domestic honour, awe of womanhood:—
With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see
Britain with elbow-room and doubly free!
Go seek thy countrymen! and if one scar
Still linger of that fratricidal war,
Look to the maid who brings thee from afar;
Be thou the olive-leaf and she the dove,
And say I greet thee with a brother's love! S. T. COLERIDGE.

GROVE, HIGHGATE, *August* 1829.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE

HER attachment may differ from yours in degree,
Provided they are both of one kind;
But Friendship how tender so ever it be
Gives no accord to Love, however refined.
Love, that meets not with Love, its true nature revealing,
Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:
If you cannot lift hers up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to hers. ? 1830.

NOT AT HOME

THAT Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be
I know; but ne'er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her ee,
A swart sour-visaged maid—
But yet Love's own twin-sister she
His house-mate and his shade.

Ask for her and she'll be denied:—
What then? they only mean
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can't just then be seen.
? 1830.

PHANTOM OR FACT

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE

AUTHOR

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
A tender love so pure from earthly leaven,
That I unnethe the fancy might control,
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven,
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—
Alas! that change how fain would I forget!
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing look!

'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

FRIEND

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?
Is't history? vision? or an idle song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems)
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

? 1830.

HUMILITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY

FRAIL creatures are we all! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have:—
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

? 1830.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

—E cœlo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν.
JUVENAL, xi. 27.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade;—
Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

1832.

FORBEARANCE

Beareth all things.—2 COR. xiii. 7.

GENTLY I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

1832.

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE

LIKE a lone Arab, old and blind,
Some caravan had left behind,

Who sits beside a ruin'd well,
Where the shy sand-asps bask and swell;
And now he hangs his aged head aslant,
And listens for a human sound—in vain!
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain;—
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent, within my garden-bower,
I sate upon the couch of camomile;
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,
Flitted across the idle brain, the while
I watch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope,
In my own heart; or that, indeed a trance,
Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,
Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,
Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim,
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,
And stood beside my seat;
She bent, and kiss'd her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do;—
Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath
Woke just enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

L'ENVOY

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the Love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay. 1833.

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE

Lady. If Love be dead—
Poet. And I aver it!
Lady. Tell me, Bard! where Love lies buried?
Poet. Love lies buried where 'twas born:
Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's Tomb.
And on that tomb to read the line:—
'Here lies a Love that once seem'd mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a Decline.'
1833.

TO THE YOUNG ARTIST

KAYSER OF KASERWERTH

KAYSER! to whom, as to a second self,
Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the Elf,
Hight Genius, hath dispensed the happy skill
To cheer or soothe the parting friend's 'Alas!'
Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,
That makes the absent present at our will;
And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!
Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind
A more delightful portrait left behind—
Even thy own youthful beauty, and artless grace,
Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!
Kayser! farewell!
Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.
1833.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY

GOD's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life!—Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?—
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies. 1833.

EPITAPHIUM TESTAMENTARIUM

Τὸ τοῦ ΈΣΤΗΣΕ τοῦ ἐπιθανοῦς Epitaphium testamentarium *αὐτόγραφον*.

Quæ linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes
Do Morti: reddo cætera, Christe! tibi.
1826.

EPITAPH

STOP, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

9th November 1833.

DRAMATIC WORKS

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE

AN HISTORIC DRAMA

[*First Act* by Coleridge: *Second and Third* by Southey—1794.]

ACT I

SCENE—*The Thuilleries.*

Barrere. The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's *soul*—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful 'mid impending ruins;
In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble! [*Exit.*

Enter TALLIEN *and* LEGENDRE.

Tallien. It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

Legendre. I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
It menac'd not so proudly as of yore.
Methought he would have spoke—but that he dar'd not—
Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

Tallien. 'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face:
E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
Hurries the thundercloud, that pois'd awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

Legendre. Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
Each thought, each action in himself converges;
And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice;
To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

Tallien. Yet much depends upon him—well you know
With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
With truth-mix'd falsehood. They led on by him,

And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.
Legendre. O what a precious name is Liberty
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll shew enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels—
Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!
Tallien. Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—
Legendre. Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—
But see—hither he comes—let us away!
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
And high of haughty spirit, young St. Just. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Robespierre. What? did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point
Vain, as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
Who ever on the harlots' downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!
St. Just. I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
The state is not yet purified: and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!
Couthon. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?
I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compared with which the sun-scorcht wilderness
Of Zara, were a smiling paradise.
St. Just. Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds!—I dread
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.
Robespierre. Is not the Commune ours? The stern tribunal?
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
And Henriot? We'll denounce an hundred, nor

Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.
Robespierre Junior. Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the Republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot!
Robespierre. Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleans'd by wholesome massacre!
Robespierre Junior. Beware! already do the sections murmur—
'O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The *tyrant guardian* of the country's *freedom*!'
Couthon. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
Of cold Barrere!
Robespierre. I see the villain in him!
Robespierre Junior. If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?
Robespierre. Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories my counsels form'd
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

[*Exeunt cæteri.* *Manet* COUTHON.

Couthon (*solus*). So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp.
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awaken'd breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere. [*Exit* COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE *and* BARRERE.

Robespierre. There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.
Barrere. 'Twill be a pause of terror.—
Robespierre. But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a *moment's* pause?—'Tis all *their life.*
Barrere. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—
Robespierre. That what?
Barrere. The freedom of debate—
Robespierre. Transparent mask!

They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots!
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages:
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

Barrere. Are the sections friendly?

Robespierre. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!

Barrere. Nay—but I tell thee,
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!

Robespierre. Self-centering Fear! how well thou canst ape *Mercy*!
Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'er-wearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frighted child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!*

Barrere. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

Robespierre. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own.
Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life! [*Exit.*

Barrere. The sections will support them—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the house of* ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE *enters, speaking to a* Servant.

Adelaide. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

Servant. He is in the Thuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd: as I approach'd
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him.
[*Returns the letter.*

Adelaide. Thou didst rightly.
[*Exit* Servant.
O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while. [*Soft music.*

Enter TALLIEN.

Tallien. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it sooths the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG [1]

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottag'd vale she dwells
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen,
Spotless honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Tallien. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.
Adelaide. Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?
Tallien. Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.
Adelaide. Yet — yet — be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The pale Convention—
Tallien. Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolv'd and ready.
Adelaide. Th' enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—
Tallien. They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air

[1] This Song was reprinted in Coleridge's *Poems* of 1796, and later under the title of *To Domestic Peace*; and will be found in the Poetical division of the present volume, p. 33.—ED.

Of Liberty, condens'd awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES *and* BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*

Bourdon l'Oise. Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce Club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

Enter BARRERE *abruptly.*

Barrere. Say, are ye friends to freedom? *I am her's!*
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!
Billaud Varennes. Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood!
[*Cry from the street of—No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!*
Tallien. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Cæsar,
This dagger probes his heart!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II

SCENE—*The Convention.*

Robespierre mounts the Tribune. Once more befits it that the voice of Truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leagerd round
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced thro' faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the shew of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,
The high-fraught sentence and the lofty tone
Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,
Till reason midst a labyrinth of words
Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
I urg'd the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
Hébert and Rousin, and the villain friends
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long

Mask'd treason's form in liberty's fair garb,
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! but I it seems am false!
I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre!
I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band,
Of what am I accus'd? of what strange crime
Is Maximilian Robespierre accused,
That through this hall the buz of discontent
Should murmur? who shall speak?
Billaud Varennes. O patriot tongue
Belying the foul heart! Who was it urg'd
Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,
Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
Has chill'd each tongue to silence? Who destroyed
The freedom of debate, and carried through
The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,
Unheard before their equals, to the bar
Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd
With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man
Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?
Couthon. That law was mine. I urged it—I propos'd—
The voice of France assembled in her sons
Assented, though the tame and timid voice
Of traitors murmur'd. I advis'd that law—
I justify it. It was wise and good.
Barrere. Oh, wonderous wise and most convenient too!
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant!
[*Loud applauses.*
Robespierre. It is well.
I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,
Regnault the instrument belike of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalize their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—hemmed around
By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
From Justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force
That pierces through her breast.
[*Murmurs, and shouts of—Down with the Tyrant!*
Robespierre. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.
But times are chang'd, and villainy prevails.
Collot d'Herbois. No—villainy shall fall. France could not brook
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ear?
Bourdon l'Oise. Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters; or the crew
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talk'd of virtue?
Robespierre. Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall,
That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.
People of France,
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law,

Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defects, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.
Tallien. Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulines, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?
Robespierre. I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that Vengeance ere should strike,
Ere justice doom'd the blow.
Barrere. Traitor, thou didst.
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots,
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty!
Robespierre Junior. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.
Robespierre. Brother, by my soul,
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.
Barrere. Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. O, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscrib'd,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd
Each patriot representative of France?
Bourdon l'Oise. Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?
Robespierre Junior. His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience, heaven!
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Wav'd high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? fought I merchant-like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smil'd
Amid the bloody banquet? when appal'd
The hireling sons of England spread the sail
Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!
Bourdon l'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd
With her best blood.
Collot d'Herbois. Till once again display'd
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth

The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.
Dubois Crancé. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the axe of death! when Cæsar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,
As it had been some province won in fight,
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St. Just, be yours the army of the north;
Mean time I rule at Paris.
Robespierre. Matchless knave!
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! most likely tale!
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Hébert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroyed the very men
Whose plots resembled mine? bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forg'd the shameless falsehood?
Collot d'Herbois. Ask you proofs?
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?
Legendre. What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?
Robespierre. I remember well
The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Cæsar and spar'd Antony.
But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current. [*Loud applauses.*
Triumph not too soon,
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter ST. JUST, *and mounts the Tribune.*

St. Just. I come from the Committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St. Just
What his own heart shall dictate.
Tallien. Here ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St. Just
From your Committee comes — comes charg'd to speak
Of matters of high import—yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France,
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders. — I denounce St. Just. [*Loud applauses.*
St. Just. Hear me! [*Violent murmurs.*
Robespierre. He shall be heard!
Bourdon l'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?
Collot d'Herbois. Drag him away!
Hence with him to the bar.
Couthon. Oh, just proceedings!
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
And St. Just must be silent!
Legendre. Heed we well
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St. Just be heard.
Freron. Inviolate be the sacred right of man.
The freedom of debate.
[*Violent applauses.*

St. Just. I may be heard then! much the times are changed,
When St. Just thanks this hall for hearing him.
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
Was Aristides driven into exile,
Was Phocion murder'd. Ere ye dare pronounce
Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
Bourdon of Oise — the very men denounced,
For that their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend
Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
Collot d'Herbois—
Bourdon l'Oise. What—shall the traitor rear
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—
St. Just. I am of no one faction. I contend
Against all factions.
Tallien. I espouse the cause
Of truth. Robespierre on yester morn pronounced
Upon his own authority a report.
To-day St. Just comes down. St. Just neglects
What the Committee orders, and harangues
From his own will. O citizens of France
I weep for you — I weep for my poor country—
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
When individuals shall assume the sway,
And with more insolence than kingly pride
Rule the Republic.
Billaud Varennes. Shudder, ye representatives of France,
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
The marshall'd force of Paris. Henriot,
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,
Denounced by all — upheld by Robespierre.
Who spar'd La Valette? who promoted him,
Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
Robespierre, the self-stil'd patriot Robespierre—
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.
Bourdon l'Oise. He talks of virtue—of morality—
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!
Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,
Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!
I stile thee tyrant, Robespierre! [*Loud applauses.*
Robespierre. Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—
[*Violent clamour. Cries of— Down with the Tyrant!*
Tallien. Oppression falls. The traitor stands appal'd—
Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—
He trembles on the precipice of fate.
Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage
How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd
Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand

Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,
Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,
And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd
His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—
And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,
Lest France awak'd should rouse her from her dream,
And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
With rapid step urged on his bold career,
Even to the summit of ambitious power,
And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?
Is it for this we wage eternal war
Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
The crowned cockatrices whose foul venom
Infects all Europe? was it then for this
We swore to guard our liberty with life,
That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart
Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade,
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
And if the representatives of France,
Through fear or favour, should delay the sword
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;
Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;
Tallien shall save his country.

[*Violent applauses.*

Billaud Varennes. I demand
The arrest of all the traitors. Memorable
Will be this day for France.

Robespierre. Yes! Memorable
This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

Lebas. I will not share in this day's damning guilt.
Condemn me too.

[*Great cry—Down with the Tyrants!*

(*The two* ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* LEBAS *are led off.*)

ACT III

SCENE CONTINUES.

Collot d'Herbois. Cæsar is fall'n! The baneful tree of Java,
Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,
Has heard his doom.

Billaud Varennes. Yet must we not suppose
The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot,
Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

Freron. I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Dubois Crancé. Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

Collot d'Herbois. Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

Tallien. It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent.

[*Loud applauses.*

Collot d'Herbois. The National Convention shall remain
Firm at its post.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St. Just is up in arms!
St. Just—the young ambitious bold St. Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood. [*Tocsin rings.*
Tallien. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.

Merlin. Health to the representatives of France!
I past this moment through the armed force—
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate,
Swore I was not the friend of France.
Collot d'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Messenger. Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the Club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Messenger. All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.
Tallien. Why, we will die like men then,
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steels their bosoms.
[*Loud applauses.*
Tallien (*addressing the galleries*). Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the Republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!
[*Violent applauses from the galleries.*
Citizen (*from above*). We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.
[*All the men quit the galleries.*

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Messenger. Henriot is taken!
[*Loud applauses.*
Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seiz'd him. [*Applauses.*
Billaud Varennes. Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter BOURDON L'OISE, *sword in hand.*

Bourdon l'Oise. I have clear'd the Commune. [*Applauses.*
Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!' [*Applauses.*
(*Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrant!*)
Tallien. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,

France shall be saved! her generous sons attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free! [*Applauses.*

Enter LEGENDRE—*a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*

Legendre (*flinging down the keys*). So —let the mutinous Jacobins meet now
In the open air. [*Loud applauses.*
A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controull'd the Club,
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but stay'd my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood. [*Applauses.*

Freron. They took from me my ticket of admission—
Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.
But Freron enters not the Club again
'Till it be purged of guilt:—'till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety.
[*Shouts from without.*

Barrere. What means this uproar! if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

Tallien. And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant? Cæsar should fear death,
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.
(*Shouts from without—Live the Convention!—Down with the Tyrants!*)

Tallien. Hark! again
The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies *from the* Sections.

Citizen. Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

Tallien. Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,
I have lived long enough.
[*Shouts without.*

Barrere. Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom

Of the still evening—harbinger of death,
Rings the tocsin ! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris—
[*Cry without—Down with the Tyrant !*

Enter LECOINTRE.

Lecointre. So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France ! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perish'd ! Citizens,
Cæsar is taken.
[*Loud and repeated applauses.*
I marvel not that with such fearless front
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
And Henriot's *boughten* succours. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The Commune welcom'd in the rebel tyrant—
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit
Inspir'd the men of Paris. Henriot call'd
'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
They reach'd the Hôtel. We gather'd round—we call'd
For vengeance ! Long time, obstinate in despair,
With knives they hack'd around them. 'Till foreboding
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractur'd limb
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
By his own tremulous hand ! All gash'd and gored
He lives to taste the bitterness of death.
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
The fierce St. Just, even now attend their tyrant
To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate !
[*Loud and repeated applauses.*
Barrere mounts the Tribune. For ever hallowed be this glorious day,
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne, by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh ! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain

In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets,
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of some soft Syren wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphed—triumph'd long,
Secur'd by matchless villainy—by turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunder-bolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

FINIS

WALLENSTEIN

A DRAMA IN TWO PARTS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK SCHILLER

1799-1800

THE PICCOLOMINI

OR THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War* diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas. S. T. COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.[1]

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,
DON MARADAS,
GOETZ,
KOLATTO,
} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*[1]

MAJOR GERALDIN.[1]

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.[1]

[1] Not mentioned in D.P. 1800.

———— MACDONALD.[1]
NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*
The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*
GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*
SWEDISH CAPTAIN.[1]
BAPTISTA SENI, *Astrologer.*
BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*[1]
ANSPESSADE *of the Cuirassiers.*[1]
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER,[1] } *belonging to the Duke.*
A PAGE,[1] }
A CORNET.[2]
SEVERAL COLONELS AND GENERALS.[2]
PAGES AND ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*[2]
ATTENDANTS AND HOBÖISTS *belonging to Tertsky.*[2]
THE MASTER OF THE CELLARS *to Count Tertsky.*[2]
VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*[2]
CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.[1]

THE PICCOLOMINI, ETC.

ACT I

SCENE I

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.

ILLO *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

Illo. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.
Isolani. Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At Donauwert[3] it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!——
We bring it hither——
Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.
Butler. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!
Isolani. Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
[*Casts his eye round.*
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.
Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.
Butler. Expect not Galas.
Illo (*hesitating*). How so? Do you know——
Isolani (*interrupting him*). Max Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.
Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts

[1] Not mentioned in D.P. 1800.
[2] Not mentioned in D.P. after 1800.
[3] A town about 12 German miles N.E. of Ulm.

The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess[1]
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.
Butler. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.
Isolani. Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.
Illo (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side*). And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?
Butler. Because
He importuned me to remain behind.
Illo (*with warmth*). And you?—You hold out firmly?
[*Grasping his hand with affection.* Noble Butler!
Butler. After the obligation which the Duke
Had layed so newly on me——
Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy!
Isolani. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.
Butler. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.
Isolani. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!
Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would all of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.
Isolani (*to Illo*). My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.
Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother! here's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—
Butler. Ay,
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

[1] The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!
Butler (*shocked and confused*). Know you aught then? You alarm me.
Isolani (*at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice*). We should be ruined, every one of us!
Illo. No more!
Yonder I see our worthy friend[1] approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.
Butler (*shaking his head significantly*). I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *and* QUESTENBERG.

Octavio (*still in the distance*). Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes. [*Approaching nearer.*
Welcome, Count Isolani!
Isolani. My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—
Octavio. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
[*To* QUESTENBERG, *presenting* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI *at the same time to him.*
These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

[1] Spoken with a sneer.

Questenberg (*to Octavio*). And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!
Octavio (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani*). The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor.
[*Universal silence.*
Illo (*moving towards Questenberg*). 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shewn our camp this honour.
Questenberg. Once before
I stood before these colours.
Illo. Perchance too you remember where that was.
It was at Znäim[1] in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.
Questenberg. To supplicate? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.
Illo. Well, well, then—to compel him, if you chuse.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.
Isolani (*steps up to them*). Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,

[1] A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.
Questenberg. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.
Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.
Questenberg. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.
Illo. What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.
Questenberg. Nay,
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—
Isolani. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.
Questenberg. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.
Isolani. Poh! We are all his subjects.
Questenberg. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.
Isolani. Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of* QUESTENBERG.
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.
Questenberg. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.
Illo. There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!
Butler. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!
Isolani. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither

A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Questenberg. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith, we should wait long.—
'Dash! and through with it!'—That's the better watch-word.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed 'what shall I do?'
Is worse to man then worst necessity.

Questenberg. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare us
The troublesome task of chusing.

Butler. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Questenberg. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

Isolani. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Questenberg (*with a sneer*). Count, this comparison you make, not I.

Butler. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Questenberg. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Octavio (*interposing and addressing Questenberg*). My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,
[*pointing to* BUTLER.
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison.
[*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!

Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Octavio (*to Questenberg*). Then my son Max too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither.

Isolani (*to Illo*). Shall we not go in company to greet them?

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To* OCTAVIO.
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt 'all but* QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

SCENE III

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

Questenberg (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*). What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal—
Octavio. Hm!
You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.
Questenberg. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.
Octavio. Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.
Questenberg (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*). Friend, friend!
O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.
Octavio. Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.
Questenberg. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he can do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!
Octavio. D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!
Questenberg. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms——

All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!
Octavio. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprize: you know,
I hold him all-encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.
Questenberg. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!
Octavio. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!
Questenberg. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.
Octavio. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company.
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.
Questenberg. You lead your son into the secret?
Octavio. No!
Questenberg. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?
Octavio. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.

His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.
Questenberg (*anxiously*). My honoured friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——
Octavio. I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV

MAX PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Octavio. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor;
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.
Max (*drily*). Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.
Questenberg (*seizing his hand*). Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith. [*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.
Octavio (*to Max*). He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Questenberg. The army? Doubtless!

Octavio (*to Questenberg*). Hush! suppress it, friend!
Unless some end were answered by the utterance.—
Of him there you'll make nothing.
Max (*continuing*). In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.
Octavio. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Questenberg. O hear your father, noble youth! hear him,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Octavio. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet[1] of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!
Octavio. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, Life has charms
Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.
Octavio (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*). And so your journey has revealed this to you?
Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me an heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.
Octavio. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.
Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,

[1] In the original,
Den blutgen Lorbeer, geb ich hin, mit Freuden
Fürs erste veilchen, das der merz uns bringt,
Das duftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Questenberg (*apparently much affected*).
O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.
Max (*turning round to him, quick and vehement*). Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, how then
And whence can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Questenberg. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?
Octavio (*recovering himself out of a deep study*). He has now opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.
Questenberg. What is it?
Octavio. Curse on this journey!
Questenberg. But why so? What is it?
Octavio. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!
[*Draws* QUESTENBERG *on with him.*
Questenberg. What now? Where go you then?
Octavio. To her herself.
Questenberg. To——
Octavio (*interrupting him, and correcting himself*). To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.
Questenberg. Nay, but explain yourself.
Octavio. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.
Questenberg. But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

Octavio (*more collected*). Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!
[*He leads* QUESTENBERG *off.*

SCENE VI

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland. —Servants *employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters* SENI, *like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

First Servant. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, 'Stand to your arms!' They will be there in a minute.

Second Servant. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

Third Servant. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

First Servant. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

Second Servant. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni (*with gravity*). My son, there's nothing insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

First Servant (*to the Second*). Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*). Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven.
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

Second Servant. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

Second Servant. That's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

Second Servant. The foolish old coxcomb!

First Servant. Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

Third Servant. Off! They come.

Second Servant. There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off.* SENI *follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the* DUKE'S *chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wallenstein. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duchess. Yes, and to the Empress too,

And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.
Wallenstein. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?
Duchess. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To shew the elected husband his betrothed.
Wallenstein. And did they guess the choice which I had made?
Duchess. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.
Wallenstein. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?
Duchess. Your will, you know, was always mine.
Wallenstein (*after a pause*). Well, then?
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?
[*The* DUCHESS *casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.*
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?
Duchess. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.
Wallenstein. Ay! is it so!
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?
Duchess. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.
Wallenstein. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.
Duchess. O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—
Wallenstein. Now she omitted it?
Duchess (*wiping away her tears, after a pause*). She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.
Wallenstein (*seizes her hand soothingly*). Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

Duchess (*shaking her head*). I saw none.
Wallenstein. The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—
Duchess. Silent, Silent!
Wallenstein. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.
Duchess. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——
Wallenstein (*eagerly*). Lamormain! what said he?
Duchess. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!—
[*Stifling extreme emotion.*
Wallenstein. Proceed!
Duchess. I cannot utter it!
Wallenstein. Proceed!
Duchess. They talk——
Wallenstein. Well!
Duchess. Of a second——(*catches her voice and hesitates*).
Wallenstein. Second——
Duchess. More disgraceful ——Dismission.
Wallenstein. Talk they?
[*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*
O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!
Duchess (*presses near to him, in entreaty*). O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us!

Scene VIII

Enter the Countess Tertsky, *leading in her hand the* Princess Thekla, *richly adorned with brilliants.*

Countess, Thekla, Wallenstein, Duchess.

Countess. How, sister? What already upon business,
[*Observing the countenance of the* Duchess.
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

(THEKLA *approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*)

Wallenstein. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.
Duchess. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.
Wallenstein. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good, lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.
Duchess (*to Thekla*). Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.
Thekla. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form, that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!
Wallenstein. The voice of my child!
[*Then after a pause.*
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.
[*He clasps her in his arms as* PICCOLOMINI *enters.*

SCENE IX

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI, *and some time after* COUNT TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

Countess. There comes the Paladin who protected us.
Wallenstein. Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!
Max. My General——
Wallenstein. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.
Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.

No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!
[TERTSKY *enters, and delivers letters to the* DUKE, *which he breaks open hurryingly.*
Countess (*to Max*). Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To shew himself for ever great and princely.
Thekla. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.
Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.
[*He grasps the hand of the* DUCHESS *with still increasing warmth.*
How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!
Countess (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters*). My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.
Wallenstein (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess*). Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.
[MAX PICCOLOMINI *offers the* DUCHESS *his arm, the* COUNTESS *accompanies the* PRINCESS.
Tertsky (*calling after him*). Max, we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (*in deep thought to himself*). She hath seen all things as they are—It is so
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch!
[*As he turns round he observes* TERTSKY, *and gives him a letter.*
Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!
Tertsky. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.
Wallenstein. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
——Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negociations, he

Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?
Tertsky. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.
Wallenstein. And why so?
Tertsky. He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.
Wallenstein. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.
Tertsky. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game what matters it to you who pays it?
Wallenstein. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.
Tertsky. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.
Wallenstein. I never give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.
Tertsky. But how can it be known that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.
Wallenstein (*after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on Tertsky*). And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee

The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.
Tertsky. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

Enter ILLO.

SCENE XI

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?
Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.
Wallenstein. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?
Illo. He's your's, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.
Wallenstein. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?
Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.
Wallenstein. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?
Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.
Wallenstein. Not more assured of mine own self.
Tertsky. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!
Wallenstein. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short (*with an air of mystery*)
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——
Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command, I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.
Wallenstein. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.
Illo. Of course.
Wallenstein. Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.
Illo. Why not?
Tertsky. Devotion unconditional?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——
Wallenstein (*shaking his head*). All unconditional!
No premises, no reserves.
Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?
Tertsky. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.
Illo (*to Wallenstein*). Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.
Wallenstein. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is your concern.
Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here

Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then—then will you shew yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?
Wallenstein. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.
Illo. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.
Wallenstein. The time is not yet come.
Tertsky. So you say always.
But when will it be time?
Wallenstein. When I shall say it.
Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is Doubt.
Wallenstein. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,

Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly mini-steries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.
[*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*
The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and night, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page (*entering*). My Lords, the Generals.

Wallenstein. Let them come in.

Scene XII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter* QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, *and three other* Generals. WALLENSTEIN *motions* QUESTENBERG, *who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their Rank. There reigns a momentary Silence.*

Wallenstein. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.

Questenberg. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wallenstein. We excuse all preface.

Questenberg. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;

Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.
Wallenstein. May't please you to the point.
Questenberg. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.
Wallenstein. Max, to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.
Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.
Wallenstein. Ay! Is it so!
But what had we to do there?
Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.
Wallenstein. True.
In that description which the Minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.
[*To* QUESTENBERG.
Well, but proceed a little.
Questenberg. Yes! at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.
Wallenstein (*laughs*). I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.
Questenberg. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,

Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.
Wallenstein. The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.
Butler. Already a full year.
Wallenstein. And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.[1]
Questenberg. Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.
Wallenstein. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expences of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!
Questenberg. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous diet.
Wallenstein. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal interest,

[1] The original is not translatable into English:
————Und sein *sold*
Mus dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.
It might perhaps have been thus rendered:
'And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive.'
But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?
Questenberg. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.
Wallenstein. In this season?
And to what quarter wills the Emperor
That we direct our course?
Questenberg. To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.
Wallenstein. My generals,
Can this be realized?
Illo. 'Tis not possible.
Butler. It can't be realized.
Questenberg. The Emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria?
Wallenstein. What did Suys?
Questenberg. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!
Wallenstein. What? he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?
Illo. Death.
Wallenstein (*raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*). Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?
Max Piccolomini (*after a long pause*). According to the letter of the law, Death.
Isolani. Death.
Butler. Death, by the laws of war.
[QUESTENBERG *rises from his seat,* WALLENSTEIN *follows; all the rest rise.*
Wallenstein. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I shew him favour, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.
Questenberg. If so, I can say nothing further—here!
Wallenstein. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!
Questenberg. The prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.
Wallenstein. Yes, yes! I understand! —Eight regiments! Well,

Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming!
Questenberg. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——
Wallenstein. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my controul. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!
[*Here there commences an agitation among the* Generals *which increases continually.*
It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompence their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns.
[*He seats himself.*
Max Piccolomini. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation——
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.
Isolani. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.
Wallenstein. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.
[*During this speech,* Isolani, Tertsky, Illo *and* Maradas *talk confusedly with great agitation.*
Max Piccolomini (*busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them*). Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,

Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.
Tertsky. Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [*They go.*
Butler (*to Questenberg*). If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you shew yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.
[*Commotions heard from without.*
Wallenstein. A salutary counsel—— Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg!
[QUESTENBERG *is about to speak.*
Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.
[*As* QUESTENBERG *is going off with* OCTAVIO; GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, *press in; several other* Generals *following them.*
Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general?
Tiefenbach (*at the same time*). What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?
Kolatto (*at the same time*). We will live with thee, we will die with thee.
Wallenstein (*with stateliness and pointing to Illo*). There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*
[*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?
Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for him, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.
Tertsky. How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?
Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.

Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.
Tertsky. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.
Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.
Tertsky. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.
Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——
Tertsky. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.
Illo. Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will shew themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.
Tertsky. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.
Illo. Yes! Yes!
I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?
Tertsky. A secret. Hush! she comes.
[*Exit* ILLO.

SCENE II

The COUNTESS *steps out from a Closet.*

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.
Countess. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.
Tertsky. I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not

We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.
Countess. I take it on me.
[*Talking to herself, while she is advancing.*
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,[1] when no one knows —No! no!——
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——
Servant (*enters*). The commanders!
Tertsky (*to the Countess*). Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.
Countess. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.
Tertsky. All rests upon his undersigning.
Countess (*interrupting him*). Go to your guests! Go——
Illo (*comes back*). Where art staying, Tertsky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

[1] In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

Tertsky. Instantly! Instantly!
[*To the* COUNTESS.
And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——
Countess. A truce with your precautions!
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE III

COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max (*peeping in on the stage shily*). Aunt Tertsky? may I venture?
[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*
She's not here!
Where is she?
Countess. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.
Max. There lie her gloves!
[*Snatches at them, but the* COUNTESS *takes them herself.*
You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.
Countess. And this the thank you give me for my trouble?
Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!
Countess. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.
Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?
Countess. Into my hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?

No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.
Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?
I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!
Countess. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.
Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,[1]
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.
Countess. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?
Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.
Countess. This morning the first time in twenty days?
Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,

[1] I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original. — Es ist ein Kloster hier *zur Himmelspforte*.

The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsky!'
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[*The* PRINCESS THEKLA *appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the* COUNTESS, *but not by* PICCOLOMINI.

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched her's;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

Countess (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla*). And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

Max. Of your secret?

Countess. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
Ta'en with surprise—

Max (*with eagerness*). Well?

SCENE IV

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (*to the Countess*). Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.

Max (*stepping backward*). My Princess
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky?

Thekla (*to the Countess*). Has he been here long?

Countess. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have you stayed so long?

Thekla. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

Thekla. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,

And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thekla. Hush! not a word more of this mummery.
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
[*To the* COUNTESS.
He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.
[*To* MAX.
It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!
Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.
Thekla. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!
Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.
Thekla. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.
Countess (*recollecting*). And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.
Thekla (*smiling*). Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.
Countess (*laughs*). The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?
Thekla. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.
Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.
Thekla. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.
Countess. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thekla. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.
Countess. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!

Thekla. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend;[1] and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,

[1] No more of talk, where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent.
Paradise Lost, ix. 1-3.

And Venus who brings every thing that's fair !
Thekla. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.
Countess. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven ; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate ;
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.
Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart ! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire ; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin ; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint ; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—
Countess. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.
Max. O, that the sword could win her !
Countess. What was that ?
Did you hear nothing ? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE V

THEKLA *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (*as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini*). Don't trust them ! They are false !
Max. Impossible !
Thekla. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a purpose.
Max. Purpose ! but what purpose ?
And how can we be instrumental to it ?
Thekla. I know no more than you ; but yet believe me :
There's some design in this ! to make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love !
They but pretend to wish it.
Max. But these Tertskys ---
Why use we them at all ? Why not your mother ?
Excellent creature ! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.
Thekla. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.

For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.
Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!
Thekla (*falls on his neck*). That are you!
Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent!——
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?
Thekla. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two.
[*Taking his hand tenderly.*
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely——
On our own hearts!
Max. O! shall we e'er be happy?
Thekla. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

SCENE VI

To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Countess (*in a pressing manner*). Come!
My husband sends me for you—It is now
The latest moment.
[*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.*
Part you!
Thekla. O, not yet!
It has been scarce a moment.
Countess. Aye! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!
Max. There is no hurry, aunt.
Countess. Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.
Thekla. Ha! his father?
Countess. You understand that, niece!
Thekla. Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.
Countess. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?
Thekla (*with energy*). Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company——
Countess. What? have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!
Max (*to Thekla*). Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!
[THEKLA *turns away from him with a quick motion.*
What say you then, dear lady?
Thekla (*without looking at him*). Nothing. Go!

Max. Can I, when you are angry——
[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*
Countess. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way. —— Off!
[MAX *tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The* COUNTESS *accompanies him.* THEKLA *follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*

Thekla (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the green wood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.[1]

SCENE VII

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

Countess. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
It had been more beseeming to have shewn yourself
More chary of your person.
Thekla (*rising*). And what mean you?
Countess. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.
Thekla. What then?
Countess. That you're the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.
Thekla. Well—and what farther?
Countess. What? a pretty question!
Thekla. He was born that which we have but become.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.
Countess. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.
Thekla. That will not be necessary.
Countess. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.
Thekla. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——
Countess. His!
His father! his! But your's, niece, what of your's?
Thekla. Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, his, I mean.
Countess (*looks at her, as scrutinizing*). Niece, you are false.
Thekla. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

[1] I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement. —S. T. C. [See "NOTES."—ED.]

Countess. You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—
Thekla (*interrupting her, and attempting to sooth her.*) Nay now, be friends with me.
Countess. It is not yet so far gone.
Thekla. I believe you.
Countess. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanc'd to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.
Thekla. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—
Countess. Thou seest it with a love-lorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.
Thekla. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.
Countess. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.
Thekla. My fate hath shewn me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.
Countess. Not thy fate hath shewn him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!
Thekla. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His Present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?
Countess. Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA *remains silent. The* COUNTESS *continues.*

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking? —Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thekla. My name too is Friedland.

He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Countess. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Thekla (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections). I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.[1]

[*Exit* THEKLA.

SCENE VIII

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly

[1] There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthendschleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

set out, at which eight Generals *are sitting, among whom are* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, *and* MARADAS. *Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a Fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsky's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage,* MAX PICCOLOMINI *appears,* TERTSKY *advances towards him with a Paper,* ISOLANI *comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Isolani. Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

Tiefenbach and Goetz (call out from the second and third tables). Count Piccolomini!

Tertsky. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max (reads). 'Ingratis servire nefas.'

Isolani. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Tertsky. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

Max. 'Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by* ISOLANI.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names.'

Tertsky. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Isolani. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, aye must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Tertsky. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Isolani (drawing Max along). Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*

SCENE IX

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Tertsky (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and

steps forward with him to the edge of the stage). Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?
Neumann. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.
Tertsky. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

[NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*

SCENE X

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?
Tertsky. All right, I think. He has started no objection.
Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!
Tertsky. How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?
Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. 'Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,'
Says Montecuculi, 'ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?' Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.
Tertsky. And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI

To them enter BUTLER *from the second table.*

Butler. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me, [*with an air of mystery.*
You may depend upon me.
Illo (*with vivacity*). May we, Butler?
Butler. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.
Tertsky. You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.
Butler (*with a haughty look*). I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.
Illo. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?
Butler. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.

Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked my judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.
Illo. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?
Butler. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm your's
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.——Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.
Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like your's weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!
Butler. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable-duty I climbed up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.
Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.
Butler. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!
Tertsky. That's spoken like a man!
Butler. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come! to the company!
Tertsky. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*

SCENE XII

The Master of the Cellar *advancing with* NEUMANN, Servants *passing backwards and forwards.*

Master of the Cellar. The best wine! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neumann. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Master of the Cellar. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

First Servant (*comes*). Burgundy for the fourth table.

Master of the Cellar. Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth flask——

First Servant. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Master of the Cellar (*continuing his discourse to Neumann*). They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink——(*To the* Servants)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner (*comes*). The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Master of the Cellar. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Master of the Cellar (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*). This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neumann. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Master of the Cellar. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neumann. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Master of the Cellar. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neumann. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Master of the Cellar. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neumann. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Master of the Cellar. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neumann. Stay! let me but look at

this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[Runner *takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

Master of the Cellar. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drank aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*

First Servant. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

Second Servant (*comes in running*). Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

Third Servant. The Swedish Chief Commander!

First Servant (*speaking at the same time*). The Lutheran!

Second Servant. Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Master of the Cellar. Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

Second Servant (*to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner*). Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac?—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Runner (*hides it in his pocket*). All right! [*Exit the* Second Servant.

Third Servant (*aside to the First*). Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

First Servant. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Master of the Cellar (*to Neumann*). Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

Neumann. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Master of the Cellar (*impatiently*). Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish[1] fellows are little better than rogues.

Neumann. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Master of the Cellar (*taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket*). My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[Tertsky *hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a* Servant *for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

Master of the Cellar (*to the Servants*). The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[1] There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. 'Die *welschen* alle,' etc., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German 'Welsch-nüsse.'—T.

[*They rise at all the tables, the* Servants *hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

Scene XIII

Octavio Piccolomini *enters in conversation with* Maradas, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite,* Max Piccolomini, *by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by* Butler, Isolani, Goetz, Tiefenbach, *and* Kolatto.

Isolani (*while the company is coming forward*). Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General! —I should rather say, good morning.

Goetz (*to Tiefenbach*). Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals*).

Tiefenbach. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her! —Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tiefenbach. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Octavio (*aside to Maradas*). Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

[*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*

Isolani (*on the point of going*). Lights! lights!

Tertsky (*advances with the paper to Isolani*). Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

Isolani. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Tertsky. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[Isolani *hands over the paper to* Octavio *respectfully.*

Tertsky. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[Octavio *runs over the paper with apparent indifference.* Tertsky *watches him at some distance.*

Goetz (*to Tertsky*). Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Tertsky. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Tertsky. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tiefenbach (*sits down*). Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Tertsky. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tiefenbach. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Isolani (*pointing at his corpulence*). Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[Octavio *subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to* Tertsky, *who gives it to* Isolani; *and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

Tiefenbach. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

Tertsky (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen*). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

Isolani. The sins of youth! I have

already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY *gives the paper to* MARADAS; *he steps to the table to subscribe.*

Octavio (*advancing to Butler*). You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

Butler. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Octavio (*stepping nearer to him friendlily*). Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

Butler. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to* TIEFENBACH, *who glances over it at the same time with* GOETZ *and* KOLATTO. MARADAS *in the mean time returns to* OCTAVIO, *all this takes place, the conversation with* BUTLER *proceeding uninterrupted.*

Octavio (*introducing Maradas to Butler*). Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. [BUTLER *bows.*

Octavio (*continuing*). You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER *makes a low bow.*) Nay without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

Butler (*coldly*). Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to* BUTLER, *who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the* PICCOLOMINIS, *each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

Octavio (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*). You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I——urgent business detained me.

Octavio. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Octavio (*advancing still nearer*). May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? Tertsky knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Octavio. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Isolani (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*). Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Tertsky (*with the paper*). Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Octavio. All.

Tertsky (*calling aloud*). Ho! Who subscribes?

Butler (*to Tertsky*). Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Tertsky. Here is a cross.

Tiefenbach. That's my mark.

Isolani. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Octavio (*presses on to Max*). Come, general! let us go. It is late.

Tertsky. One Piccolomini only has signed.

Isolani (*pointing to Max*). Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX *receives the paper from* TERTSKY, *which he looks upon vacantly.*

SCENE XIV

To these enter ILLO *from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking:* GOETZ *and* BUTLER *follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and Butler. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*). Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

Tertsky (*whispering to him*). Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are.

Illo (*aloud*). What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

Tertsky (*to Butler, eagerly*). Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

Butler (*to Illo*). Field Marshal! a word with you.

[*Leads him to the sideboard.*

Illo (*cordially*). A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Isolani (*to Max, who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*). Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max (*waking as from a dream*). What am I to do?

Tertsky (*and at the same time Isolani*). Sign your name.

[OCTAVIO *directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*

Max (*returns the paper*). Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Tertsky. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Isolani. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Tertsky (*to Octavio*). Use your influence. Instruct him.

Octavio. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*). What's the dispute?

Tertsky. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo, good night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

[*All collect round* ILLO *and* MAX.

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Tertsky (*in extreme embarrassment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them*). It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Isolani (*with a bitter laugh*). Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

Illo. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

Tertsky (*interrupting him*). He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*).—Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*). What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Tertsky (*in a low voice to Illo*). What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Tiefenbach (*to Kolatto*). Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Isolani. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tiefenbach. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

Butler (*to one of the commanders*). For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Isolani (*to one of the Generals*). Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Tertsky (*to Goetz*). Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

Tiefenbach. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max (*having read the paper gives it back*). Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max with one hand, and his sword in the other*). Subscribe—Judas!

Isolani. Out upon you, Illo!

Octavio, Tertsky, Butler (*all together*). Down with the sword!

Max (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky*). Take him off to bed.

[MAX *leaves the stage.* ILLO *cursing and raving is held back by some of the* Officers, *and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE.—*A Chamber in* PICCOLOMINI'S *Mansion.—It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A* Valet de Chambre, *with Lights.*

Octavio.——And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Octavio. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit* Valet. OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber;* MAX PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Octavio (*goes up to him and embraces him*). Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.
Max. Declare thyself less darkly.
Octavio. I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two. [*Both seat themselves.*
Max Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?
Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.
Octavio. And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?
Max. It was a serious business——I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.
Octavio. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?
Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.
Octavio. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.
Max. I know not what thou meanest.
Octavio. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!
Max (*rises*). Octavio!
Octavio. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun from venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.
Max. My father.
Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
There will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.
Octavio. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
[*Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.*
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.
[MAX *attempts to answer but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed.*
OCTAVIO, *after a pause:*
Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations

That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!
Max. That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.
Octavio. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.
Max. How mere a maniac they suppose the Duke!
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?
Octavio. Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No ways desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!
Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?
Octavio. What we would think is not the question here.
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!
Max. Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.
Octavio. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

Max. Likewise to both of us.
Octavio. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch thee.
Max. No! no!
I tell thee—no!
Octavio. O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.
Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.
Octavio. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?
Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.
Octavio. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.
Max (*in excessive agitation*). No!—no!—never!
Octavio. Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor——
Max. He is passionate.
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.
Octavio. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment

Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me
His written evidences — shewed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.
Max. It cannot be! — can *not* be! *can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius; or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—
Octavio. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my abhorrence, the full sentiment
Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.
Max. And thou hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.
Octavio. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.
Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.
Octavio. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.
Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!
Octavio. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?
Max. That he did not, evinced his confidence.
Octavio. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarum, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!
Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!
Octavio (*suppressing resentment*). As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.
[*After a pause.*
Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprize.

Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!
Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!
Octavio. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
He brought with him a private one, my son!
And that was for me only.
Max. May I know it?
Octavio (*seizes the patent*). Max!
[*A pause.*
——In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the wish.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——
Max. Father——
Octavio. O my son!
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?
Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.
[Octavio *takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.*
Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!
Octavio. Read it.
Max (*just glances on it*). Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!
Octavio. Even so.
Max (*throws down the paper*). O this is too much! O unhappy error!
Octavio. Read on. Collect thyself.
Max (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father*). How! what! Thou! thou!
Octavio. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.
Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.
Octavio. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——
Max. What! on suspicion!
Immediately?

Octavio. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——
Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.
Octavio. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly uninforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of an high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.
Max. But who the judge?
Octavio. Thyself.
Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.
Octavio. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Had changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.
Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.
Octavio. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?
Max (*with enthusiasm*). Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
[*Moderates his voice and manner.*
These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.
Octavio. I will await it.

SCENE II

OCTAVIO *and* MAX *as before.* *To them the* Valet of the Chamber.

Octavio. How now, then?
Valet. A dispatch is at the door.
Octavio. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?
Valet. That he refused to tell me.
Octavio. Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.
[*Exit* Valet—*the* Cornet *steps in.*
Octavio. Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.
Cornet. The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.
Octavio. And what is it?

Cornet. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?
Octavio. My son knows all.
Cornet. We have him.
Octavio. Whom?
Cornet. Sesina,
The old negociator.
Octavio (*eagerly*). And you have him?
Cornet. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.
Octavio. And the dispatches——
Cornet. The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.
Octavio. This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?
Cornet. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.
Octavio. None in the Duke's own hand?
Cornet. Not that I know.
Octavio. And old Sesina?
Cornet. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.
Octavio. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.
Cornet. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauenberg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.
Octavio. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?
Cornet. I wait your orders.
Octavio. Remain till evening.
[Cornet *signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*
Octavio. No one saw you—ha?
Cornet. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.
Octavio. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn. [*Exit* Cornet.

SCENE III

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Octavio. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.
Max (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved*). I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.
Octavio. Where now?—Remain here.
Max. To the Duke.
Octavio (*alarmed*). What——
Max (*returning*). If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:

Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these: — 'I ask him not—
He did it all at his own hazard — and
My mouth has never lied to him.'—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—I still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him — nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.
Octavio. Thou wilt?
Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.
Octavio. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty:—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.
Max. Aye—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,

That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.
[*During his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.*
[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]
WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Observations through a window.*

Wallenstein. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.
Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.
Wallenstein. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.
[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.
Seni (*who has come down from the window*). And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.
Wallenstein. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.
Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.
Wallenstein. The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere

The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.
[*There are knocks at the door.*
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.
Tertsky (*from without*). Open, and let me in.
Wallenstein. Aye—'tis Tertsky.
What is there of such urgence? We are busy.
Tertsky (*from without*). Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.
Wallenstein. Open, Seni!
[*While* SENI *opens the doors for* TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN *draws the curtain over the figures.*
Tertsky (*enters*). Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[SENI *draws off the black table, and exit.*

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (*to Tertsky*). Who has been taken?—Who is given up?
Tertsky. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negociation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—
Wallenstein (*drawing back*). Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.
Tertsky. All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III

To them enters ILLO.

Illo (*to Tertsky*). Has he heard it?
Tertsky. He has heard it.
Illo (*to Wallenstein*). Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.
Tertsky. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—
Wallenstein. Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.
Illo. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.
Tertsky. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?
Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;

And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak! —tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.
Wallenstein. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.
Illo. The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other——
Wallenstein. 'Tis a cursed accident!
Illo. O I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General——
Wallenstein. He's arrived! Know'st thou
What his commission is——
Illo. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.
Wallenstein. A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.
Tertsky. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——
Wallenstein (*lost in thought*). Their confidence is lost—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——
Illo. Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——
Wallenstein (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*). What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I must realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it must take place?
Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!
Wallenstein (*looking at the paper of signatures*). I have the Generals' word—a written promise!
Max Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?
Tertsky. It was——he fancied——
Illo. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.
Wallenstein. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.
Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy

To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.
Wallenstein. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.
Illo (eagerly to Tertsky). Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.
Wallenstein. Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprize,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.
Illo. First hear him only,
And after weigh it.
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE IV

Wallenstein (in soliloquy). Is it possible?
Is't so? I can no longer what I would?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
[*Pauses and remains in deep thought.*
A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,

Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me. [*Pauses again.*
How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.
[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.*
What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
[*To the* Page, *who here enters.*
The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.
[*The* Page *exit*, WALLENSTEIN *fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*
Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

Wallenstein (*after having fixed a searching look on him*). Your name is Wrangel?
Wrangel. Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.
Wallenstein. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.
Wrangel. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.

The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same.
Wallenstein (*makes the motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself*). And where are your credentials? Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?
Wrangel. There are so many scruples yet to solve——
Wallenstein (*having read the credentials*). An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent,
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.
Wrangel. He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.
Wallenstein. Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*
Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.
Wrangel. Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.
Wallenstein. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?
Wrangel. I have here an office merely, no opinion.
Wallenstein. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.
Wrangel. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it.
[*After a pause.*
What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——
Wallenstein. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wrangel. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——
Wallenstein. But yet?
Wrangel. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—
Wallenstein. What now? Out with it, friend!
Wrangel. To break their oaths.
Wallenstein. And he thinks so?—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your hearts you follow
Your banners.—Among you, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.
Wrangel. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?
Wallenstein. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.
Wrangel. But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.
Wallenstein. They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally — mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you may trust.
[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath.* WRANGEL *reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.*
So then?
Now comprehend you?
Wrangel. Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give you, immediately
We're compromised.
Wallenstein. What asks the Chancellor?
Wrangel (*considerately*). Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——
Wallenstein (*starting*). Sir Swede!
Wrangel (*calmly proceeding*). Am therefore forced
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.
Wallenstein. Come, brief and open! What is the demand?
Wrangel. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

Wallenstein. That is much indeed!
Prague!— Egra's granted — But — but
Prague!—'Twon't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague — Bohemia — these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.
Wrangel. We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.
Wallenstein. 'Tis but reasonable.
Wrangel. And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.
Wallenstein. Then trust you us so little?
Wrangel (*rising*). The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.[1]
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.
Wallenstein. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be your's.
Wrangel. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
Secret negociations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?
Wallenstein (*rises*). Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.
Wrangel. Here my commission ends.
Wallenstein. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.
Wrangel. If time yet permits——
Wallenstein. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.
Wrangel. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.
[*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.*
My Lord Duke hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor

[1] A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.
Wallenstein. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.
Wrangel. I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negociation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.
Wallenstein. Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be thought of.
Wrangel. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness. [*Exit* WRANGEL.

SCENE VI

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, *and* ILLO (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right?
Tertsky. Are you compromised?
Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.
Wallenstein. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.
Tertsky. How? What is that?
Wallenstein. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!
Tertsky. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?
Wallenstein. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.
Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.
Countess. I am come to bid you joy.
Wallenstein. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.
Countess. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.
Wallenstein. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.
Countess. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.
Wallenstein (*sarcastically*). They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.
Countess (*to the others*). Ha! what new scruple?
Tertsky. The Duke will not.
Countess. He will not what he must!
Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.
Countess. How? then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:

And with success comes pardon hand in hand ;
For all event is God's arbitrement.
Servant (*enters*). The Colonel Piccolomini.
Countess (*hastily*).—Must wait.
Wallenstein. I cannot see him now. Another time.
Servant. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.
Wallenstein. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.
Countess (*laughs*). Urgent for him, no doubt ; but thou mayest wait.
Wallenstein. What is it?
Countess. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit* Servant.
Wallenstein. If there were yet a choice ! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will chuse it, and avoid the last extreme.
Countess. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life ; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne ;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty ;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.
Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.
Countess. I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.

I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army ; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees ;
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette ;
Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes ;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.
Wallenstein (*in extreme agitation*). Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.
Countess. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee ! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such an height
To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been——

Wallenstein (*starts up in violent agitation*). Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye Powers of Aidance! Shew me such a way
As I am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: 'Go! I need thee not.'
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages[1] speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

Countess. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.[2]

Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! Duke!
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

Wallenstein. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the bason
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

Countess. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the Empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone

[1] Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word 'after-world' for *posterity*, 'Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Nahmen' might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:

'Let world and after-world speak out my name,' etc.

[2] I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line:

'werth
Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen.'

Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him!
At Regenspurg in the Diet — and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.
Wallenstein. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.
Countess. Affection! confidence!— They needed thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places him, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.
Wallenstein. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.
Countess. Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Entrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb

Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!
Wallenstein (*rising*). I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.
Countess. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, 'Now's the time!' The starry courses
Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?
[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?——
Wallenstein (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess*). Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Dispatch three couriers——
Illo (*hurrying out*). God in heaven be praised!
Wallenstein. It is his evil genius and mine.
Our evil genius! It chastises him
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,
An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent.
[*To* TERTSKY.
Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to

The couriers. — And dispatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.
[*To the* COUNTESS, *who cannot conceal her triumph.*
No exultation—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,
Incroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.
[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT V

SCENE I

SCENE—*As in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Wallenstein (*coming forward in conversation*). He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secrets himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.
This night must thou be off, take my own horses:
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.
Octavio (*to his son*). I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max (*advances to him*). My General!
Wallenstein. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?
Wallenstein. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max. And thou wilt leave the army?
Wallenstein. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
[*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!

Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.
[*He stops himself, expecting* PICCOLOMINI'S *answer.*
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.
[*He rises, and retires at the back of the stage.* MAX *remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion* WALLENSTEIN *returns, and places himself before him.*

Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs chuse thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein. Max, hear me.

Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,

And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.
Wallenstein. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.
Max. O that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor saving, their last worthless Keep,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.
Wallenstein (*grasps his hand*). Calmly, Max!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no property
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.
Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above all others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the traitor—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!
[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*
Thou canst not hear it nam'd, and wilt thou do it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein. It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happened.
Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.
Wallenstein. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
[MAX *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.
[MAX *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN, *startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when* TERTSKY *enters.*

SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Max Piccolomini just left you?
Wallenstein. Where is Wrangel?
Tertsky. He is already gone.
Wallenstein. In such a hurry?
Tertsky. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.
Illo (*enters*). Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?
Tertsky. How, Octavio! Whither send him?
Wallenstein. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.
Illo. No!
Nay, Heaven forbid!
Wallenstein. And why should Heaven forbid?
Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——
Tertsky. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!
Wallenstein. Ye are whimsical.
Illo. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.
Wallenstein. And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,

That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.
Tertsky. Must it be he—he only? Send another.
Wallenstein. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.
Illo. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.
Wallenstein. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.
Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.
Wallenstein. It happened with my knowledge and permission.
Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——
Wallenstein. That's not true.
Illo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.
Wallenstein. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.
Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?
Wallenstein. There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, 'So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led

In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank:
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm;
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
'My brother,' said he, 'do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.'
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wallenstein (*significantly*). There's no such thing as chance.

In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*

Tertsky. This is my comfort—Max remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wallenstein (*stops and turns himself round*). Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human kernel first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV

SCENE—*A Chamber in* PICCOLOMINI's *Dwelling-House.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI (*entering*).

Isolani. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

Octavio (*with an air of mystery*). But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

Isolani (*assuming the same air of mystery*). Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

Octavio. That may happen.

Isolani. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.

Octavio. That will be seen hereafter.

Isolani. Be on your guard,
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

Octavio. I am rejoiced to hear it.

Isolani. You rejoice!

Octavio. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants
And loving friends.

Isolani. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.
Octavio. I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.
Isolani. The Devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?
Octavio. That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of the Emperor.
Isolani (*with an air of defiance*). That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.
Octavio. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.
Isolani (*stammering*). Why,—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand and seal! [*Reads.*
'Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini
As from ourselves.'——Hem!—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!
Octavio. And you submit you to the order?
Isolani. I——
But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one must have——
Octavio. Two minutes.
Isolani. My God! But then the case is——
Octavio. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.
Isolani. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?
Octavio. That is the case. The Prince-Duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?
Isolani. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?
Octavio. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it.
Isolani. Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.
Octavio. And you renounce the Duke then?
Isolani. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.
Octavio. And are determined, too, to fight against him?
Isolani. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.
Octavio. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.
Isolani. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With the Emperor—how well disposed you found me.
Octavio. I will not fail to mention it honorably.
[*Exit* ISOLANI. *A* Servant *enters.*
What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.

Isolani (*returning*). Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.
Octavio. No excuses!
Isolani. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amid'st my wine—You know no harm was meant. [*Exit.*
Octavio. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

Scene V

Octavio Piccolomini, Butler.

Butler. At your command, Lieutenant-General.
Octavio. Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.
Butler. You do me too much honour.
Octavio (*after both have seated themselves*). You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.
Butler. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.
Octavio. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.
Butler. His words were lost on me.
Octavio. It grieves me sorely
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.
Butler. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.
Octavio. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recals the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Chuse—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot?
Butler (*rises*). His lot is mine.
Octavio. Is that your last resolve?
Butler. It is.
Octavio. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.

Recal it, Butler! chuse a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.
Butler (*going*). Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?
Octavio. See your white hairs! Recal that word!
Butler. Farewell!
Octavio. What would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude, which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?
Butler (*laughing with bitterness*). Gratitude from the House of Austria. [*He is going.*
Octavio (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him*). Butler!
Butler. What wish you?
Octavio. How was't with the Count?
Butler. Count? what?
Octavio (*coldly*). The title that you wished I mean.
Butler (*starts in sudden passion*). Hell and damnation!
Octavio (*coldly*). You petitioned for it—
And your petition was repelled—Was it so?
Butler. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!
Octavio. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!
Butler. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-haired man, the faithful Veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.
Octavio. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?
Butler. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!
Octavio. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?
Butler. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.
Octavio. Ay? Are you sure of that?
Butler. I read the letter.
Octavio. And so did I—but the contents were different.
[BUTLER *is suddenly struck.*
By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.
[*He gives him the letter.*

Butler. Ha! what is this?
Octavio. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.
[BUTLER *reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*
You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!
Butler (*his voice trembling*). Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?
Octavio. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.
[BUTLER *attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to* PICCOLOMINI.
Octavio. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.
Butler. Take it.
Octavio. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.
Butler. O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.
Octavio. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.
Butler. ——Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!
Octavio. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!
Butler. Break off from him!
Octavio. What now? Bethink thyself.
Butler (*no longer governing his emotion*). Only break off from him? —He dies! he dies!
Octavio. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.
Butler (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance*). Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth?
Octavio. He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.
Butler. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

Octavio. What's your design?
Butler. Leave me and my regiment.
Octavio. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?
Butler. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell. [*Exit* BUTLER.
Servant (*enters with a billet*). A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit* Servant.
Octavio (*reads*). 'Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan.'
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

(MAX *enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*)

Octavio (*advances to him*). I am going off, my son.
[*Receiving no answer he takes his hand.*
My son, farewell.
Max. Farewell.
Octavio. Thou wilt soon follow me?
Max. I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.
[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*
O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making dæmon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.
Octavio. Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!
Max (*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion*). Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.
Octavio. God in Heaven!
Max. O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honoured.

No ! No ! Not all ! She—she yet lives
for me,
And she is true, and open as the Heavens !
Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury :
The single holy spot [now] is our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.
Octavio. Max !—we will go together.
'Twill be better.
Max. What ? ere I've taken a last
parting leave,
The very last—no never !
Octavio. Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me ! Come, my son !
[*Attempts to take him with him.*
Max. No ! as sure as God lives, no !
Octavio (*more urgently*). Come with
me, I command thee ! I, thy
father.
Max. Command me what is human.
I stay here.
Octavio. Max ! in the Emperor's
name I bid thee come.
Max. No Emperor has power to pre-
scribe
Laws to the heart ; and would'st thou
wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has
left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty ? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her ?
No !
She shall behold my suffering, my sore
anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted
soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh ! the hu-
man race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of de-
spair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft
words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of
death !
Octavio. Thou wilt not tear thyself
away ; thou canst not.
O, come, my son ! I bid thee save thy
virtue.
Max. Squander not thou thy words
in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.
Octavio (*trembling, and losing all self-
command*). Max ! Max ! if that
most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare
I think it ?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble
house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible
deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's
blood.
Max. O hadst thou always better
thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst
suspicion !
Unholy miserable doubt ! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched
and firm,
Who has no faith.
Octavio. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow
it ?
Max. The heart's voice thou hast not
o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.
Octavio. O, Max ! I see thee never
more again !
Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou
never see me.
Octavio. I go to Frauenberg — the
Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too ;
Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect
thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their
oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant con-
test
Than leave their rightful leader, and
their honour.
Max. Rely on this, I either leave my
life

In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.
Octavio. Farewell, my son!
Max. Farewell!
Octavio. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?
[MAX *falls into his arms, they hold each for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*

The Curtain drops.

END OF THE PICCOLOMINI

PART SECOND

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

A TRAGEDY

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the *Robbers*, and the *Cabal* and *Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these

are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the *Robbers*, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniencies. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *compensation*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible. S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

[The *Dramatis Personæ* are all included in the list prefixed to the PICCOLOMINI.]

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of the* DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

Countess (*watching them from the opposite side*). So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?
[THEKLA *remaining silent, the* COUNTESS *rises and advances to her.*
Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous.

And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?
Thekla. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.
Countess. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!
Thekla. No syllable.
Countess. And still you are so calm?
Thekla. I am.
Countess. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!
[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE II

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

Countess. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds
Himself so still, exactly at this time.
Thekla. Exactly at this time?
Countess. He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.
Thekla. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.
Countess. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved.
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.
Thekla. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole and briefly!
Countess. You'll not be frightened—
Thekla. Name it, I entreat you.
Countess. It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—
Thekla. Lies within my power?
Countess. Max Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.
Thekla. I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?
Countess. He was.
Thekla. And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?
Countess. He cleaves to the Emperor too.
Thekla. Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.
Countess. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.
Thekla. How?
Countess. The Emperor or you must he renounce.
Thekla. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.
Countess. He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
Thekla. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

Countess. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—
Thekla. Alas, my mother!
Countess. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.
Thekla. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a deathstroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.
Countess. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weights upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.
Thekla. O my fore-boding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
An heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!
Countess. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.
Thekla. Prove good? What good?
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?
Countess. He parts not from you! He can not part from you.
Thekla. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
Countess. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.
Thekla. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?
Countess. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
Thekla. How shall I bear to see her?
Countess. Collect yourself.

Scene III

To them enter the Duchess.

Duchess (*to the Countess*). Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
Countess. Nay! There was no one.
Duchess. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?
Countess. No, he has not.
Duchess. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;

The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!
Countess. No! never!
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.
[THEKLA, *in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*
Duchess. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.
Thekla. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.
Duchess. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.
Countess. You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find her in this condition?
Duchess. Come, my child!
Come, wipe away thy tears, and shew thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.
Countess. That is he, sister!
Thekla (*to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits*). Aunt, you will excuse me? [*Is going.*
Countess. But whither? See, your father comes.
Thekla. I cannot see him now.
Countess. Nay, but bethink you.

Thekla. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.
Countess. But he will miss you, will ask after you.
Duchess. What now? Why is she going?
Countess. She's not well.
Duchess (*anxiously*). What ails then my beloved child?
[*Both follow the* PRINCESS, *and endeavour to detain her. During this* WALLENSTEIN *appears, engaged in conversation with* ILLO.

SCENE IV

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Wallenstein. All quiet in the camp?
Illo. It is all quiet.
Wallenstein. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.
Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.
Wallenstein. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (fear I would not call it),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.
Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.
Wallenstein. Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go.
[ILLO *exit.*
Wallenstein (*turns himself round to the females*). Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter!
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.
Countess. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.
Wallenstein (*to the Countess aside*). Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?
Countess. Not yet.
Wallenstein. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,

Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away for me the evil dæmon
That beats his black wings close above my head.
Duchess. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.
Thekla. My mother! I—
Duchess. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.
Thekla. O my mother! I—I cannot.
Countess. How, what is that, niece?
Thekla (*to the Countess*). O spare me — sing — now — in this sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.
Duchess. How, Thekla? Humoursome?
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?
Countess. Here is the lute.
Thekla. My God! how can I—
[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello* THEKLA *expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*
Duchess. My child! O she is ill—
Wallenstein. What ails the maiden? Say, is she often so?
Countess. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.
Wallenstein. What?
Countess. She loves him!
Wallenstein. Loves him! Whom?
Countess. Max does she love! Max Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?
Duchess. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.
Countess. This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldest have chosen another
To have attended her.
Wallenstein. And does he know it?
Countess. Yes, and he hopes to win her.
Wallenstein. Hopes to win her! Is the boy mad?
Countess. Well—hear it from themselves.
Wallenstein. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay?—The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.
Countess. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shewn him.
Wallenstein. He chuses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must shew our favour by?
Duchess. His noble disposition and his manners—
Wallenstein. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.
Duchess. Then
His rank, his ancestors—
Wallenstein. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
Duchess. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

Wallenstein. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—
[*Stops suddenly, repressing himself.*
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—
[*He recollects himself.*
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

Duchess. O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

Wallenstein (*to the Countess*). Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her?

Countess. No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

Duchess. How? Do we not return to Karn then?

Wallenstein. No.

Duchess. And to no other of your lands or seats?

Wallenstein. You would not be secure there.

Duchess. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?

Wallenstein. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope that.

Duchess. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?

Wallenstein. In Holland
You'll find protection.

Duchess. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

Wallenstein. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

Duchess. Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

Wallenstein. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

Duchess (*casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess*). Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

Countess (*aside to the Duke*). Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Countess. —Tertsky!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

Tertsky (*leading Wallenstein aside*). Is it thy command that all the Croats—

Wallenstein. Mine!
Tertsky. We are betrayed.
Wallenstein. What?
Tertsky. They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.
Wallenstein. Isolani?
Tertsky. Him thou hast sent away.
Yes, surely.
Wallenstein. I?
Tertsky. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI

To them enter ILLO.

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?
Tertsky. He knows all.
Illo. And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.
Tertsky. Damnation!
Wallenstein (*winks at them*). Hush!
Countess (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them*). Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?
Wallenstein (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*). Nothing! let us be gone!
Tertsky (*following him*). Theresa, it is nothing.
Countess (*holding him back*). Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?
Page (*enters*). An Aid-du-Camp enquires for the Count Tertsky.
[TERTSKY *follows the Page.*
Wallenstein. Go, hear his business.
[*To* ILLO.
This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?
Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.
Wallenstein. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.
[ILLO *is going.*
Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?
Illo. Him I met.
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.
[ILLO *exit.* WALLENSTEIN *is following him.*
Countess. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.
Duchess (*clinging to him*). Gracious heaven! What is it?
Wallenstein. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.
[*He is going*: TERTSKY *returns.*
Tertsky. Remain here. From this window must we see it.
Wallenstein (*to the Countess*). Sister, retire!
Countess. No—never.
Wallenstein. 'Tis my will.
Tertsky (*leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess*). Theresa!
Duchess. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (*stepping to the window*). What now, then?
Tertsky. There are strange movements among all the troops,

And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

Wallenstein. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

Tertsky. We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with.

Wallenstein. What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you?

Tertsky. My regiments had dispatched him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

Wallenstein. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Tertsky. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

Wallenstein. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

Tertsky. Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

Wallenstein. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My Fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

Tertsky. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

Illo (*who enters agitated with rage*). Treason and mutiny!

Tertsky. And what further now?

Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

Tertsky. Well!

Wallenstein. What followed?

Illo. They refused obedience to them.

Tertsky. Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

Wallenstein. Gently! what cause did they assign?

Illo. No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
Wallenstein (*in a convulsion of agony*). What? How is that?
Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.
Tertsky. From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?
Illo. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—
Tertsky. Duke! hearest thou?
Illo. Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.
[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*
Tertsky. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX

To them enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.
Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.
Tertsky. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.
Countess. O my foreboding!
[*Rushes out of the room.*
Tertsky. Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.
Wallenstein. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke: thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X

To these enter BUTLER.

Tertsky (*meeting him*). O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!
Wallenstein (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth*). Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.
Butler. My General: I come—
Wallenstein (*leaning on Butler's shoulders*). Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,

One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.
[*He hides his face on* BUTLER'S *breast.*
Butler. Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?
Wallenstein. Well remembered!
Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me.
[ILLO *is going.*
Butler (*detaining him*). My General, whom expect you then?
Wallenstein. The Courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.
Butler (*hesitating*). Hem!
Wallenstein. And what now?
Butler. You do not know it?
Wallenstein. Well?
Butler. From what that larum in the camp arose?
Wallenstein. From what?
Butler. That Courier.
Wallenstein (*with eager expectation*). Well?
Butler. Is already here.
Tertsky and Illo (*at the same time*). Already here?
Wallenstein. My Courier?
Butler. For some hours.
Wallenstein. And I not know it?
Butler. The centinels detain him
In custody.
Illo (*stamping with his foot*). Damnation!
Butler. And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.
Wallenstein. You know what it contains?
Butler. Question me not.
Tertsky. Illo! alas for us.
Wallenstein. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague, then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.
Butler. Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo have been sentenced.
[TERTSKY *and* ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WALLENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*
Wallenstein. 'Tis decided!
'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream

Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.
[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

SCENE XI

Countess Tertsky (*enters from a side room*). I can endure no longer. No!
[*Looks around her.*
Where are they?
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward shew of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thekla (*endeavouring to hold back the Duchess*). Dear mother, do stay here!

Duchess. No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?
Thekla. Nothing: Nothing, dear mother!
Duchess (*to the Countess*). Sister, I will know.
Countess. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is ——
Thekla (*going to the Countess*). What? do you wish to kill her?
Countess. The Duke is——
Thekla (*throwing her arms round her mother*). O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!
Countess. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.
[*During these words the* DUCHESS *totters, and falls in a fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While* THEKLA *is calling for help, the curtain drops.*

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*A spacious Room in the* DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S *Palace.*

Wallenstein (*in armour*). Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.
(ILLO *and* TERTSKY *enter.*)
Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter* NEUMANN, *who leads* TERTSKY *aside, and talks with him.*)

Tertsky. What do they want?
Wallenstein. What now?
Tertsky. Ten Cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.
Wallenstein (*hastily to Neumann*). Let them enter.
[*Exit* NEUMANN.
This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *Ten* Cuirassiers (*led by an* Anspessade,[1] *march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the* DUKE, *and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*).

Anspessade. Halt! Front! Present!

Wallenstein (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade*). I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders: Thy name is Mercy.

Anspessade. Henry Mercy.

Wallenstein. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Anspessade. 'Twas even so, General!

Wallenstein. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Anspessade. That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

Wallenstein (*turning to a second*). Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

Second Cuirassier. Yes, General!

Wallenstein. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

Anspessade. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wallenstein. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Anspessade. Because we would first know whom we serve.

Wallenstein. Begin your address.

Anspessade (*giving the word of command*). Shoulder your arms!

Wallenstein (*turning to a third*). Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birthplace.

[1] Anspessade, in German, *Gefreiter*, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

Third Cuirassier. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wallenstein. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

Third Cuirassier. It was not I, General!

Wallenstein. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

Third Cuirassier. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wallenstein (*to the Anspessade*). Now then—begin.

Anspessade. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us——

Wallenstein (*interrupting him*). Who chose you?

Anspessade. Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

Wallenstein. Now! to the business.

Anspessade. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wallenstein. And what did you determine?

Anspessade. All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story! (*With warmth.*)
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

Wallenstein. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

Anspessade. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve

In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

Wallenstein. Hear me, children!

Anspessade. Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.

Wallenstein. Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shewn you honour
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

Anspessade. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shewn us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

Wallenstein. Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong hold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

Anspessade. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

Wallenstein. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[*The* Cuirassiers *express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[*Confidentially.*

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for our profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Anspessade. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wallenstein. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow-Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel

This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV

To these enter BUTLER.

Butler (*passionately*). General! This is not right!
Wallenstein. What is not right?
Butler. It must needs injure us with all honest men.
Wallenstein. But what?
Butler. It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.
Wallenstein. Well, well—but what is it?
Butler. Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have reared aloft thy arms.
Anspessade (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*). Right about! March!
Wallenstein. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!
[*To the* Cuirassiers, *who are retiring.*
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To* ILLO.) Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [ILLO *hurries out.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V

To these enter the DUCHESS, *who rushes into the Chamber.* THEKLA *and the* COUNTESS *follow her.*

Duchess. O Albrecht!
What hast thou done?
Wallenstein. And now comes this beside.
Countess. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.
Duchess. What hast thou done?
Countess (*to Tertsky*). Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?
Tertsky. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.
Countess. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max is off too?
Tertsky. Where can he be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*
Duchess (*enfolding her in her arms*). Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!
Wallenstein (*aside to Tertsky*). Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.
[*To* ILLO, *who returns.*
Thou hast not brought them back?
Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword. [*All stand amazed.*
Tertsky. What shall we make of this?

Wallenstein. Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.
Countess. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[*Embracing* THEKLA.
Will keep him here for ever.
Tertsky. It can't be.
His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.
Thekla (*her eye fixed on the door*). There he is!

SCENE VI

To these enter MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
[*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.*
Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one,
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy — misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.
[*He observes the* COUNTESS *looking on* THEKLA *with expressions of triumph.*
No, Lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!
[*Grasps her hand.*
O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.
[THEKLA, *avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.* MAX *turns round to the* DUKE, *whom he had not till then perceived.*
Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.
Wallenstein. Think'st thou, that foolike, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance

Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can
throw
All feelings of the man aside — can
prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!
Max (*calmly*). Thou wilt proceed with
me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear
thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou
know'st,
[*Taking* THEKLA *by the hand.*
See, Duke! All — all would I have
owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal
hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast
thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not
thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine.
The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant
deity.
Like as the blind irreconcileable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou
follow.[1]
Wallenstein. Thou art describing thy
own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell
o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost
soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected
never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I
been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against
him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor
was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and
me
When he delivered the Commander's
Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and
suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he
murders
The future generations.
Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I can-
not!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place,
one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we
fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Where-
fore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents
round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?
Wallenstein. Max, remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I
will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters,
thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender
boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German
winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy
colours;
Thou would'st not let them go.—
At that time did I take thee in my
arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have
been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life returned; and when thine eye
first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then,
when have I

[1] See Note.—ED.

Altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: thou wert
Our child and inmate.[1] Max! Thou canst not leave me!
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max can leave me.
Max. O my God!
Wallenstein. I have
Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.
Max. O God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My oath—my duty—honour—
Wallenstein. How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

[1] This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

'Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
Das kind des Hauses.'

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia!*

SCENE VII

To these enter NEUMANN.

Wallenstein. What now?
Neumann. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

Wallenstein (*to Tertsky*). Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot.
[*Exit* TERTSKY.
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.
[NEUMANN *exit.* ILLO *steps to the window.*
Countess. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.
Illo (*at the window*). Hell and perdition!
Wallenstein. What is it?
Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon——
Max. Madmen!
Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.
Duchess and Countess. Merciful Heaven!
Max (*to Wallenstein*). Let me go to them!
Wallenstein. Not a step!
Max (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess*). But their life! Thine!
Wallenstein. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII

To these TERTSKY (*returning*).

Tertsky. Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.
They intreat permission to commence the attack,
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.
Illo. O come!
Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.
Wallenstein. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!
[*Turns to* MAX.
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never had'st thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.
Countess. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin!
Have you the heart?
Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.
[*Two reports of cannon.* ILLO *and* TERTSKY *hurry to the window.*
Wallenstein. What's that?
Tertsky. He falls.

Wallenstein. Falls! Who?
Illo. Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.
Wallenstein. Upon whom?
Illo. On Neumann,
Your messenger.
Wallenstein (*starting up*). Ha! Death and hell! I will—
Tertsky. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?
Duchess and Countess. No!
For God's sake, no!
Illo. Not yet, my General!
Countess. O, hold him! hold him!
Wallenstein. Leave me——
Max. Do it not;
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——
Wallenstein. Away! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-feared commander? Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony (mark!) I shew myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, *and* BUTLER *follow.*

SCENE IX

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX, *and* THEKLA.

Countess (*to the Duchess*). Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.
Duchess. Hope! I have none!
Max (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances*). This can I not endure.
With most determined soul did I come hither,
My purposed action seemed unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.
Countess. What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis your's
To make the amends—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.
Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:

O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
[*His eyes glance on* THEKLA.
What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's——
Countess. Think, niece——
Max. Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou feelest.
Countess. Think upon your father.
Max. I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou think on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.
Thekla. O! Max——
Max (*interrupting her*). Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.
Thekla. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——
Countess. Oh! ill-fated woman!
Thekla. Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.
Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!
Thekla. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX *clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry,* 'Vivat Ferdinandus,' *accompanied by warlike Instruments.* MAX *and* THEKLA *remain without motion in each other's embraces.*

SCENE X

To these enter TERTSKY.

Countess (*meeting him*). What meant that cry? What was it?
Tertsky. All is lost!
Countess. What! they regarded not his countenance?
Tertsky. 'Twas all in vain.
Duchess. They shouted Vivat!
Tertsky. To the Emperor.
Countess. The traitors!
Tertsky. Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

Wallenstein (*as he enters*). Tertsky!
Tertsky. My General?
Wallenstein. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit* TERTSKY. Butler!
Butler. Yes, my General.
Wallenstein. The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a Post Courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.
Butler. It shall be done, my General!
Wallenstein (*steps between Max and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each other's arms*). Part!
Max. O God!
[Cuirassiers *enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address* MAX.
Wallenstein (*to the Cuirassiers*). Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.
[*He turns away, and stands so that* MAX *cannot pass by him nor approach the* PRINCESS.
Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more shew me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.
[MAX *attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the* COUNTESS.
Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?
[*The* COUNTESS *turns away from him; he turns to the* DUCHESS.
My mother!
Duchess. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.
Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!

Mine is a certain misery — Thanks to heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.
[*The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men.* MAX *sees* BUTLER, *and addresses him.*
And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—
[*Casting suspicious looks on* ILLO *and* BUTLER.
Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!
[MAX *attempts once more to approach* THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN *prevents him.* MAX *stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.*
Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it!
[*The stage is entirely filled with armed men.*
Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.
[*He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the* Cuirassiers; *they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult.* WALLENSTEIN *remains immovable.* THEKLA *sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.*

ACT III

SCENE I

The Burgomaster's *House at Egra.*

Butler (*just arrived*). Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gordon. Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!
Butler. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?
Gordon. Yes! and in obedience to it
Opened the strong hold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.
Butler. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.
Gordon. A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission.
Wo is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.
Butler. Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished,

This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This strong hold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.
Gordon. O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself entrust this strong hold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!
Butler. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.
Gordon. And all then have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands;
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust
[*With a sly glance on* BUTLER.
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.
Butler. Here's one, I see.
Gordon. I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.
Butler. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?
Gordon (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection*). If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.
Butler. I have heard so——
Gordon. 'Tis full thirty years since then.
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul: 100
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him. 110

Butler. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep;
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.
Gordon. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder:
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.
Butler. No more, he comes.

SCENE III

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *in conversation with the* Burgomaster *of Egra.*

Wallenstein. You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only?
Burgomaster. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.
Wallenstein. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?
Burgomaster. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.
Wallenstein. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?
[*The* Burgomaster *hesitates.*
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[*Fixes his eye on him. The* Burgomaster *alarmed.*
Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reformed in Glogan
At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!
What is your name?
Burgomaster. Pachhälbel, may it please you.
Wallenstein. Hark'e!——
But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[*Laying his hand on the* Burgomaster's *shoulder with a certain solemnity.*
The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw

The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.

Burgomaster. With wonder and affright!

Wallenstein. Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.

Burgomaster. We applied it to the Turks.

Wallenstein. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[*Observing* GORDON *and* BUTLER.
I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

Gordon. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

Butler. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

Wallenstein. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

Gordon. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

Wallenstein. Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

Gordon. Two hundred Arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

Wallenstein. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

Gordon. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

Wallenstein. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

[*To* BUTLER.
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[*To* GORDON.
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

Wallenstein. And what may they be?

Tertsky. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

Wallenstein. From whence did you receive the intelligence?

Tertsky. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

Wallenstein. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

Tertsky. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V

To these enter ILLO.

Illo (*to Wallenstein*). A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

Tertsky (*eagerly*). Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

Wallenstein (*at the same time*). What does he bring? Whence comes he?

Illo. From the Rhinegrave.

And what he brings I can announce to you

Before hand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;

At Neustadt did Max Piccolomini

Throw himself on them with the cavalry;

A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers

The Pappenheimers all, with Max their leader,

[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale.*

Were left dead on the field.

Wallenstein (*after a pause, in a low voice*). Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*

Neubrunn. Help! Help!

Illo and Tertsky (*at the same time*). What now?

Neubrunn. The Princess!

Wallenstein and Tertsky. Does she know it?

Neubrunn (*at the same time with them*). She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gordon. What's this?

Butler. She has lost the man she lov'd—

Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

Gordon. Unfortunate Lady!

Butler. You have heard what Illo

Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,

And marching hitherward.

Gordon. Too well I heard it.

Butler. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five

Close by us to protect the Duke. We have

Only my single regiment; and the garrison

Is not two hundred strong.

Gordon. 'Tis even so.

Butler. It is not possible with such small force

To hold in custody a man like him.

Gordon. I grant it.

Butler. Soon the numbers would disarm us,

And liberate him.

Gordon. It were to be feared.

Butler (*after a pause*). Know, I am warranty for the event;

With my head have I pledged myself for his,

Must make my word good, cost it what it will,

And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,

Why—death makes all things certain!

Gordon. Butler! What?

Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—

Butler. He must not live.

Gordon. And you can do the deed!

Butler. Either you or I. This morning was his last.

Gordon. You would assassinate him.

Butler. 'Tis my purpose.

Gordon. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

Butler. Such is his evil destiny!

Gordon. Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

Butler. My General he has been.

Gordon. That 'tis only

An '*has been*' washes out no villainy.

And without judgment passed?

Butler. . . . The execution
Is here instead of judgment.
Gordon. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.
Butler. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.
Gordon. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.
Butler. Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.
Gordon. No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.
Butler. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprize.
Gordon. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
Butler. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?
Gordon. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!
Butler. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.
Gordon. O, wherefore opened I the strong hold to him!
Butler. His destiny and not the place destroys him.
Gordon. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!
Butler. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.
Gordon. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.
Butler (*brings out a paper*). Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?
Gordon. I?—Gracious God!
Butler. Take it on yourself.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.
Gordon. O God in heaven!
Butler. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
Gordon. Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
Butler. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.
Gordon. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villainy
Watered and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
Butler. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII

To these enter ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come

The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?
Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.
Butler. 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.
Illo. Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recal his friend to life.
Tertsky. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.
Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.
Gordon. Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?
Butler. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.
Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a Tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this Viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.
Tertsky. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.
Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army, all comes crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.
[*To* GORDON.
You will not be forgotten, Governor! 60
He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

Gordon. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is
The fall must needs be great. 'Great height, great depth.'
Illo. Here you have no more business for to-morrow;
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.
Tertsky. Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—
Illo. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Tertsky (*as he is going, to Butler*). You come though to the castle.
Butler. At the right time.
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE VIII

GORDON *and* BUTLER.

Gordon (*looking after them*). Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.
Butler. Do as he ordered you. Send round patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate
That nothing may transpire.
Gordon (*with earnest anxiety*). Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——
Butler. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.
Gordon. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!
Butler. The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.
Gordon. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,

And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.
Butler. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:
[*Grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked[1] puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.
Gordon. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!
Butler. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.
—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——
[*Passionately grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Listen then, and know!
I am dishonoured if the Duke escape us.
Gordon. O! to save such a man——
Butler. What!
Gordon. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.
Butler (*with a cold and haughty air*). He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.
Gordon. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you! [*Exit* GORDON.

SCENE IX

Butler (*alone*). I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;

[1] We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character.—T[RANSLATOR].

His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonour me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV

Scene I

Scene—Butler's *Chamber*.

Butler *and* Major Geraldin.

Butler. Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with pikes,
For there must be no firing——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and dispatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——

Geraldin. They'll be here anon.

[*Exit* Geraldin.

Butler. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and an hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

Scene II

Butler, Captain Devereux, *and* Macdonald.

Macdonald. Here we are, General.

Devereux. What's to be the watch-word?

Butler. Long live the Emperor!

Both (*recoiling*). How?

Butler. Live the House of Austria!

Devereux. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

Macdonald. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

Butler. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

Devereux. Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.

Macdonald. And followed him yourself to Egra.

Butler. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

Devereux. So then!

Macdonald. An altered case!

Butler (*to Devereux*). Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?

Devereux. The devil!—I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

Macdonald. We've nought to do with thinking—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders;

We follow you, though the track lead to hell.
Butler (*appeased*). Good then! we know each other.
Macdonald. I should hope so.
Devereux. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.
Macdonald. 'Tis e'en so!
Butler. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.
Devereux. We wish no other.
Butler. Aye, and make your fortunes.
Macdonald. That is still better.
Butler. Listen!
Both. We attend.
Butler. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.
Devereux. It runs so in the letter.
Macdonald. Alive or dead — these were the very words.
Butler. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.
Devereux. Ay? That sounds well. The words sound always well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.
Macdonald. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.
Butler. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.
Macdonald. And is that certain?
Butler. You have my word for it.
Devereux. His lucky fortunes all past by?
Butler. For ever.
He is as poor as we.
Macdonald. As poor as we?
Devereux. Macdonald, we'll desert him.
Butler. We'll desert him?
Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.
Both (*starting back*). Kill him!
Butler. Yes! must kill him.
And for that purpose have I chosen you.
Both. Us!
Butler. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.
Devereux (*after a pause*). Chuse you some other.
Butler. What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?
Devereux. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—
Macdonald. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
Butler. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.
Devereux. No, no! It is too bad!
Macdonald. Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—
Devereux. If it were not our Chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.
Butler. Is that the objection?
Devereux. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.
Butler. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!
Devereux. 'Twill not do!
Macdonald. 'Twon't do!

Butler. Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.
Devereux (*hesitates*). The Pestalutz—
Macdonald. What may you want with him?
Butler. If you reject it, we can find enough—
Devereux. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you, Brother Macdonald?
Macdonald. Why if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.
Devereux (*after some reflection*). When do you purpose he should fall?
Butler. This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
Devereux. You take upon you all the consequences!
Butler. I take the whole upon me.
Devereux. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.
Butler. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.
Devereux. Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.
Macdonald. Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—
Butler. With these you shall begin—you understand me?
Devereux. How? And must they too perish?
Butler. They the first.
Macdonald. Hear, Devereux? A bloody evening this.
Devereux. Have you a man for that? Commission me—
Butler. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprize them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—
Devereux. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.
Butler. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
Devereux. Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
Butler. What can his eye do to thee?
Devereux. Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!
Butler. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.
Devereux. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.
Butler. And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply

Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.
Devereux. You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.
Macdonald. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.
Butler. And what's that, Macdonald?
Macdonald. What avails sword or dagger against him?
He is not to be wounded—he is—
Butler (*starting up*). What?
Macdonald. Safe against shot, and stab and slash! Hard frozen,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.
Devereux. In Inglestadt there was just such another—
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.
Macdonald. Hear what I'll do.
Devereux. Well?
Macdonald. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.
Butler. So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To the house—I will myself be not far off.
Devereux. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?
Butler. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.
Devereux. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers?
Butler. The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.
Devereux. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!
Macdonald. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.
Butler. In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.
Devereux. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—
Butler. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.
Devereux. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?
Butler. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.
Devereux. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?
Butler. It were his certain destiny.

Devereux. Well ! Well ! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.
[*Exeunt* BUTLER *through one door*, MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX *through the other*.

SCENE III

SCENE—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the* DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA *on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The* DUCHESS *and* LADY NEUBRUNN *busied about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS *in conversation.*

Wallenstein. How knew she it so soon ?
Countess. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.
Wallenstein. A heavy, heavy blow !
And she so unprepared ! Poor child ! How is it?
[*Turning to the* DUCHESS.
Is she coming to herself ?
Duchess. Her eyes are opening.
Countess. She lives.
Thekla (*looking around her*). Where am I ?
Wallenstein (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*). Come, cheerly, Thekla ! be my own brave girl !
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.
Thekla (*standing up*). Where is he ? Is he gone ?
Duchess. Who gone, my daughter ?
Thekla. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.
Duchess. O ! think not of it, My Thekla !
Wallenstein. Give her sorrow leave to talk !
Let her complain—mingle your tears with her's,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish ; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.
Thekla. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep ? Have I alarmed her ?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—
[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*
Where is he ? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough : now I will hear him.
Duchess. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla !
Thekla. My father—
Wallenstein. Dearest daughter !
Thekla. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request ?
Wallenstein. Name it, my daughter.
Thekla. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.
Duchess. No, never !
Countess. 'Tis not adviseable—assent not to it.
Wallenstein. Hush ! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter ?
Thekla. Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected ;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes

Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!
Countess and Duchess. Do it not.
Thekla. The horror overpowered me by surprize.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.
Wallenstein. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of her's. Go, call him.
[LADY NEUBRUNN *goes to call him.*
Duchess. But I, thy mother, will be present—
Thekla. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.
Wallenstein. Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine.
[*Going.*
Countess (*detaining him*). Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.
Wallenstein. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.
Countess. O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.
Wallenstein. Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.
Countess. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a churchyard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Your's too. We all entreat you, take us with you!
Wallenstein. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.
Lady Neubrunn (*returning*). The Swedish officer.
Wallenstein. Leave her alone with him. [*Exit.*
Duchess (*to Thekla, who starts and shivers*). There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.
Thekla. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

SCENE IV

THEKLA, *the* Swedish Captain, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Captain (*respectfully approaching her*). Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

Thekla (*with dignity*). You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
Captain. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
Thekla. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.
Captain. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.
Thekla. I am firm.——
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?
Captain. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——
[THEKLA *betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*
Captain. Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——
[THEKLA, *as giddy, grasps a chair.*
Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by an halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——
[THEKLA, *who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The* LADY NEUBRUNN *runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*
Neubrunn. My dearest lady——
Captain. I retire.
Thekla. 'Tis over.
Proceed to the conclusion.
Captain. Wild despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
Thekla (*faltering*). And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.
Captain (*after a pause*). This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army

Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

Neubrunn (*to Thekla, who has hidden her countenance*). Look up, my dearest lady——

Thekla. Where is his grave?

Captain. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

Thekla. What is the cloister's name?

Captain. Saint Catharine's.

Thekla. And how far is it thither?

Captain. Near twelve leagues.

Thekla. And which the way?

Captain. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

Thekla. Who
Is their commander?

Captain. Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

Thekla. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept

[*Giving him the ring.*

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Captain (*confused*). Princess——

[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The* Captain *lingers, and is about to speak.* LADY NEUBRUNN *repeats the signal, and he retires.*

SCENE V

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thekla (*falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck*). Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neubrunn. Away! and whither?

Thekla. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neubrunn. What would you do there?

Thekla. What do there?
That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Neubrunn. That place of death——

Thekla. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neubrunn. Your father's rage——

Thekla. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neubrunn. The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

Thekla. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

Neubrunn. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

Thekla. We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

Neubrunn. In the dark night-time?

Thekla. Darkness will conceal us.

Neubrunn. This rough tempestuous night——

Thekla. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Neubrunn. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!—
Thekla. They are human beings.
Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neubrunn. The journey's weary length—
Thekla. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Neubrunn. How can we pass the gates?
Thekla. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neubrunn. Should we be recognized—
Thekla. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neubrunn. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thekla. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neubrunn. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thekla. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neubrunn. Dear lady! and your mother?
Thekla. Oh! my mother!
Neubrunn. So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!
Thekla. Woe is me! my mother!
[*Pauses.*
Go instantly.
Neubrunn. But think what you are doing!
Thekla. What can be thought, already has been thought.
Neubrunn. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thekla. There a Divinity will prompt my soul.
Neubrunn. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thekla. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence — Oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!
Neubrunn. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly.
[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE VI

Thekla. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering — they would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for him!
And shall I live?——
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—

To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!
[*Exit* THEKLA.[1]
(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT V

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.* WALLENSTEIN *sitting at a table. The* Swedish Captain (*standing before him*).

Wallenstein. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one.
Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks.
To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.
[*The* Swedish Captain *retires.* WALLENSTEIN *sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The* COUNTESS TERTSKY *enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

Wallenstein. Com'st thou from her?
Is she restored? How is she?

Countess. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wallenstein. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Countess. I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wallenstein. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

Countess. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wallenstein (*rises and strides across the saloon*).
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Countess. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

Wallenstein (*moves to the window*).
There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle[1] of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one

[1] The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

[1] These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

'Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
Des Turmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondes-sichel wankt*,
Und durch die Nacht zucht ungewisse Helle.'

The word 'moon-sickle' reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word 'falcated.' 'The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*.'

The words 'wanken' and 'schweben' are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So 'der Wolken Zug'—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.

White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now . .
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!
[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*
Countess (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*). What art thou brooding on?
Wallenstein. Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.
Countess. Thou'lt see him again.
Wallenstein (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess*). See him again? O never, never again.
Countess. How?
Wallenstein. He is gone—is dust.
Countess. Whom meanest thou then?
Wallenstein. He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him! but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!
Countess. Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.
[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*
Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.
Wallenstein. This anguish will be wearied down,[1] I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.
Countess. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.
Wallenstein (*stepping to the door*). Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!
Countess. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!

[1] A very inadequate translation of the original.
'Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!'
Literally—
I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down?

Wallenstein. Fear? Wherefore?
Countess. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!
Wallenstein. Fancies!
Countess. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams,
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.
Wallenstein. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.
Countess. To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber; the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.
Wallenstein. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.
Countess. What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wallenstein. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The King
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife.
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that ev'n then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.
Countess. And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?
Wallenstein. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.
Countess. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelop us.
Wallenstein. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.
Countess (*gazing on him*). If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life—
[*She falls on his breast and weeps.*
Wallenstein. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.
Countess. If he should find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wallenstein. All quiet in the town?
Gordon. The town is quiet.
Wallenstein. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?
Gordon. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.
Wallenstein. In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can shew their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Kings.* *The* Groom of the Chamber *enters.*
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.
Was ne'er an hypocrite's mask.
[*The* Groom of the Chamber *takes off his mantle, collar and scarf.*
Wallenstein. Take care—what is that?
Groom of the Chamber. The golden chain is snapped in two.
Wallenstein. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit——
From superstition if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.
[Groom of the Chamber *retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before* GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*
How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were Pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The Moralist and Preacher, and would'st rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.
Gordon. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.
Wallenstein. Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvass swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against* GORDON.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many? 60
True in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gordon. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
'Let the night come before we praise the day.'
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for Hope is the companion 70
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wallenstein (*smiling*). I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered 80
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*

I too have sacrific'd to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On this pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me. 90

SCENE III

To these enter SENI.

Wallenstein. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

Seni. Terror, Duke!
On thy account.

Wallenstein. What now?

Seni. Flee ere the day-break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

Wallenstein. What now
Is in thy thoughts?

Seni (*with louder voice*). Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

Wallenstein. What is it then?

Seni (*still more urgently*). O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror! 10
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

Wallenstein. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!
Wallenstein. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.
Seni. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life;
An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.
Wallenstein (*laughing gently*). The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.
Gordon (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shewn marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein*). My Duke and General! May I dare presume?
Wallenstein. Speak freely.
Gordon. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsaf'd
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.
Wallenstein. Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.
Gordon (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*). But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
[*Flings himself at his feet.*
There is yet time, my Prince.
Seni. O hear him! hear him!
Gordon (*rises*). The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.
Wallenstein (*contemplates him with surprize, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*). Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,

It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.
[*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!
[*The* Groom of the Chamber, *who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the* DUKE'S *feet.*
And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.
[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN, *the* Groom of the Chamber *lighting him.* SENI *follows.* GORDON *remains on the darkened stage, following the* DUKE *with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

Butler (*not yet come into view of the stage*). Here stand in silence till I give the signal.
Gordon (*starts up*). 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.
Butler. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.
Gordon. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?
Butler (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*). A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bedchamber.
Gordon. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?
Butler (*stepping forward*). Hark! Who speaks there?
Gordon. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.
Butler (*advances*). I should know that voice.
Gordon. Butler!
Butler. 'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismissed you?

Gordon. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?
Butler. 'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.
Gordon (*shuddering*). Both dead?
Butler. Is he in bed?
Gordon. Ah, Butler!
Butler. Is he? speak.
Gordon. He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses your arm. See—'tis wounded!—
Butler. There is no need of my arm.
Gordon. The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.
[*The* Groom of the Chamber *advances from the gallery with his finger on his mouth, commanding silence.*
Gordon. He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!
Butler. No! he shall die awake.
[*Is going.*
Gordon. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!
Butler (*going*). God's merciful!
Gordon (*holds him*). Grant him but this night's respite.
Butler (*hurrying off*). The next moment
May ruin all.
Gordon (*holds him still*). One hour!——
Butler. Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?
Gordon. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!
Butler. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is!
(*He stamps on the floor.*)

Scene V

To these enter Macdonald *and* Devereux, *with the* Halberdiers.

Gordon (*throwing himself between him and them*). No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!
Butler (*forcing him out of the way*). Weak-hearted dotard!
[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*
Devereux and Macdonald. Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!
Gordon (*rushes out*). O, God of Mercy!
Butler (*calling after him*). Governor, to your post!
Groom of the Chamber (*hurries in*). Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.
Devereux (*with loud harsh voice*). Friend, it is time now to make larum.
Groom of the Chamber. Help!
Murder!
Butler. Down with him!
Groom of the Chamber (*run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery*). Jesus Maria!
Butler. Burst the doors open!
[*They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.*

SCENE VI

Countess Tertsky (*with a light*). Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown — But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII

COUNTESS, GORDON.

Gordon (*rushes in out of breath*). 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler! O God! Where is he?
[*Then observing the* COUNTESS. Countess! Say——
Countess. You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?
Gordon (*in an agony of affright*). Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——
Countess. Not till
You have discovered to me——
Gordon. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking——
[*Calling loudly.* Butler! Butler! God!
Countess. Why, he is at the castle with my husband.
[BUTLER *comes from the gallery.*
Gordon. 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.
Butler. He comes
Too late.
[GORDON *dashes himself against the wall.*
Gordon. O God of mercy!
Countess. What too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?
[*She rushes to the gallery.*

SCENE VIII

Servants *run across the stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

Seni (*from the gallery*). O bloody frightful deed!
Countess. What is it, Seni?
Page (*from the gallery*). O piteous sight!
[*Other* Servants *hasten in with torches.*
Countess. What is it? For God's sake!
Seni. And do you ask?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.
[*The* COUNTESS *stands motionless.*
Female Servant (*rushing across the stage*). Help! Help! the Duchess!
Burgomaster (*enters*). What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?
Gordon. Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!
Burgomaster (*rushing out*). Heaven forbid!

First Servant. Fly ! fly ! they murder us all !

Second Servant (*carrying silver plate*). That way ! The lower
Passages are blocked up.

Voice (*from behind the Scene*). Make room for the Lieutenant-General !

[*At these words the* COUNTESS *starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*

Voice (*from behind the Scene*). Keep back the people ! Guard the door.

SCENE IX

To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *with all his train. At the same time* DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *enter from out the Corridor with the* Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S *dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

Octavio (*entering abruptly*). It must not be ! It is not possible !
Butler ! Gordon !
I'll not believe it. Say no !

[GORDON *without answering points with his hand to the body of* WALLENSTEIN *as it is carried over the back of the stage.* OCTAVIO *looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

Devereux (*to Butler*). Here is the golden fleece — the Duke's sword—

Macdonald. Is it your order—

Butler (*pointing to Octavio*). Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only* BUTLER, OCTAVIO, *and* GORDON *remain on the stage.*

Octavio (*turning to Butler*). Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted ?
O God of Justice !
To thee I lift my hand ! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

Butler. Your hand is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

Octavio. Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination !

Butler (*calmly*). I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

Octavio. O curse of Kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch ? Could'st thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy ? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable !

Butler. For what
Rail you against me ? What is my offence ?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this : you placed the arrow in the bow ;
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprize my spirit.
Have you aught else to order ?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna ; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. [*Exit* BUTLER.

SCENE X

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

Octavio (*meeting her*). O Countess Tertsky! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.
Countess. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.
Octavio (*with a deep anguish*). O Countess! my house too is desolate.
Countess. Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprized my brother
Too suddenly; he could not think on them.
Octavio. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!
Countess (*with her eye raised to heaven*). To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found,
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!
Octavio. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!
Countess (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity*). You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfal of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.
Octavio. Help! Help! Support her!
Countess. Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished. [*Exit* COUNTESS.
Gordon. O house of death and horrors!

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*

Gordon (*steps forward and meets him*). What is this?

It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to* OCTAVIO *with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the *Prince* Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, *with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

(*The curtain drops.*)

END OF WALLENSTEIN

REMORSE

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

[1812]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

1797.[1]	1813-1829.
VELEZ .	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, *Father to the two brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian.*
ALBERT .	= DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*
OSORIO .	= DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*
FRANCESCO	= MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
MAURICE	= ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*
FERDINAND	= ISIDORE, *a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*
NAOMI .	= NAOMI.
MARIA .	= DONNA TERESA, *an Orphan Heiress.*
ALHADRA, *wife of* FERDINAND,	= ALHADRA, *Wife to Isidore.*

[1] In *Osorio*. See 'APPENDIX D,' p. 479.

FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION. MOORS, SERVANTS, etc.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbad the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

ACT I

SCENE I

The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat cloak, and* ZULIMEZ (*a Moresco*), *both as just landed.*

Zulimez. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

Alvar. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment

Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.

If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!
Zulimez. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!
Alvar. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.
Zulimez. Nobly-minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.
Alvar. The more behoves it I should rouse within him
REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.
Zulimez. REMORSE is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison!
Alvar. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—
Zulimez. You have thrice told already
The year of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—
Alvar. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very *Wish* too languished
With the fond *Hope* that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—
Zulimez. Heavy presumption!
Alvar. It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all;
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—
Zulimez. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—
Alvar. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision!
[*Then with agitation.*
Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

Zulimez (*with a sigh*). Proceed, my lord!

Alvar. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zulimez. A damning proof!

Alvar. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative Voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That Voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I sought
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy; and still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

Zulimez. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alvar. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zulimez. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

Alvar. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife*!
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

Zulimez. Will they not know you?

Alvar. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

Zulimez. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

Alvar. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—

[*Both stand listening.*

Voices at a distance!
Let us away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II [1]

Enter TERESA *and* VALDEZ.

Teresa. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.
Valdez. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Teresa. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.
Valdez. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.
Teresa. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them; [1]
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from *my* arms?
Oh what a thought!
[*Clasping her forehead.*
Valdez. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return —

[1] Here began *Osorio*, for which see 'APPENDIX D.' ED.

[1] [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.] Note in Second Edition and after.—ED.

Teresa (*abruptly*). Was it not then a
busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had
no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing
letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the
gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if
now——
Valdez. O power of youth to feed on
pleasant thoughts,
Spite of conviction! I am old and heart-
less!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant
fancies—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—
Teresa (*with great tenderness*). My
father!
Valdez. The sober truth is all too
much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my
mind
The home-bound bark in which my son
was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his
captors!
Teresa. Oh no! he did not!
Valdez. Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our
castle watch-tower
We might have seen——
Teresa. His capture, not his death.
Valdez. Alas! how aptly thou for-
get'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave
Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go
down,
In the same storm that baffled his own
valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from
his hopes:
Gallant Ordonio! (*Pauses, then tenderly.*)
O beloved Teresa,
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to
generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

Teresa. For mercy's sake
Press me no more! I have no power to
love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark
brow,
Chill me like dew-damps of the unwhole-
some night:
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.
Valdez. You wrong him, maiden!
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was
it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for
you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas
not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and
how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your
Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me
even to tears.
Teresa. Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez!
pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am
hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same
parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my
father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——
Valdez (*looking forward*). Hush! 'tis
Monviedro.
Teresa. The Inquisitor! on what
new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO *with* ALHADRA.

Monviedro (*having first made his obeis-
ance to Valdez and Teresa*). Peace
and the truth be with you! Good
my Lord,
My present need is with your son.
[*Looking forward*

We have hit the time. Here comes he!
Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Ordonio. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

Monviedro. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessoned by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——

Ordonio. . Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
[*Then to* ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Monviedro. My mind foretold me
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.

Alhadra. My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it:
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

Monviedro. Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar!
[TERESA *looks at* MONVIEDRO *with disgust and horror.* ORDONIO'S *appearance to be collected from what follows.*
[*To* VALDEZ *and pointing at* ORDONIO.
What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!

Valdez (*angrily*). You pressed upon him too abruptly, father!
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

Ordonio (*starting as in sudden agitation*). O Heavens! *I*?—*I* doted?
[*Then recovering himself.*
Yes! I *doted* on him.
[ORDONIO *walks to the end of the stage,* VALDEZ *follows, soothing him.*

Teresa (*her eye following Ordonio*). I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

Monviedro. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

Alhadra (*to Teresa*). O gentle lady! make the father stay,
Until my lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

Teresa. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.
Ordonio (*as they return, to Valdez*). Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me!
Valdez. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!
Monviedro. My lord, I truly grieve——
Ordonio. Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.
I know him well, and that he *is* a Christian.
Monviedro. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——
Ordonio. 'Tis certain that he *was* a catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Monviedro. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.
Ordonio. I will attend you home within an hour.
Valdez. Meantime return with us and take refreshment.
Alhadra. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.
Teresa (*aside*). Who is this Isidore?
Valdez. Daughter!
Teresa. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze.
[*Exeunt* VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO *and* ORDONIO.
Alhadra. Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!
[*Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look.*
You hate him, don't you, lady?
Teresa (*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently*). Oh fear not me! *my* heart is sad for you.
Alhadra. These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——
Teresa. Be more calm, I pray you.
Alhadra. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!
Teresa. Hush! hush for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?
Alhadra. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides, (*ironically*) I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!
Teresa. Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!
Alhadra. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.
Teresa. What might your crime be?
Alhadra. I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house,

Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering Sun
Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Teresa. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alhadra. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter Pestilence.

Teresa. You were at length released?

Alhadra. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

Teresa. But your husband—

Alhadra. A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

Teresa. Alas, poor man!

Alhadra. He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

Enter ALVAR *disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.*

Teresa. Know you that stately Moor?

Alhadra. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

Teresa. The Alpuxarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

Alhadra. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA *advances to* ALVAR, *who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks.* TERESA *drops her veil.*

Alhadra. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race——

Alvar (*interrupting her*). You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

Alhadra. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

Teresa. If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—
Alhadra. He trembles strangely.
[ALVAR *sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*
Teresa. See, we have disturbed him.
[*Approaches nearer to him.*
I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing.
I pray you, think us friends!
Alvar (*raising his head*). Calm, very calm!
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
Teresa (*haughtily to Alhadra*). Let us retire.
[*They advance to the front of the Stage.*
Alhadra (*with scorn*). He is indeed a Christian.
Alvar (*aside*). She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?
[*To* TERESA.
Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.
Teresa. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophecy—
Alvar. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.
Teresa. Traitress! (*Then aside.*) What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?
[TERESA *looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as* ALVAR *proceeds in the next speech.*
Alvar. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized, that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.
Alhadra. You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!
Teresa. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well sir, what happened then?
Alvar. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.
The second flash of lightning shewed a tree

Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous :
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's *bite* !
Teresa (*shuddering*). A fearful curse !
Alhadra (*fiercely*). But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them ?
Dreamt you of no revenge ?
Alvar (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*). She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands !
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave !
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts :
For still I loved her !
Alhadra. And you dreamt all this ?
Teresa. My soul is full of visions all as wild !
Alhadra. There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.
Teresa (*lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar*). Stranger, farewell ! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and I own, perplexed me,
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell !
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.
[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* ALHADRA.
Alvar (*alone*). 'Tis strange ! It cannot be ! my Lord Ordonio !
Her Lord Ordonio ! Nay, I will not do it !
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough !
How sad she looked, and pale ! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy !
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent ?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her ?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour ;
Ah ! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin ? Who should tell it *him*,
If it were truth ? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie ? all else, I *know*, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience !
And she referred to *me*—fondly, methought !
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress ?
Here where we played together in our childhood ?
Here where we plighted vows ? where her cold cheek

Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her *husband*! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A wild and mountainous country. ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE *are discovered, supposed at a little distance from* ISIDORE'S *house.*

Ordonio. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.
Isidore. Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide:
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.
Ordonio. Good Isidore!
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.
Isidore. A common trick of Gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——
Ordonio. Enough!
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Isidore. And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!
Ordonio (*with embarrassment and hesitation*). Why—that—Lady—
Isidore. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you:
Have you a son, my lord?
Ordonio. O miserable— [*Aside.*
Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wished—now for the *truth*—
She loved the man you kill'd.
Isidore (*looking as suddenly alarmed*). You jest, my lord?
Ordonio. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.
Isidore. You sport with me, my lord?
Ordonio. Come, come! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!
Isidore. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?
Ordonio. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—
Isidore. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.
Ordonio. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true:
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense!
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,

Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye :
And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincence, and mummery,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.
Isidore. Will that be a sure sign?
Ordonio. Beyond suspicion.
Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.
Isidore. But now I should have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I can not do.
Ordonio. Where lies your scruple?
Isidore (*with stammering*). Why—why, my lord!
You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,
Had loved you with *incautious* tenderness;
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being *native* to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—
Ordonio (*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person*). This fellow is a Man—he killed for hire
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!
[*Then turning to* ISIDORE.
These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villainy.
Isidore. My lord—my lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness :
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude——
Ordonio. O aye—your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?
Isidore. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—
Ordonio (*with bitter scorn*). Virtue——
Isidore. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother!
Ordonio (*alarmed*). And who told you?
Isidore. He himself told me.
Ordonio. Ha! you talk'd with him!
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?
Isidore. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.
Ordonio (*in a low voice*). My brother—
Isidore. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen——

Ordonio. Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.
Isidore. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.
Ordonio (*turning off from Isidore*). Am not *I* a Man!
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!
Isidore. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—
Ordonio. Enough—enough—
Isidore. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compelled a parley.
Ordonio (*sighing as if lost in thought*). Alvar! brother!
Isidore. He offered me his purse—
Ordonio (*with eager suspicion*). Yes?
Isidore (*indignantly*). Yes—I spurned it.—
He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear:
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours;
I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed *I* said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)
That woman is dishonored by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.
Ordonio. And you kill'd him?
Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
He was his Maker's Image undefac'd!
[*A pause.*
It seizes me—by Hell I will go on! 121
What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!
[*A pause.*
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!
Isidore (*aside*). Were he alive he had returned ere now.
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!
Ordonio. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [*A pause.*
What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! [*A pause.*
What have I done but that which nature destined, 130
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?
And if not meant—
Isidore. You are disturbed, my lord!
Ordonio (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile*). A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.
Isidore (*in a low voice*). I'll perish first!
Ordonio. What dost thou mutter of?

Isidore. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.
Ordonio. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.
Isidore. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment. . . .
Ordonio. Doubtless you question'd him?
Isidore. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself:
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in *your* name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!'
Ordonio. A strange reply!
Isidore. Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.
Ordonio. Where does this wizard live?
Isidore (*pointing to the distance*). You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.
Ordonio. How shall I know it?
Isidore. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.
Ordonio (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to Isidore*). Ha!—Who lurks there! Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——
Isidore. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the Sun, and twirls a Bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.

And so he sits, swaying his cone-like Head,
And staring at his Bough from Morn to Sun-set,
See-saws his Voice in inarticulate Noises.
Ordonio. 'Tis well, and now for this same Wizard's Lair.
Isidore. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.
Ordonio. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exeunt* ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE.

SCENE II

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ *and* ALHADRA, *as on the point of leaving.*

Alhadra (*addressing Alvar*). Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of Thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.
Alvar. Nobly-minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.
I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell. [*Exit* ALHADRA.
Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.
Zulimez. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?
Alvar. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable: — but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer, and *her* infants
His infants — poor Teresa! — all would perish,
All perish — all! and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!
Zulimez (*much affected*). Nay now! I have distress'd you — you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome!

You are a painter,[1] one of many fancies!
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name——
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

[1] The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one,[1] who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

Zulimez (*speaking of Alvar in the third person*).
Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the Absent present; and to Shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But this inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The Art, he honoured thus, requited him:
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.
Alhadra. And then he framed this picture? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!
Alvar. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!
[Note in Appendix to the second and later editions of *Remorse*.]

[1] Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]

Alvar. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.
Enter ORDONIO.
Alvar (*starting*). It is he!
Ordonio (*to himself as he enters*). If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.
[*Addressing* ALVAR.
You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.
Alvar (*with deep emotion*). The Son of Valdez!
[ORDONIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*
Zulimez (*to Alvar*). Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?
Alvar. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!
Ordonio (*returning, and aloud*). Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey——
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.
Alvar. I am he.

Ordonio. With you, then, I am to speak:
[*Haughtily waving his hand to* ZULIMEZ.
And mark you, alone.
[*Exit* ZULIMEZ.
'He that can bring the dead to life again!'—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!
Alvar. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?
Ordonio. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither
To sport with thee?
Alvar. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.
Ordonio (*aside*). O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*
You are poor!
Alvar. What follows thence?
Ordonio. That you would fain be richer.
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.
Alvar (*solemnly*). Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.
Ordonio. The slave begins to soften.
[*Aside.*
You are my friend,
'He that can bring the dead to life again,'
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
[*Then with great bitterness.*
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!
Alvar (*aside*). Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.
Ordonio. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*
Alvar. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!——Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!
Ordonio. In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.
Alvar. What! you kill'd him? hey?
Ordonio. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—
[*Turns abruptly from* ALVAR, *and then to himself.*
Why! what's this?
'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—
Alvar (*watching his agitation*). Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.
[ALVAR *is retiring.*
Ordonio (*having recovered himself*). Ho! [*Calling to* ALVAR.
Alvar. Be brief, what wish you?
Ordonio. You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Alvar. I listen to you.
Ordonio. In a sudden tempest
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——

Alvar. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.
Ordonio (*hesitating*). Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.
Alvar (*with eager vehemence*). Are you not wedded, then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa?
Ordonio. Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?
Alvar (*recollecting himself*). Proceed. I shall be silent.
[ALVAR *sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*
Ordonio. To *Teresa*?
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophecied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.
Alvar (*lifting up his head*). Well! and this lady!
Ordonio. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.
Alvar (*sighing*). Yes! he did so!
Ordonio. Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.
Alvar. What! he was your friend then?
Ordonio (*wounded and embarrassed*). I was his friend.—
Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come.—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?
Alvar (*after a pause*). Ordonio, I will do it
Ordonio. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.
Alvar. I will not fail to meet you.
Ordonio. Till next we meet, farewell!
[*Exit* ORDONIO.
Alvar (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes passionately at the portrait*). And I did curse thee!
At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjur'd, *thee* a traitress! *thee* dishonor'd!
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy *inarticulate* Fondnesses,
Thy *Infant* Loves—should not thy *Maiden* Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,

And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for Life
This farewell Pledge, which with impassioned Vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III

SCENE I

A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an instrument of Glass or Steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

Ordonio. This was too melancholy, Father.
Valdez. Nay,
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.
Alvar. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA *and* Attendants.

Teresa. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.
Ordonio. Believe you then no preternatural influence:
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Teresa. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard. [*To* ALVAR.
Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Ordonio (*aside*). Ha! he has been tampering with her?
Alvar. O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the *Stranger's* name!—
I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.
[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*
Alvar. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the Departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid Travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
[*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart Sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,
And joins your mighty Army.
[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, Sweet Spirit.'*
Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying Hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead!

SONG

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [*A long pause.*

Ordonio. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!
Alvar. A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd it's cold corse, and came upon thee

With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What (if his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence?
Valdez. These are unholy fancies!
Ordonio (*struggling with his feelings*). Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!
Alvar (*still to Ordonio*). But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?
Valdez. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.
Alvar (*still to Ordonio*). What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music. [*Music again.*

Teresa. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful Shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still Heart listens,
Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.
Alvar (*to Teresa anxiously*). O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprize the guilty: thou art innocent!
[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* Attendant.
Music as before.
The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape,
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.
[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS

Wandering Demons, hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel—
[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of* ALVAR'S *assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*
Ordonio (*starting in great agitation*). Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open,* MONVIEDRO *and the* Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, *etc., enter and fill the stage.*

Monviedro. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ordonio (*recovering himself as from stupor, to Servants*). Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*All rush out in tumult.*

SCENE II

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.

Enter TERESA.

Teresa. When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

Teresa. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Valdez. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy Life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,
Alvar! My Son! My Son!—The Inquisitor—

Teresa. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Valdez. How often would He plead for these Morescoes!
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

Teresa (*wildly*). So? so?—I comprehend you—He is——

Valdez (*with averted countenance*). He is no more!

Teresa. O sorrow! that a Father's Voice should say this,
A Father's Heart believe it!

Valdez. A worse sorrow
Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing!

Teresa. These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,
Speaks yet the Truth: and Alvar lives for me!

Valdez. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

Teresa. I breath'd to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Valdez. O not to day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—
[*Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*
Accurst assassins!
Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict
More dear than was his life——
Teresa (*with faint shriek*). O Heavens! *my* portrait!
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!
Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!
[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——
[VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet* ORDONIO, *and during the concluding lines of* TERESA'S *speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*
Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!
Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,
One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.
[*Retires out of sight.*
Ordonio (*as he advances with Valdez*). These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's message,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.
Valdez. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?—
Ordonio (*confused*). Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?
Valdez. His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins——
Ordonio. Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!
The traitor, Isidore!
[*A pause, then wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this.
Valdez (*confused*). True—Sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.
I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.
Ordonio. Yes! yes! we recognize them.
I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels!
[*Turns off abruptly; then to himself.*
This is my virtuous, *grateful* Isidore!

[*Then mimicking* ISIDORE'S *manner and voice.*

'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!'
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His 'own full heart'—'twere good to see its colour.

Valdez. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

Ordonio (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself*). Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined Transiency,
And cold Dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!

Valdez. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——

[*Averting himself.*

Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.

Ordonio (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father: and just after the speech has commenced, Teresa reappears and advances slowly*). Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!

[TERESA *starts and stops listening.*

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumbered——

Valdez. O mere madness!

[TERESA *moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before* ORDONIO.

Ordonio (*checking the feeling of surprize, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy*). Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

Teresa. Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound— [*A pause.*
Where—
(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

Ordonio. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!
For while we LIVE—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with HIM.

[*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as* VALDEZ *is speaking.*

Teresa (*recoiling with the expression appropriate to the passion*). The rock ! the fir-grove !
[*To* VALDEZ.
Did'st *thou* hear him say it ?
Hush ! I will ask him !
Valdez. Urge him not—not now !
This we *beheld*. Nor *He* nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——
Ordonio. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villain,
Whom I will strangle !
Valdez (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description*). While his two companions——
Ordonio. Dead ! dead already ! what care we for the dead ?
Valdez (*to Teresa*). Pity him ! sooth him ! disenchant his spirit !
These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.
Ordonio. Is it so ?
Yes ! yes ! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.
[*Then mysteriously.*
Father !
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours' ? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd it's true aim when it fell on Alvar ?
Valdez. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate ; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.
Ordonio. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady ?
Valdez. What seek you now ?
Teresa. A better, surer light
To guide me——
Both Valdez and Ordonio. Whither ?
Teresa. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me !
Detain me not ! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.
Valdez. To find a lover !
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty ?
O folly and shame ! Tempt not my rage, Teresa !
Teresa. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven !
I haste but to the grave of my beloved !
[*Exit*, VALDEZ *following after her.*
Ordonio. This, then, is my reward ! and I must love her ?
Scorn'd ! shudder'd at ! yet love her still ? yes ! yes !
By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too ! [*A pause.*
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts triumph !
The mine is undermined ! Blood ! Blood ! Blood !
They thirst for thy blood ! *thy* blood, Ordonio ! [*A pause.*

The Hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!
[*Looks through the side window.*
A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. ISIDORE *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

Isidore. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
'His life in danger, no place safe but this!
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.'
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It can not be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.
[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an extasy of fear.*
A hellish *pit*! The very same I dreamt of!
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it mov'd.
[ISIDORE *stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time* ORDONIO *enters with a torch, and halloos to* ISIDORE.
Isidore. I swear that I saw something moving there!
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning——
I swear, I saw it move.
Ordonio (*goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn*).
A jutting clay stone
Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.
Isidore (*forcing a laugh faintly*). A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.
Ordonio. What scar'd you, then?
Isidore. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!
[*Lights his torch at* ORDONIO'S, *and while lighting it.*
(A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water-drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,

I stept in to it, meaning to sit there ;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ordonio. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

Isidore. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Ordonio (*interrupting him*). Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—

Isidore. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

Ordonio. Art thou more coward now?

Isidore. Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being *afraid*—stifled with Fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——

Ordonio. Well?

Isidore. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Wak'd me: she heard my heart beat.

Ordonio. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?

Isidore. Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

Ordonio (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause*). I know not why it should be! yet it *is*—

Isidore. What is, my lord?
Ordonio. Abhorrent from our nature
To kill a man.—
Isidore. Except in self-defence.
Ordonio. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?
Isidore. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.
[ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*
Ordonio. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.
Isidore. Who? when? my lord?
Ordonio. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.
[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*
He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.
Isidore (*aside*). He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprize.
[*Then to* ORDONIO.
What, he was mad?
Ordonio. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.
Isidore. Of himself he speaks. [*Aside.* Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.
Ordonio. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him.— Why didst thou look round?
Isidore. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?
Ordonio. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!
[*Then very wildly.* Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Isidore. I would, my lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.
Ordonio. Where was I?
Isidore. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ordonio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances

Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—
Isidore. Ah! what of *him*, my lord?
Ordonio. *He* proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother-traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.—
[ORDONIO *grasps his sword, and turns off from* ISIDORE, *then after a pause returns.*
Our links burn dimly.
Isidore. A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.
Ordonio. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.
Isidore. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Ordonio. Thou would'st not then have come, if—
Isidore. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.
[ISIDORE *throws off his robe; shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*
Ordonio. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.
Isidore. And all my little ones fatherless—
Die thou first.
[*They fight,* ORDONIO *disarms* ISIDORE, *and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.* ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch,* ORDONIO *follows him; a loud cry of 'Traitor! Monster!' is heard from the cavern, and in a moment* ORDONIO *returns alone.*
Ordonio. I have hurl'd him down the Chasm! Treason for Treason.
He *dreamt* of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend. [*Exit* ORDONIO.

SCENE II

The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of Dungeon visible.

Teresa. Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him;
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!

No, I have faith, that Nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, Girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
[*With a sneer.*
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—
Teresa (*with solemn indignation*). The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—
Valdez. Hush, thoughtless woman!
Teresa. Nay it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.
Valdez. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

Teresa. My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.
Valdez. ———We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?
Teresa. Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.
Valdez. Is this well?
Teresa. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy First-born!
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was *there*—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,

And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

Valdez. Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion ! was it not enough,
That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason ;
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion ?
And toil to blast his honour ? I am old,
A comfortless old man !

Teresa. O Grief ! to hear
Hateful intreaties from a voice we love !

Enter a Peasant *and presents a letter to* VALDEZ.

Valdez (*reading it*). 'He dares not venture hither !' Why, what can this mean ?
'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be ?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me an hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not ! Ho ! collect my servants !
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [*Exit* VALDEZ.

Teresa (*alone*). The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener ! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar ! Alvar ! that they could return,
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at even tide ;
When we saw nought but beauty ; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd !
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. [*A pause.*
And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light ?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poignard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

SCENE III

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress.*

Alhadra. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold ;

The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only Being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward Tyrant!
To stupify a Woman's Heart with anguish
Till she forgot—even that she was a Mother!
[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of* Morescoes, *all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA, *and remain silent till the Second in command,* NAOMI, *enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other* Moors.

Naomi. Woman! May Alla and the Prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Alhadra (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle*). Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Naomi. Where is Isidore?

Alhadra (*in a deep low voice*). This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——

All Morescoes. Perished?

Alhadra. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

One Moresco (*to another*). Did she say his murder?

Naomi. Murder? Not murdered?

Alhadra. Murdered by a Christian!

[*They all at once draw their sabres.*

Alhadra (*to Naomi, who advances from the circle*). Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's!

[*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [*A pause.*
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!
Naomi. He dies, by Alla!
All (*kneeling*). By Alla!
Alhadra. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*
Naomi. The cavern?
Alhadra. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Naomi. Thou called'st him?
Alhadra. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent.
[*Then wildly.*
What said'st thou?
No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess — and there was *light*,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!
Naomi. Comfort her, Alla.
Alhadra. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!
Naomi. Haste! let us onward.
Alhadra. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!
All. Away! away!
[*She rushes off, all following her.*

ACT V

SCENE I

A Dungeon.

ALVAR (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Alvar. And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our Love and Wisdom

To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By Ignorance and parching Poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks:
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,
And savage Faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose. [*Retires out of sight.*

Enter TERESA *with a taper.*

Teresa. It has chilled my very life——my own voice scares me;
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—
[*Looking round.*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh! [*Shuddering.*
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
[*Faintly screams as* ALVAR *emerges from the recess.*
Alvar (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling*). O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!
Teresa (*recovering, looks round wildly*). I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—

And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Alvar (*eagerly*). Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Teresa (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon*). Ha! Who art thou?
Alvar (*exceedingly affected*). Suborned by his brother—
Teresa. Didst *thou* murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Alvar. Ordonio—he—
Teresa. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!
Alvar. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!
Teresa (*wildly*). Nay, nay, but tell me!
[*A pause, then presses her forehead.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain—
[*A pause, she gazes at* ALVAR.
Mysterious man!
Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And *he* suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!
Alvar. I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That Picture—
Teresa (*advances towards him*). Ha! speak on!
Alvar. Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.
[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*
Teresa (*receiving the portrait*). The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?
Nay I will call thee, ALVAR!
[*She falls on his neck.*
Alvar. O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.
Teresa. O my all virtuous Love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.
Alvar. Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!
Teresa. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
[*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing* ALVAR.
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*
[*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and* ORDONIO *enters, with a goblet in his hand.*
Ordonio. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,

And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand to* ALVAR.
The weaker needs must break.
Alvar. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.
Ordonio. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[ORDONIO *proffers the goblet.*
Alvar. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity!
Ordonio. What meanest thou?
Alvar. There's poison in the wine.
Ordonio. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Alvar. Whom dost thou think me?
Ordonio. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.
Alvar. I know him not.
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore? Isidore?
Ordonio. Good! good! that Lie! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Alvar. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground with stern contempt.*
My master!
Ordonio. Thou mountebank!
Alvar. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a withered arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villainy,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself

With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——
Ordonio (*vacantly repeating the words*). Saved? saved?
Alvar. One pang!
Could I call up one pang of true Remorse!
Ordonio. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! Remorse!
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on Remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of an host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!
Alvar (*almost overcome by his feelings*). But Alvar ——
Ordonio. Ha! it choaks thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!
Alvar. Alas!
That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him; heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him!
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!
Ordonio. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!
Alvar. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!
Ordonio. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, Man!
Teresa (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck*). Ordonio! 'tis thy Brother!
[ORDONIO *with frantic wildness runs upon* ALVAR *with his sword.* TERESA *flings herself on* ORDONIO *and arrests his arm.*
Stop, madman, stop!
Alvar. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!
Ordonio—Brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.
Ordonio (*drawing back, and gazing at Alvar with a countenance of at once awe and terror*). Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.
[*He attempts to fall on his sword,* ALVAR *and* TERESA *prevent him.*
Alvar. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his grey hairs!
Teresa. And you may yet be happy.
Ordonio. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! Live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:

For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My Brother! I will kneel to you, my Brother! [*Kneeling.*
Forgive me, Alvar!——Curse me with forgiveness!
Alvar. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—
Teresa. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.
Ordonio (*pointing at the vacancy*). Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!
Thou said'st thou did'st not know him—That is he!
He comes upon me!
Alvar. Heal, O heal him, heaven!
Ordonio. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—
Teresa. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!
Ordonio (*fiercely recollecting himself*). Let the Eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!
[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush* ALHADRA, *and the band of* Morescoes.
Alhadra. Seize first that man!
[ALVAR *presses onward to defend* ORDONIO.
Ordonio. Off, Ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.
Alhadra. My husband—
Ordonio. Yes, I murdered him most foully.
Alvar and Teresa. O horrible!
Alhadra. Why did'st thou leave his children?
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one's soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
[*Struggling to suppress her feelings.*
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!
Teresa. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father——
Alhadra (*sternly*). Why had he such a son?
[*Shouts from the distance of* Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of* VALDEZ *heard.*
Rescue?—and Isidore's Spirit unavenged?—
The deed be mine!
[*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO. Now take *my* Life!
Ordonio (*staggering from the wound*). ATONEMENT!
Alvar (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio*). Arm of avenging Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—
But go! my word was pledged to thee.
Ordonio. Away!
Brave not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou—
[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.
She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar!
Oh!—could'st thou forget me!
[*Dies.*
[ALVAR *and* TERESA *bend over the body of* ORDONIO.
Alhadra (*to the Moors*). I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I an hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their Temples and their Mountainous Towers should fall;
Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the Spirit of Life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!
[ALHADRA *hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed* Peasants, *and* Servants, ZULIMEZ *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes into* ALVAR'S *arms.*
Alvar. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
[*Both kneel to* VALDEZ.
Valdez. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, Heaven!
Teresa. Me too, my Father?
Valdez. Bless, Oh bless my children!
[*Both rise.*
Alvar. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire REMORSE, she re-appears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

ZAPOLYA

A CHRISTMAS TALE

IN TWO PARTS

[1817]

Πὰρ πυρὶ χρὴ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylian Trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and the *Eumenides*. Though a matter of *form* merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the *Time* of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (*i.e.* render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale. S. T. COLERIDGE.

PART I

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FORTUNE.'

CHARACTERS

EMERICK, *Usurping King of Illyria.*
RAAB KIUPRILI, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*
CASIMIR, *Son of* KIUPRILI.
CHEF RAGOZZI, *a Military Commander.*
ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

SCENE I

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, *at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

Chef Ragozzi. My eyes deceive me not, it must be he,
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

[*Drums beat, etc., the* Guard *turns out.*

Enter RAAB KIUPRILI.

Raab Kiuprili (*making a signal to stop the drums, etc.*) Silence! enough!
This is no time, young friend,

For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [Guards *retire.*
Chef Ragozzi. Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophecy?
Raab Kiuprili. Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?
Chef Ragozzi. We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.
Raab Kiuprili. Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,
And *as* a child I have reared thee. Whence this air
Of mystery? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, shewing all things.
Hide nothing from me.
Chef Ragozzi. O most loved, most honoured,
The mystery that struggles in my looks
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.
Raab Kiuprili (*his hand to his heart*). I have trembling proof within how true thou speakest.
Chef Ragozzi. That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commander's debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All——
[*Then in a subdued and saddened voice.*
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.
Raab Kiuprili. Ha!—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.
This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal ANDREAS calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robbed of ZAPOLYA'S soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.
Chef Ragozzi. Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech
Whose face so much distempered you?
Raab Kiuprili. Barzoni?
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself),
I sent him from the camp.
Chef Ragozzi. To him in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.
Raab Kiuprili. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?
Chef Ragozzi. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers!
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.
Raab Kiuprili. The venomous snake! My heel was on its head,
And (fool!) I did not crush it!
Chef Ragozzi. Nay, he fears
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.
Raab Kiuprili. Manifest treason! Even this brief delay

Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)
[*Is moving toward the palace.*
If he but live and know me, all may——
Chef Ragozzi. Halt! [*Stops him.*
On pain of death, my Lord! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.
Raab Kiuprili. Thou!
Chef Ragozzi. No Place, no Name, no Rank excepted—
Raab Kiuprili. Thou!
Chef Ragozzi. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili!
I give it as a weapon to *thy* hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by Ruffians
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!
Raab Kiuprili. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound?
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?
Was I his Arm, his Thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?
Chef Ragozzi. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.
Raab Kiuprili. Hark, Ragozzi!
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?
[*Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace: a death-bell tolls, etc.*
Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.
Chef Ragozzi. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.
Raab Kiuprili (*looking forwards anxiously*). A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.
Chef Ragozzi. Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.
Raab Kiuprili. Was it over-haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense?
Chef Ragozzi. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!
[*During this conversation music is heard, first solemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.*
Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,

The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?
Raab Kiuprili. The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!
[*Musing to himself—then*—
Ragozzi! I applaud,
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.
[*Enter a procession of* EMERICK'S *Adherents*, Nobles, Chieftains, *and* Soldiers, *with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage.* KIUPRILI *makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*
Leader of the Procession. The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.
Raab Kiuprili. Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honourable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly
To inforce the last commands of royal Andreas
And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.
Leader. Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.
Raab Kiuprili. This patent written by your *lawful* king,
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.
[*Voices of* Live KING EMERICK! an EMERICK! an EMERICK!
What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason?
[*Murmurs.*
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?
[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries* — EMERICK! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!
Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour?
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me VICTORY,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed PEACE,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?

But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation !
[*Murmurs increase—and cries of* Onward ! Onward !
Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.
[*During the last four lines, enter* LORD CASIMIR, *with expressions of anger and alarm.*
Casimir. Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?
[*Starts—then approaching with timid respect.*
My father !
Raab Kiuprili (*turning away*). Casimir ! He, he a traitor !
Too soon indeed, Ragozzi ! have I learnt it. [*Aside.*
Casimir (*with reverence*). My father and my lord !
Raab Kiuprili. I know thee not !
Leader. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.
Raab Kiuprili. A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.
Casimir. O hear me, Sire ! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The king inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honoured us the most. *Your* rank, my lord !
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.
Raab Kiuprili. (Bought by a bribe !) I know thee now still less.
Casimir (*struggling with his passion*). So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.
Raab Kiuprili. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live King Emerick !
Leaders. Aye, King Emerick !
Stand back, my lord ! Lead us, or let us pass.
Soldier. Nay, let the general speak !
Soldiers. Hear him ! hear him !
Raab Kiuprili. Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honoured by the king:
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring

Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!
Casimir. Sire! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals!
Raab Kiuprili (*aside*). Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented.
They BOASTED not *their* baseness.
[*Starts, and draws his sword.*
Infamous changeling!
Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——
[Chiefs, *etc.*, *rush to interpose; during the tumult enter* EMERICK, *alarmed.*
Emerick. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——
Kiuprili? Ha!——
[*With lowered voice, at the same time with one hand making signs to the guard to retire.*
Pass on, friends! to the palace.
[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.—During which time* EMERICK *and* KIUPRILI *regard each other steadfastly.*
Emerick. What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword
Against his own son's breast?
Raab Kiuprili. 'Twould best excuse him,
Were he *thy* son, Prince Emerick. *I* abjure him.
Emerick. This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath called me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?
Raab Kiuprili. What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them?
Emerick. By what right dares Kiuprili question me?
Raab Kiuprili. By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To *me* a duty! As the realm's co-regent,
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.— [*Grasping the Patent.*
Emerick (*with a contemptuous sneer*). Aye!—Writ in a delirium!
Raab Kiuprili. I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me?
Emerick. By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?
Raab Kiuprili. A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince! of *my* king and thine,
Hither I came; and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost shew at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.
Emerick. A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover

Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed *thee* foremost.
Raab Kiuprili. Prince ! I listen.
Emerick. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—
Casimir. Sire ! speak the whole truth ! Say, her *fraud's* detected !
Emerick. According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——
Raab Kiuprili (*aside*). Yes ! the Jew, Barzoni !
Emerick. Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.
Casimir (*to Kiuprili*). Trust me, my lord ! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.
Emerick. Right, Casimir !
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims ;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.
Raab Kiuprili. Prince Emerick ! you *speak* fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.
Casimir. My lord ! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgence, wooed and won for me.
Emerick. Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.
Raab Kiuprili (*sternly*). The longest line that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison :
And with the soul, the conscience is co-eval,
Yea, the soul's essence.
Emerick. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless ?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull ?
Casimir. What better claim can sovereign wish or need
Than the free voice of men who love their country ?
Those chiefly who have fought for 't ? Who by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,
So hath best learnt to govern ; who, having suffered,

Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By Nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!
Raab Kiuprili. Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.
Emerick (*aside to Casimir*). Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!
[*Then aloud.*
Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.
[CASIMIR *retires to the Guard-house; and after a time appears before it with* CHEF RAGOZZI.
We are alone.
What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?
Then, with your assent——
Raab Kiuprili. Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince!
And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.
[EMERICK *turns as about to call for the* Guard.
In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.
Emerick. Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.
Raab Kiuprili (*in a somewhat suppressed voice*). A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!
Emerick. Aye! to the mark!
Raab Kiuprili (*aloud: he and Emerick standing at equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-house*). Had'st thou believed thine own tale, had'st thou *fancied*
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Would'st thou have pilfered from our school-boys' themes
These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds

Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when returned.
Emerick (*aloud*). Is't thus thou scoff'st the people? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?
Raab Kiuprili (*aloud*). O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venomed thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe,
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose undergarland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!
Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!
Emerick. I have faith
That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—
Raab Kiuprili. Wretch beneath all answer!
Emerick. Offers at once the royal bed and throne!
Raab Kiuprili. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho! [*To the* Guard.
Emerick. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!
Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the Palace.
[*The* Guard *post from the Guard-house with* CHEF RAGOZZI *at their head, and then a number from the Palace*—CHEF RAGOZZI *demands* KIUPRILI'S *sword, and apprehends him.*
Casimir. O agony! [*To* EMERICK. Sire, hear me!
[*To* KIUPRILI, *who turns from him.*
Hear me, father!
Emerick. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.
Raab Kiuprili. As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—
Emerick. Hence with the madman!

Raab Kiuprili. Your Queen's murder,
The Royal orphan's murder: and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.
[*Hurried off by* RAGOZZI *and the* Guard.
Emerick. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.
Casimir. O banish him!
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord!
Emerick (*scornfully*). What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire.
[*Exit* CASIMIR *in agitation.*
Emerick (*alone, looks at a Calendar*). The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon:
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent. [*Exit.*

[SCENE II]

Scene changes to another view, namely, the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains. Enter ZAPOLYA, *with an Infant in Arms.*

Zapolya. Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!
Thou, the protector of the helpless! thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring: Thou art
The rightful heir of an anointed king!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chaunt
Of labouring men returning to their home!
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!
And let this darkness——
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?
[*She starts back—and enter* CHEF RAGOZZI.
Chef Ragozzi. Sure Heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped!
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart.
'*Ragozzi!*
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?'
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st *me* too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!
Zapolya (*coming fearfully forward*). Art thou not Ragozzi?
Chef Ragozzi. The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!

I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!
Zapolya. Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous! [*Kneeling.*
Chef Ragozzi (*raising her*). Madam! For mercy's sake!
Zapolya. But tyrants have an hundred eyes and arms!
Chef Ragozzi. Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible,
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—
Zapolya. Kiuprili! How?
Chef Ragozzi. There is not time to tell it,—
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal—
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—
Zapolya. What, Raab Kiuprili?
Chef Ragozzi. Yes! my noble general!
I sent *him* off, with Emerick's own pacquet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——
Zapolya. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—
Chef Ragozzi (*supporting her*). Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!
Zapolya. One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may *have* strength. This babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought possessed me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord.—
[*Then to the infant.*
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But *Andreas* framed it not! *He* was no tyrant!
Chef Ragozzi. Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden!
[*He kneels as he takes the child.*
Zapolya. Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!

[*Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*

Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: *Lo! a male child is born!*
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody Usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with *sounds* of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,
[*Again to the infant.*
Poor friendless fugitive! with mother's wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return,
With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout,
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers!
[*Exeunt.*

PART II

THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FATE.'

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*
BETHLEN BATHORY, *the Young Prince Andreas, supposed Son of* OLD BATHORY.
LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*
LASKA, *Steward to* CASIMIR, *betrothed to* GLYCINE.
PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in* EMERICK'S *employ.*
LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of* LORD CASIMIR.
GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of* CHEF RAGOZZI.

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which EMERICK *remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.*

USURPATION ENDED; OR, SHE COMES AGAIN

ACT I

SCENE I

A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S *Dwelling at the end of the Stage. Enter* LADY SAROLTA *and* GLYCINE.

Glycine. Well then! Our round of charity is finished.
Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.
Sarolta. What, tired, Glycine?
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength Nature gave me.
Glycine. That last cottage

Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.
Sarolta. So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.
Glycine. There?
[*Pointing to* BATHORY'S *dwelling.*
SAROLTA *answering, points to where she then stands.*
Sarolta. Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.
Glycine. And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?
Sarolta. Thou hast hit my thought!
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.
Glycine. But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.
Sarolta. I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orbed drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.
Glycine. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——
Sarolta. Hush! Innocent flatterer!
Glycine. Nay! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.
Sarolta. So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?
Glycine. Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.
Sarolta. Ah, Glycine! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself?
Glycine. Because
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas *you* asked me!

Sarolta. Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.
Glycine. Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I shall never see Laska But I shall tremble.
Sarolta. Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.
[*Exit* GLYCINE *into the cottage,* SAROLTA *continues her speech looking after her.*
Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!
[*Angry voices and clamour within.*

Re-enter GLYCINE.

Glycine. Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!
Lady Sarolta's *here.*— [*Calling without.*
Sarolta. Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA *and* Servants *with* OLD BATHORY.

Laska (*to Bathory*). We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?
Old Bathory. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!
To tell its own tale?
[LASKA *and* Servants *bow to Lady* SAROLTA.
Sarolta. Laska! What may this mean?
Laska (*pompously, as commencing a set speech*). Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover
Sarolta. Be brief! We know his titles!
Laska. And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,

And trampled it in scorn.
Sarolta (*to the Servants who offer to speak*). You have had your spokesman!
Where is the young man thus accused?
Old Bathory. I know not:
But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!
Sarolta. Thou art his father?
Old Bathory. None ever with more reason prized a son;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice;
And if I swerve from truth——
Glycine. Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!
Sarolta. Hush, Glycine!
Be silent, I command you.
[*Then to* BATHORY.
Speak! we hear you!
Old Bathory. My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
(Your hectoring sparks so over-brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.
Sarolta. Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?
Old Bathory. Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!
Laska. Old insolent ruffian!
Glycine. Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!
Sarolta (*speaks with affected anger*). What! Glycine? Go, retire!
[*Exit* GLYCINE, *mournfully.*
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to *us*. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?
Old Bathory. So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?
Laska. Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!
Sarolta. Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!
[*Then speaks to the* Servants.
Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!
Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly

Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—
But these men, Laska—
Laska (*aside*). Yes, now 'tis coming.
Sarolta. Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us!
Old Bathory. Ha! what strangers[1] here!
What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but—
[*Then to* SAROLTA *aside.*
not for all ears!
Sarolta. I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall shew it me! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.
[BATHORY *bowing, shews her into his cottage.*

[1] Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion.* —[Note by S. T. C.] The line is in *Excursion*, Book I. line 603.—ED.

Laska (*alone*). Vexation! baffled! school'd!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!
[LASKA *flings himself into the seat.*
GLYCINE *peeps in timidly.*
Glycine. Laska! Laska!
Is my lady gone?
Laska (*surlily*). Gone.
Glycine. Have you yet seen him?
Is he returned?
[LASKA *starts up from his seat.*
Has the seat stung you, Laska?
Laska. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!
What! you would cling to him again?
Glycine. Whom?
Laska. Bethlen! Bethlen!
Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!
Glycine. *Your* fears, at least,
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!
Laska. I fear! whom? what?
Glycine. I know what *I* should fear,
Were I in Laska's place.
Laska. What?
Glycine. My own conscience,
For having fed my jealousy and envy
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,
Against a brave and innocent young man's life!
Yet, yet, pray tell me!
Laska (*malignantly*). You will know too soon.

Glycine. Would I could find my lady! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [*Going.*
Laska. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—
Glycine. Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one question—
Laska. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?.
And is it not as plain—
Glycine. Halt! that's two questions.
Laska. Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Why pressed *you* forward? Why did *you* defend him?
Glycine. Question meet question: that's a woman's privilege.
Why, Laska, did *you* urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?
Laska. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta *forced* you?
Glycine. Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.
Laska. Not one for Bethlen?
Glycine. Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for *loving* him—
Nay, *there*, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I *grieve* for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf[1] had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!
Laska. You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pampered Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already!
[*Makes threatening signs.*
Glycine (*aside*). Ha! Bethlen coming this way!
[GLYCINE *then cries out as if afraid of being beaten.*
Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter BETHLEN *in an Hunting Dress.*

Bethlen. What, beat a woman!
Laska (*to Glycine*). O you cockatrice!
Bethlen. Unmanly dastard, hold!
Laska (*pompously*). Do you chance to know
Who — I — am, Sir? — ('Sdeath! how black he looks!)
Bethlen. I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man, than this before-me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.
Laska. Bold youth! she's mine.
Glycine. No, not my master yet,
But only *is* to be; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and

[1] For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' *English Poets*, vol. iv. p. 133. [Note by S. T. C.]

I promised *her*, not *him*; and if *she'll* let me,
I'll *hate* you, my lord's steward.
Bethlen. Hush, Glycine!
Glycine. Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life: *Your* life, and old Bathory's too.
Bethlen. Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or—— Ha! gone!
[LASKA *during this time slinks off the Stage, using threatening gestures to* GLYCINE.
Glycine. Oh, heed not *him*! I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is *your* life they seek!
Bethlen. My life?
Glycine. Alas,
Lady Sarolta even——
Bethlen. She does not know me!
Glycine. Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen——
Bethlen. Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?
Glycine. Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.
[BETHLEN *mutters to himself indignantly.*
Glycine (*aside*). So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!
Bethlen (*muttering aside*). King!
Glycine. Ah, often have I wished *you* were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have
The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams
That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.
Bethlen. Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed——
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly. — But Bathory?
Glycine. Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!
[BETHLEN *retires.*

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA *and* BATHORY.

Sarolta. Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine? [*Exit* BATHORY.
Glycine. Pardon, pardon, Madam!
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.
Sarolta. Be calm, Glycine!
Glycine. No, I shall break my heart.
[*Sobbing.*
Sarolta (*taking her hand*). Ha! is it so?
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet! Old Bathory——
Glycine. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Sarolta. Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

Glycine. My lady does not mock me?
Sarolta. Where is Laska?
Has he not told thee?
Glycine. Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—
Sarolta. His shame excuses him!
He is somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.
Glycine. The saints bless you!
Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?
Sarolta. Come,
Be yourself, girl!
Glycine. O, 'tis so full *here*!
[*At her heart.*
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—
Sarolta. Is *not* that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine
Shook and engulphed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father——
Hear'st thou?
Glycine (*eagerly*). O tell—
Bethlen (*who had overheard the last few words, now rushes out*). Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!
Who is my father?
Sarolta (*gazing with surprize*). Thine? *Thy* father? Rise!
Glycine. Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!
Sarolta. His countenance, not his act!
Glycine. Rise, Bethlen! Rise!
Bethlen. No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me
A name in the world!
Sarolta. By that blest Heaven I gazed at,
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise!
Bethlen. Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I can not see!
Sarolta. Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!
Bethlen. Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right!
Sarolta (*aside*). That look again!—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?
Bethlen. Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing

Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror——
Glycine. Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous——
Sarolta (*with a smile*). Moon-calves, credulous girl!
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
[*Then speaking again to* BETHLEN.
After that last great battle, (O young man!
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then an helpless babe.
The robe that wrapt thee was a widow's mantle.
Bethlen. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask——
Sarolta. And I to tell thee.
Bethlen. Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.
[*Striking his breast.*
I am stone, cold stone.
Sarolta. Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: 'If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!'
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, 'Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!'
Bethlen. And did he leave her? What! had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother?
Oh agony!
Glycine. Alas! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert an helpless infant!
Bethlen. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish?
Sarolta. Hush, Glycine! It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters,
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!
Bethlen. O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She *can not* die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—
Sarolta. Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!
Bethlen. And found her still—
Sarolta. Alas! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

Bethlen. O whither?
Glycine. Dearest Bethlen!
I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!
Sarolta (*continuing the story*). While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.
Bethlen. Emerick.
Oh Hell!
Glycine (*to silence him*). Bethlen!
Bethlen. Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek:
Or else *she* were my mother!
Sarolta. Noble youth!
From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long passed that weigh me down, though innocent!
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprize
Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier!
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own honour
Guide thee to that thou seekest!
Glycine. Must he leave us?
Bethlen. And for such goodness can I return nothing,
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name!
O, at how dear a price have I been loved
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where'er thou bid'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,

Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood!
[*Exit* BETHLEN.
Sarolta. Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning, hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.
Glycine. Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell Hyæna's shape.
Sarolta. What idle tongue hath bewitched *thee*, Glycine?
I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.
Glycine. O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,
Or the old man.
Sarolta. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl.
And what hath Laska told thee?
Glycine. Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time! [*Sound of horns without.*
Sarolta. Hark! dost thou hear it?
Glycine. 'Tis the sound of horns!
Our huntsmen are not out!
Sarolta. Lord Casimir
Would not come thus! [*Horns again.*
Glycine. Still louder!
Sarolta. Haste we hence!
For I believe in part thy tale of terror!
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.
[SAROLTA *and* GLYCINE *exeunt. Trumpets, etc., louder. Enter* EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, *and* Huntsmen *and* Attendants.
Rudolph. A gallant chace, sire.
Emerick. Aye, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest.
[*Then to* LASKA.
And you — excuse me — what's your name?
Laska. Whatever
Your majesty may please.
Emerick. Nay, that's too late, man.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.
Laska. Laska, my liege sovereign.
Emerick. Well, my liege subject, Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?
Laska. And your Majesty's creature.
Emerick. Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?
Laska. My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your Grace but speak—
Emerick. Hum, master steward!
I am honoured with this sudden confidence.
Lead on.
[*To* LASKA, *then to* RUDOLPH.
Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add

How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.
Lord Rudolph (*aside*). Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.
Emerick. Now onward all.
[*Exeunt attendants.*
Emerick (*solus*). A fair one, by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.
'*Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—'
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! If the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game! [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA *and* RAAB KIUPRILI *discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

Raab Kiuprili. Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?
Zapolya. Nothing.
Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is Heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?
Raab Kiuprili. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net:
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.
Zapolya. Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger choaks!
Raab Kiuprili. And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground methought, but close above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.
Zapolya. I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mocked sense craved
To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!
Raab Kiuprili. Nay! what ails you?
Zapolya. A wonderous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?
Raab Kiuprili. Cheerly! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!

Zapolya. Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?
Raab Kiuprili. Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for Misery can not add
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!
Zapolya. Can not! Oh, what if thou wert taken from me?
Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[GLYCINE *is heard singing without.*

Raab Kiuprili. Hark! heard you not
A distant chaunt?

SONG

BY GLYCINE

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!'

Zapolya. Sure 'tis some blest spirit!
For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged.

[*Song again.*

Raab Kiuprili. It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

Zapolya. Hark! her voice faulters! [*Exit* ZAPOLYA.

Raab Kiuprili. She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen!
[KIUPRILI *retires to one side of the stage.* GLYCINE *enters singing.*

Glycine (*fearfully*). A savage place! Saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again! [*Sings again.*
If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [*Starts.*
'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

Raab Kiuprili (*unseen*). Leave them and flee!

GLYCINE (*shrieks, then recovering*). Where are you?

Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Leave them!

Glycine. 'Tis Glycine!
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!
'Twas not his voice!—
[GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.* KIUPRILI *comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern.* GLYCINE *returns, having recovered herself.*

Glycine. Shame! Nothing hurt me!
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!
Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St ——No-Bethlen!
If I turn back and he should be found dead here,
[*She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*
I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!
[*As she approaches to enter the cavern,* KIUPRILI *stops her.* GLYCINE *shrieks.*
Saints protect me!

Raab Kiuprili. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

Glycine. Save me!

Raab Kiuprili. Swear secrecy and silence!

Glycine. I swear.

Raab Kiuprili. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

Glycine. Only
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

Raab Kiuprili. Wherefore in this wood?

Glycine. Alas! it was his purpose—

Raab Kiuprili. With what intention came he? Would'st thou save him,
Hide nothing!

Glycine. Save him! O forgive his rashness!
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

Raab Kiuprili (*repeats the word*). Human?
[*Then sternly.*
With what design?

Glycine. To kill thee, or
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—

Zapolya (*rushing out from the cavern*), Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!

Glycine. Whether his Mother live, or perished here!

Zapolya. Angel of Mercy, I was perishing

And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet maiden!

Glycine. E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory!

Zapolya. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!

Glycine. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

Zapolya. Ha! my son!

Glycine. And of Lord Casimir—

Raab Kiuprili (*aside*). O agony! *my* son!

Glycine. But my dear lady—

Zapolya and Raab Kiuprili. Who?

Glycine. Lady Sarolta
Frowned and discharged these bad men.

Raab Kiuprili (*turning off, and to himself*). Righteous Heaven
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

Zapolya (*embraces Glycine*). Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

Glycine. Not much!
My own dear lady, when I was a child,
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!

Raab Kiuprili (*to Zapolya*). O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight
With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

[*Then to* GLYCINE *again.*
Well! Casimir's wife—

Glycine. She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—

Zapolya (*in agitation*). O speak!

Glycine. A wounded lady—

[ZAPOLYA *faints—they both support her.*

Glycine. Is this his mother?

Raab Kiuprili. She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles.

[*Horn heard without.*
To the cavern!
Quick! quick!

Glycine. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

Raab Kiuprili. Emerick?

Glycine. He came this morning—

[*They retire to the cavern, bearing* ZAPOLYA. *Then enter* BETHLEN, *armed with a boar-spear.*

Bethlen. I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!
The secret cypher of my destiny

[*Looking at his signet.*
Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!

Ha!—(*Observing the cave*). Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis yonder!
Thou yawning Den, I well remember thee!
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!
[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*
Another blast! and with another swell
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!
If haply I have come, the rightful heir
Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits
Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!
[*Blows again louder.*
Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.
[*As* BETHLEN *is about to enter,* KIUPRILI *speaks from the cavern unseen.*
Raab Kiuprili. Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear,
And wait obedient!
Bethlen (*in amazement*). Ha! What art thou? speak!
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Avengers!
Bethlen. By a dying mother's pangs
E'en such am I. Receive me!
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Wait! Beware!
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!
Bethlen. Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that pressed upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now?—at my last trial?
VOICE of command! and thou, O hidden LIGHT!
I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Patience! Truth! Obedience!
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?
Bethlen. Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,
To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chace or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Thy birth-place?
Bethlen. Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?
Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters!——I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord?
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). More, guiltier, mightier,

Than thou mayest summon! Wait the destined hour!

Bethlen. O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless!

Zapolya (*unseen*). One fatherless!

Bethlen (*starting*). A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!
Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?

[ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.* BETHLEN *starts.*
Ha!

Zapolya (*embracing him*). My son! my son!
A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!

[*They embrace.* KIUPRILI *and* GLYCINE *come forward and the curtain drops.*

ACT III

SCENE I

A stately room in LORD CASIMIR'S *castle. Enter* EMERICK *and* LASKA.

Emerick. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

Laska. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

Emerick. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I* of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,
Dishonouring Casimir?

Laska. Far be it from me!
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

Emerick. Perchance, thou hast heard that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

Laska (*aside*). Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

Emerick. 'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?

Laska. No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

Emerick. Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But ar't sure the youth's devoured?

Laska. Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!
And that unhappy girl—

Emerick. Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? [LASKA *bows assent.*
Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

Laska. Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

Emerick. Made thee shake like a leaf!

Laska. The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he seized her;
Forward I rushed!

Emerick. Most marvellous!

Laska. Hurled my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—
Emerick. Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouched your *common talk* aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.
Laska. *My* talk?
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,
'*Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?*
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did
'*Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.*'
Emerick. And this then was *thy* talk? While knave and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion.
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonour.
He winked not then, for love of *me* forsooth!
For love of me now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.
[*Passing his hand across his brow.*
Laska. Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.
Emerick (*with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn*). Thee!
'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?
[LASKA *bows.*
And in your lady's chamber there's full space?
Laska. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.
Emerick. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.
[*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.*
Laska. Well then! Here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this (*looking at the purse*)
Preferment; this (*holding up the key*) Fidelity!
And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
Only:—'*This way, your Majesty! hush! The household*
Are all safe lodged.'—Then, put Fidelity
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
And—'*I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes.*'
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
[*Putting the key to his ear.*
All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,
And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
And save me from the hangman? Aye! you're silent!

What, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
Now for one look to see that all are lodged
At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick!
[*Exit* LASKA. *Then enter* BATHORY *and* BETHLEN.
Bethlen. He looked as if he were some God disguised
In an old warrior's venerable shape
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
Chapel or oratory in this mansion?
Old Bathory. Even so.
Bethlen. From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.
Old Bathory. Those very arms this day Sarolta shew'd me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!
Bethlen. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
'*Ask not my son*,' said she, '*our names or thine.*
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!'
Thus spake she, and she looked as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[*Re-enter* LASKA, *not perceiving them.*
Laska. All asleep!
[*Then observing* BETHLEN, *stands in idiot-affright.*
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!
I'll confess all! [*Stammering with fear.*
Old Bathory. Laska! what ails thee, man?
Laska (*pointing to Bethlen*). There!
Old Bathory. I see nothing! where?
Laska. He does not see it!
Bethlen, torment me not!
Bethlen. Soft! Rouse him gently!
He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.
Old Bathory. Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen!
Laska (*recovering himself*). Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.
Afraid? Nay, no offence! But I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself?
Bethlen (*holding up his hand as if to strike him*). Would'st be convinced?
Laska. No nearer, pray! consider!
If it *should* prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer!
Bethlen. The fool is drunk!
Laska (*still more recovering*). Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.
Old Bathory. You, Laska?
Bethlen (*to Bathory*). Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!
Glycine?
Laska. She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard

The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:
As if she wished to compliment the warwolf
At once with music and a meal!
Bethlen (*to Bathory*). Mark that!
Laska. At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, '*Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!*'
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.
She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—
Bethlen. Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?
Laska. You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound!
You played the hero at a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!
Old Bathory. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy!
Laska. What then! you swell upon my lady's favour,
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both Son and Father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—
Bethlen. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?
Laska. 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.
[*Then very pompously.*
First we demand the manner of her death?
Bethlen. Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!
Laska. Glycine?
Bethlen. Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?
Old Bathory. 'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing!
Laska. 'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,

With all due honour, to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost!
Bethlen. Listen! for thus it spake:
'Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel'—thus.
[*Beats him off.*
Off! scoundrel! off!
[LASKA *runs away.*
Old Bathory. The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.
Bethlen. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?
Old Bathory. Ascend yon flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arched oratory!
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!
Bethlen. There I will meet you! And till then good-night!
Dear good old man, good-night!
Old Bathory. O yet one moment!
What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen!—say—Father to me!
Bethlen. Now, and for ever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!
Bathory. Go! Go!
[BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATHORY *looks affectionately after him.*
May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him!
[*Exit* BATHORY.

[SCENE II]

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry. SAROLTA *in an elegant Night Dress, and an* Attendant.

Attendant. We all did love her, madam!
Sarolta. She deserved it!
Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!
'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.
Attendant. She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.
Sarolta. Has the youth's father come back from his search?
Attendant. He never will, I fear me. O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—*'You'll be sure,'* said he,

'*To meet with* PART *at least of your son Bethlen,*
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!'
Sarolta. Inhuman wretch!
Attendant. And old Bathory answered
With a sad smile, '*It is a witch's prayer,*
And may Heaven read it backwards.'
Though she was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!
Sarolta. Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten. [*Exit* Attendant.
O *they* were innocent, and yet have perished
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?——
Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's *soul*!
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!
[*During the latter part of this speech* EMERICK *comes forward from his hiding-place.* SAROLTA *seeing him, without recognizing him.*
In such a shape a father's curse should come.
Emerick (*advancing*). Fear not
Sarolta. Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?
Emerick. Friend!
Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.
Sarolta. Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid! [*Aside.*
The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your Majesty?
Emerick. Sarolta's love;
And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.
Sarolta. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!
Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!
Emerick. Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.
[*Seizes her.*
Sarolta. Help! Treason! Help!
Emerick. Call louder! Scream again!
Here's none can hear you!
Sarolta. Hear me, hear me, Heaven!
Emerick. Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!
Sarolta. Yet, yet for one brief moment
[*Struggling.*
Unhand me, I conjure you.
[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.* EMERICK *follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.*
Emerick. Ha! Ha! a dagger;
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!
[*During this speech* BETHLEN *enters armed.*
Bethlen. Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!
Emerick. Pish! who is this?
Sarolta. O sleepless eye of Heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call thee Bethlen?
Bethlen. Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!
Emerick. Insolent slave! Depart! Know'st thou not *me*?
Bethlen. I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!
Sarolta. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!
Bethlen. Usurped it!
Emerick. The king will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and—
[*Then to Sarolta.*
—mark you, traitress!
Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.
Sarolta. Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!
Bethlen. Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!
That from some vagrant actor's tiring-room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!
Emerick. Ah! treason!
Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!
[EMERICK *points his hand haughtily towards* BETHLEN, *who catching a sight of the*

signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.

Bethlen. It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!

But with a foul usurping cypher on it!
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must follow it!
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
Who fillest the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

[*They fight, and just as* EMERICK *is disarmed, in rush* CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, *and* Attendants. CASIMIR *runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle* BETHLEN'S *sword is thrown down.*

Casimir. The king! disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!
What may this mean?

Emerick. Deceived, dishonored lord!
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases:
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of *half* thy vengeance I perforce must rob thee,
For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*Then to the* Attendants.

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

Bethlen. Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

Emerick. Who speaks to him dies!
The traitor that has menaced
His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

Casimir (*to Bathory*). Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit* BETHLEN, *hurried off by* BATHORY *and* Attendants.

Emerick. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou (*to Casimir*) wilt attend us: and wilt then explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit* EMERICK; *Manent* CASIMIR *and* SAROLTA.

Sarolta. My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!

[*Pointing to the sword which* BETHLEN *had been disarmed of by the* Attendants.

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

Casimir. Hush! hush!

[*In an under voice.*

I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!

[*Embracing her.*

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!

[*Exeunt consulting.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR *looking anxiously around.*

Casimir. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!——
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—
Lord Rudolph. Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourned there some hours?
Casimir. I did so!
Lord Rudolph. Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?
Casimir. Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!
Lord Rudolph. Was there no word given?
Casimir. The word for me was this;
—*The royal Leopard*
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.
Lord Rudolph. Your answer?
Casimir. As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!
Lord Rudolph. The event redeemed their pledge?
Casimir. It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!
[*They take hands, etc.*
Lord Rudolph. But Emerick! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?
Casimir. O he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.
Lord Rudolph. I entered as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you:
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush! draw back!
Casimir. This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.
Lord Rudolph. There! mark them!
[*Points to where* LASKA *and* PESTALUTZ *cross the Stage.*
Casimir. Laska!
Lord Rudolph. One of the two I recognized this morning;
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message
Dispart you from your servants.
Casimir (*aside*). I deserve it.
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant:
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.
Lord Rudolph. And his main policy.
To enthral the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthral the world: for the will governs all.
See, the sky lowers! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt!
Casimir. Mark yonder mass! I make it wear the shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.
Lord Rudolph (*smiling*). Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,
Which, if bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,

Glaucus or Proteus. But *my* fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.
Casimir. Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war!
[*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*
Lord Rudolph. That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate. [*A volley of trumpets.*
Hark! now the king comes forth!
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship!
I must away! my absence may be noticed.
Casimir. Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili!
[*Exit* RUDOLPH *and manet* CASIMIR.
The traitor, Laska!——
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this?—O she was innocent!
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!
O fool! O parricide! through yon wood did'st thou,
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country! [*Exit* CASIMIR.

[SCENE II]

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern, as in Act II. ZAPOLYA *and* GLYCINE *discovered.*

Zapolya. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.
Glycine. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,

And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. [*Exit* GLYCINE.
[*Enter* OLD BATHORY, *speaking as he enters.*
Old Bathory. Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!
[ZAPOLYA, *who had been gazing affectionately after* GLYCINE, *starts at* BATHORY'S *voice.*
Zapolya. He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not Bathory?
Old Bathory. O noble lady! greetings from your son! [BATHORY *kneels.*
Zapolya. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!
Old Bathory. O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—
Zapolya. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?
Old Bathory. She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——
Zapolya. Hark! Is it he?
Old Bathory. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest,
To have led you hence.—Retire.
Zapolya. O life of terrors!
Old Bathory. In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—
[*Exeunt* ZAPOLYA *and* BATHORY *into the Cave.*
Enter LASKA *and* PESTALUTZ.
Laska. Not a step further!
Pestalutz. Dastard! was this your promise to the king?
Laska. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you
As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir:
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.
Pestalutz (*affecting to start*). Be on your guard, man!
Laska (*in affright*). Ha! what now?
Pestalutz. Behind you!
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!
Laska. Pshaw! What! you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?
Pestalutz. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?
Laska (*pompously*). Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!
Pestalutz (*with a sneer*). What! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?
Laska (*throwing down a bow and arrows*). Well! there's my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail you,

These points are tipt with venom.
[*Starts and sees* GLYCINE *without.*
By Heaven! Glycine!
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!
[*They run out after* GLYCINE, *and she shrieks without: then enter* BATHORY *from the cavern.*
Old Bathory. Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?
The shriek came thence.
[*Clash of swords, and* BETHLEN'S *voice heard from behind the scenes;* GLYCINE *enters alarmed; then, as seeing* LASKA'S *bow and arrows.*
Glycine. Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee!
[*She seizes them and rushes out,* BATHORY *following her. Lively and irregular music, and* Peasants *with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.
[*Exeunt* Huntsmen.
[*Re-enter, as the* Huntsmen *pass off,* BATHORY, BETHLEN, *and* GLYCINE.

Glycine (*leaning on Bethlen*). And now once more a woman——
Bethlen. Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?
Old Bathory (*to Bethlen exultingly*). 'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.
Enter ZAPOLYA.
Zapolya. Bethlen! my child! and safe too!
Bethlen. Mother! Queen!
Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.
So do the Gods who launch the thunderbolt!
Zapolya. O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense—
Bethlen (*hastily*). And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili!
Zapolya. It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.
Old Bathory. Hail Andreas! hail my king! [*Triumphantly.*
Andreas. Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous Destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty

To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.
Glycine. Accept thine hand-maid's service! [*Kneeling.*
Zapolya. Raise her, son!
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!
Andreas. Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chace,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.
Glycine. Hark! sure the hunt approaches.
[*Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.*
Zapolya. O Kiuprili!
Old Bathory. The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
Has scattered them!
[*Horns heard as from different places at a distance.*
Zapolya. O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?
Old Bathory. The wood will be surrounded! leave me here.
Andreas. My mother! let me see *thee* once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero!

Old Bathory. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe. [*Thunder again.*
Andreas. Ha! what a crash was there!
Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
[*Pointing without to the body of* PESTALUTZ.
Than yon vile subaltern.
Zapolya. Your behest, High powers,
Low I obey! to the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!
[*Exeunt* ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, *and* GLYCINE, ANDREAS *having in haste dropt his sword. Manet* BATHORY.
Old Bathory. Yon bleeding corse (*pointing to Pestaluts's body*) may work us mischief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
I'll drag it hither.
[*Exit* BATHORY. *After awhile several* Hunters *cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter* KIUPRILI *in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.*
Raab Kiuprili (*throwing off his disguise*). Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
Shall be my trust.
[*Then speaking as to* ZAPOLYA *in the Cavern.*
Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!
[*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.*
Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
Each sinew powerless; senseless rock, sustain me!
Thou art parcel of my native land.
[*Then observing the sword.*
A sword!
Ha! and *my* sword! Zapolya hath escaped,

The murderers are baffled, and there lives
An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms—
I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
To end *his* work and thine! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, *with the dead body of* PESTALUTZ.

Old Bathory. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[*Then observing* KIUPRILI.

'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than *Kiuprili*.

Kiuprili. And are they safe?

[*Noise without.*

Old Bathory. Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

Kiuprili. Is Zapolya safe?

Old Bathory. I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!

[*As he retires, in rushes* CASIMIR.

Casimir (*entering*). Monster!
Thou shalt not now escape me!

Old Bathory. Stop, lord Casimir!
It is no monster.

Casimir. Art thou too a traitor?
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

Old Bathory (*pointing to the body of* PESTALUTZ). There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

Casimir. Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?

[BATHORY *points to the Cavern, whence* KIUPRILI *advances.*

Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?

Old Bathory. Casimir, to thy father.

Casimir (*discovering Kiuprili*). The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

Old Bathory (*to Kiuprili*). Speak, speak, my lord!

Kiuprili (*holds out the sword to Bathory*). Bid him fulfil his work!

Casimir. Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!

Old Bathory. He lives!

Casimir. Lives! A father's curse can never die!

Kiuprili (*in a tone of pity*). O Casimir! Casimir!

Old Bathory. Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[EMERICK'S *voice without.*

Casimir. I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!

Kiuprili. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

[KIUPRILI *and* CASIMIR *embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting* KIUPRILI. CASIMIR *as by accident drops his robe, and* BATHORY *throws it over the body of* PESTALUTZ.

Emerick (*entering*). Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masquerade
As gods or wood-nymphs!—

[*Then sees the body of* PESTALUTZ, *covered by* CASIMIR'S *cloak.*

Ha! 'tis done then!
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our *last* fears!
Well!—Aye, well!——
And is it *not* well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[*As* EMERICK *moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern* CASIMIR *and* BATHORY.

Old Bathory (*pointing to where the noise is, and aside to Casimir*). This way they come!

Casimir (*aside to Bathory*). Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

Emerick (*aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory, and looking at the dead body*). And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*Uncovers the face, and starts.*

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

Casimir (*coming forward*). Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

Emerick. Curses on it and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!

Casimir. Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight.* EMERICK *falls.*

Emerick. Betrayed and baffled
By mine own tool!——Oh! [*Dies.*

Casimir (*triumphantly*). Hear, hear, my Father!
Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O Father,
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!
Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and* Attendants.

Rudolph and Bathory (*entering*). Friends! friends to Casimir!

Casimir. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

Rudolph. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

Casimir. Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment——
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen

With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!
[*Exeunt* CASIMIR *into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.*

[SCENE III]

Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in CASIMIR'S *Castle.* Confederates *discovered.*

First Confederate. It can not but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!
Enter another Confederate.
What tidings from Temeswar?
Second Confederate. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.
First Confederate. Just doom for him, who governs without law!
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?
Second Confederate. Nothing is yet decided: but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——
Enter SAROLTA.
Hail to Sarolta!
Sarolta. Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath returned
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wonderous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.
[*Shouts of* 'Kiuprili, Kiuprili,' *and* 'The Tyrant's fallen,' *without. Then enter* KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and* Attendants, *after the clamour has subsided.*
Raab Kiuprili. Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you:
Behold, your Queen!
[*Enter from opposite side,* ZAPOLYA *and* ANDREAS *royally attired, with* GLYCINE.
Confederate. Comes she from heaven to bless us?
Other Confederates. It is! it is!
Zapolya. Heaven's work of grace is full!
Kiuprili, thou art safe!
Raab Kiuprili. Royal Zapolya!
To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King! And thank our country's genius,
That the same means which have preserved our sovereign,
Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,
(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)
We haste to lay before the assembled council.
All. Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!
Andreas. Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink

From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!—
But what can breath add to that sacred name?
Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm:
Thou *my* support and *I* thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,
They are but an art to check its overswelling.
Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta? Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?
Thou sword that leap'st forth from a bed of roses:
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

Zapolya. Hear that from me, son!
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

Casimir. Chef Ragozzi!
O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

Zapolya. Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel (*pointing to* SAROLTA) to thy house to guard her!
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures! [*To* ANDREAS.
The sport of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!
(*Pointing to* GLYCINE.) Take her, son!
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

Sarolta. A banquet waits!—
On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home;
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

END OF ZAPOLYA.

ADDENDA

I

EPIGRAMS, ETC.

[A few 'Epigrams' which had gained a place in Coleridge's collected works have been omitted, being found not to belong to him. A few others have been excluded as too trivial. But the omissions have been more than compensated by additions of better quality from MSS. hitherto unprinted.

It is difficult at this time of day to deal quite adequately with a certain class of these effusions. To exclude all, would be to mask one side of a man exceptionally many-sided: to include only one or two would equally convey a false impression. Already they have been included in so many editions of Coleridge's works as to have become part and parcel of them, and will always have to be taken into account in any estimate of his genius and character.

Few of the less serious of the 'Epigrams' are entirely original: many are translated from Lessing, and as a rule, rendered with no great felicity.]

1

YOU'RE careful o'er your wealth, 'tis true,
Yet so, that of your plenteous store,
The poor man tastes and blesses you—
For you flee Poverty and not the Poor.
MS. 1799.

2

SAY what you will, Ingenious Youth!
You'll find me neither Dupe nor Dunce:
Once you deceived me—only once,
'Twas then when you told me the Truth.
MS. 1799.

[ANOTHER VERSION]

3

IF the guilt of all lying consists in deceit,
Lie on—'tis your duty, sweet youth!
For believe me, then only we find you a cheat
When you cunningly tell us the truth.
Ann. Anth. 1800.

4

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT

No doleful faces here, no sighing—
Here rots a thing that *won* by dying:
'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust—
Whom Death created into dust.
MS. 1799.

5

ON A SLANDERER

FROM yonder tomb of recent date,
There comes a strange mephitic blast.
Here lies—Ha! Backbite, you at last—
'Tis he indeed: and sure as fate,
They buried him in overhaste—
Into the earth he has been cast,
And in this grave,
Before the man had breathed his last.
MS. 1799.

6

THERE comes from old Avaro's grave
A deadly stench—why, sure they have
Immured his *soul* within his grave?
Keepsake, 1829.

7

LINES IN A GERMAN STUDENT'S ALBUM

WE both attended the same College,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many,
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,
In England I, and you in Germany.

Carlyon's *Early Years*, etc. i. 68. 1799.

8

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES

HOARSE Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all and at all times,
And deems them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

But folks say, Mævius is no ass!
But Mævius makes it clear
That he's a monster of an ass,
An ass without an ear.

Morn. Post, Sep. 7, 1799.

9

JEM writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

Morn. Post, Sep. 23, 1799.

10

DORIS can find no taste in tea,
Green to her drinks like Bohea;
Because she makes the tea so small
She never tastes the tea at all.

Morn. Post, Nov. 14, 1799.

11

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
But prithee where lies Jack's estate?
In Algebra, for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

Morn. Post, Nov. 16, 1799.

12

WHAT? rise again with *all* one's bones?
Quoth Giles, I hope you fib.
I trusted when I went to Heaven
To go without my rib.

Morn. Post, Dec. 12, 1799.

13

JOB'S LUCK

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows,—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse! 1799.

Morn. Post, Sept. 26, 1801

14

TO MR. PYE

On his *Carmen Seculare* (a title which has by various persons who have heard it, been thus translated, 'A Poem *an age long*').

YOUR Poem must *eternal* be,
Eternal! it can't fail,
For 'tis *incomprehensible*,
And without head or tail!

Morn. Post, Jan. 24, 1800.

The following eight 'Epigrams' were printed in *The Annual Anthology* for 1800:—

15

O WOULD the Baptist come again
And preach aloud with might and main
Repentance to our viperous race!
But should this miracle take place,
I hope, ere Irish ground he treads,
He'll lay in a good stock of heads!

16

OCCASIONED BY THE FORMER

I HOLD of all our viperous race
The greedy creeping things in place
Most vile, most venomous; and then
The United Irishmen!
To come on earth should John determine,
Imprimis, we'll excuse his sermon.
Without a word the good old Dervis
Might work incalculable service,
At once from tyranny and riot
Save laws, lives, liberties and moneys,
If sticking to his ancient diet
He'd but eat up our locusts and *wild honeys*!

17

As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking,
Whom should we see on t'other side pass by
But Informator with a stranger talking,
So I exclaim'd, 'Lord, what a lie!'
Quoth Dick—'What, can you hear him?'
'Hear him! stuff!
I saw him open his mouth—an't that enough?'

18

TO A PROUD PARENT

THY babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name;
'My Lud!' they lisp. Now whence can this arise?
Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame
And will not teach her infant to tell lies.

19

HIPPONA lets no silly flush
Disturb her cheek, nought makes her blush.
Whate'er obscenities you say,
She nods and titters frank and gay,
Oh Shame, awake one honest flush
For this,—that nothing makes her blush.

20

THY lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast,
It don't surprise me in the least
To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,
Yes—that surprises me.

21

ON A BAD SINGER

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

22

OCCASIONED BY THE LAST

A JOKE (cries Jack) without a sting—
Post obitum can no man sing.
And true, if Jack don't mend his manners
And quit the atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such *folks* as can only *howl*.

23

SONG

TO BE SUNG BY THE LOVERS OF ALL THE NOBLE LIQUORS COMPRISED UNDER THE NAME OF ALE.

A.

YE drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free,
Are the Gods on Olympus so happy as we?

B.

They cannot be so happy!
For why? they drink no Nappy.

A.

But what if Nectar, in their lingo,
Is but another name for Stingo?

B.

Why, then we and the Gods are equally blest,
And Olympus an Ale-house as good as the best!

M. Post, Sep. 18, 1801.

24

EPITAPH

ON A BAD MAN

Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie
This sad brief tale is all that Truth can give—
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live!

M. Post, Sep. 22, 1801. Εστησε.

25

Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie,
Who valued nought that God or man could give;
He lived as if he never thought to die;
He died as if he dared not hope to live!

[So reprinted by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge in *Essays on his own Times* as 'Another Version'; with this foot-note: 'The name *Walter Harcourt* has been supplied by the Editor, S. C.' The following adaptation is now first printed from S. T. C.'s papers.—Ed.]

Obiit Saturday, Sept. 10, 1830.

W. H. *Eheu!*

Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie,
Thankless of all that God or man could give.
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live.

Sept. 30, 1830.

With a sadness at heart, and an earnest hope grounded on his misanthropic sadness, when I first knew him in his 20th or 21st year, that a something existed in his bodily organism that in the sight of the All-Merciful lessened his responsibility, and the moral imputation of his acts and feelings.

MS.

26

DRINKING *VERSUS* THINKING

OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY

My Merry men all, that drink with glee
This fanciful Philosophy,
Pray tell me what good is it?
If *antient Nick* should come and take
The same across the Stygian Lake,
I guess we ne'er should miss it.

Away, each pale, self-brooding spark
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
Away from our carousing!
To Pallas we resign such fowls—
Grave birds of wisdom! ye're but owls,
And all your trade but *mousing*!

My Merry men all, here's punch and wine,
And spicy bishop, drink divine!
Let's live while we are able.
While Mirth and Sense sit, hand in glove,
This Don Philosophy we'll shove
Dead drunk beneath the table!

M. Post, Sep. 25, 1801.

27

A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST CONSULS

FROM AN OLD TRAGEDY, VIZ. AGATHA TO KING ARCHELAUS

Three truths should make thee often think and pause;
The first is, that thou govern'st over men;

The second, that thy power is from the laws ;
And this the third, that thou must die !—and then ?—
M. Post, Sep. 27, 1801.

28

TO A CERTAIN MODERN NARCISSUS

Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come ;
My looking-glass will always be at home.
M. Post, Dec. 16, 1801.

29

TO A CRITIC

WHO EXTRACTED A PASSAGE FROM A POEM WITHOUT ADDING A WORD RESPECTING THE CONTEXT, AND THEN DERIDED IT AS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

MOST candid critic, what if I,
By way of joke, pull out your eye,
And holding up the fragment, cry,
'Ha ! ha ! that men such fools should be !
Behold this shapeless Dab !—and he
Who own'd it, fancied it could *see* !'
The joke were mighty analytic,
But should you like it, candid critic ?
M. Post, Dec. 16, 1801.

30

ALWAYS AUDIBLE

PASS under Jack's window at twelve at night,
You'll hear him still—he's roaring !
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at noon,
You'll hear him still—he's snoring !
Morn. Post, Dec. 19, 1801.

31

PONDERE NON NUMERO

FRIENDS should be *weigh'd*, not *told* ;
who boasts to have won
A multitude of friends, he ne'er had one.
Morn. Post, Dec. 26, 1801.

32

TO wed a fool, I really cannot see
Why thou, Eliza, art so very loth ;
Still on a par with other pairs you'd be,
Since thou hast wit and sense enough for both.
Morn. Post, Dec. 26, 1801.

[The twenty 'Original Epigrams' following were printed in the *Morning Post* in September and October 1802, with the signature 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.']

(*September* 23, 1802.)

33

WHAT is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

34

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught at length his memory the same trick.
Believing thus what he so oft repeats
He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth,
That now himself and no one'else he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

35

AN evil spirit's on thee, friend ! of late !
Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy Estate.
Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,
Th' estate hath prov'd to thee a most complete possession.
Shame, shame, old friend ! would'st thou be truly blest,
Be thy wealth's Lord, not slave ! *possessor*, not possess'd.

36

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.
Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush ! we mean the same.

37

TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED IN PRINT WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY MY FIRESIDE

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation,
My secrets and my want of penetration:
For O! far more than all which thou hast penn'd
It shames me to have call'd a wretch, like thee, my friend!

38

'*Obscuri sub luce maligna.*'—Virg.

Scarce any scandal, but has a handle;
In truth most falsehoods have their rise;
Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,
And out there fly a host of lies.
Malignant light, by cloudy night,
To precipices it decoys one!
One nectar-drop from Jove's own shop
Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

39

Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air,
And thanks his stars, whenever Edmund speaks,
That such a dupe as that is not his heir—
But know, old Harpy! that these fancy freaks,
Though vain and light, as floating gossamer,
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

40

TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY

Didst thou think less of thy dear self
Far more would others think of thee!
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth
Reduces thee to poverty.
Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,
On thee as on her darling pitching;
Couldst thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd
That moment would'st thou become rich in!
And wert thou not so self-bewitch'd,
Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

(*October* 2, 1802.)

41

From me, Aurelia! you desired
Your proper praise to know;
Well! you're the Fair by all admired—
Some twenty years ago.

42

FOR A HOUSE-DOG'S COLLAR

When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still—
So perform both my master's and mistress's will.

43

In vain I praise thee, Zoilus!
In vain thou rail'st at me!
Me no one credits, Zoilus!
And no one credits thee!

(*October* 9, 1802.)

44

EPITAPH ON A MERCENARY MISER

A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd
One night at Sell-all's door,
The same who saved old Sell-all's life—
'Twas but the year before!
And Sell-all rose and let him in,
Not utterly unwilling,
But first he bargain'd with the man,
And took his only shilling!
That night he dreamt he'd given away his pelf,

Walk'd in his sleep, and sleeping hung himself!
And now his soul and body rest below;
And here they say his punishment and fate is
To lie awake and every hour to know
How many people read his tombstone GRATIS.

(*October* 11, 1802.)

45

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

Author. Come; your opinion of my manuscript!
Friend. Dear Joe! I would almost as soon be whipt.
Author. But I *will* have it!
Friend. If it must be had—(*hesitating*)
You write so ill, I scarce could read the hand—
Author. A mere evasion!
Friend. And you spell so bad,
That what I read I could not understand.

46

Μωροσοφία, OR WISDOM IN FOLLY

TOM SLOTHFUL talks, as slothful Tom beseems,
What he shall shortly gain and what be doing,
Then drops asleep, and so prolongs his dreams
And thus *enjoys* at once what half the world are *wooing*.

47

EACH Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf!
He shews his clothes! Alas! he shews *himself*.
O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,
What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

48

FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET
[WERNICKE]

THAT France has put us oft to rout
With *powder*, which ourselves found out;
And laughs at us for fools in *print*
Of which our genius was the mint;
All this I easily admit,
For we have genius, France has wit.
But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad
To Frenchmen's wives each travelling German goes,
Expands his manly vigour by *their* sides,
Becomes the father of his country's foes
And turns *their warriors* oft to parricides.

49

ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE

THAT IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE THE SUN IS FEMININE AND THE MOON MASCULINE

OUR English poets, bad and good, agree
To make the Sun a male, the Moon a she.
He drives HIS dazzling diligence on high,
In verse, as constantly as in the sky;
And cheap as blackberries our sonnets shew
The Moon, Heaven's huntress, with HER silver bow;
By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,
Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.
In Germany they just reverse the thing;
The Sun becomes a queen, the Moon a king.
Now, that the Sun should represent the women,
The Moon the men, to me seem'd mighty humming;
And when I first read German, made me stare.
Surely it is not that the wives are there
As *common* as the SUN to lord and loon,
And all their husbands *horned* as the Moon.

50

SPOTS IN THE SUN

My father confessor is strict and holy,
Mi Fili, still he cries, *peccare noli*.
And yet how oft I find the pious man
At Annette's door, the lovely courtesan!
Her soul's deformity the good man wins
And not her charms! he comes to hear her sins!
Good father! I would fain not do thee wrong;
But ah! I fear that they who oft and long
Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot,
Must sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

51

When Surface talks of other people's worth
He has the weakest memory on earth!
And when his own good deeds he deigns to mention,
His *memory* still is no whit better grown;
But then he makes up for it, all will own,
By a prodigious talent of *invention*.

52

TO MY CANDLE

THE FAREWELL EPIGRAM

Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire,
Art my best friend and comforter at night,
Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire
That I on thee an epigram should write.
Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger-joint,
Thy own flame is an epigram of sight;
'Tis *short*, and *pointed*, and *all over* light,
Yet gives *most* light and burns the keenest at the point. *Vulete et Plaudite.*

53

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELF

Here sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming—
Who died as he had always lived, a-dreaming:
Shot dead, while sleeping, by the gout within—
Alone and all unknown, at Edinbro' in an Inn. 1803.

54

An excellent adage commands that we should
Relate of the dead that alone which is good;
But of the great Lord who here lies in lead
We know nothing good but that he is dead.

Friend, Nov. 12, 1809.

55

MOTTO

FOR A TRANSPARENCY DESIGNED BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON AND EXHIBITED AT BRISTOL ON 'PROCLAMATION DAY'—*June* 29, 1814.

We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last,
The rav'ning vulture's leg seems fetter'd fast!
Britons, rejoice! and yet be wary too:
The chain may break, the clipt wing sprout anew.

[The following was suggested by Coleridge as an alternative, but the former was used:—]

56

We've conquer'd us a Peace, like lads true metalled:
And Bankrupt *Nap's* accompts seem all now settled.

Cottle's *Early Recollections*, ii. 145.

57

MONEY, I've heard a wise man say,
Makes herself wings and flies away —
Ah! would she take it in her head
To make a pair for me instead.

MS. 1815.

58

MODERN CRITICS

NO private grudge they need, no personal spite,
The *viva sectio* is its own delight!
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
Disinterested thieves of our good name:
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbours' fame!

Biog. Lit. (1817), ii. 118. ? 1816.

59

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

PARRY seeks the Polar ridge,
Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,
Author of Works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—
The public little knows—the publisher too much. ? 1818.

60

SENTIMENTAL

THE rose that blushes like the morn,
Bedecks the valleys low;
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe. 1824.

61

THE ALTERNATIVE

THIS way or that, ye Powers above me!
I of my grief were rid—
Did Enna either really love me,
Or cease to think she did. 1826.

62

LINES

TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW

WHAT though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak:
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romp'd with the Graces; and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran;
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allured the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own good man.
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth
Men call'd him—maugre all his wit and worth,
Was croak'd and gabbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
'I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!' ? 1825.

63

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

'A HEAVY wit shall hang at every lord,'
So sung Dan Pope; but 'pon my word,
He was a story-teller,
Or else the times have altered quite,
For wits, or heavy, now, or light
Hang each by a bookseller.
S. T. C.

Quoted in *News of Literature*, Dec. 10, 1825. See *Arch. Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, 1873, iii. 482.

64

COLOGNE

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

65

ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM THE SAME CITY

As I am rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be*known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne. 1828.

66

In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes,
The thing called Wine doth come from grapes,
But on the noble River Rhine,
The thing called Gripes doth come from Wine! 1828.

Memoir of C. M. Young, 1871, p. 122.

67

Last Monday all the papers said
That Mr. —— was dead;
Why, then, what said the city?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sigh'd and sighing said,
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'
But when the said report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other *nine* parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'

Keepsake, 1829.

68

CHOLERA CURED BEFOREHAND.

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, etc.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl!—
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potato—
And don't drink, like old Cato.
Ah! beware of Dispipsy,
And don't ye get tipsy!
For tho' gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,
They're but crimps to Dispipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Call'd Cholery Morpus;
Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him,
Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There's no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:—
You'll find it too true.

Och ! the hallabaloo !
Och ! och ! how you'll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail ;—
'Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.
So without further blethring,
Dear mudlarks ! my brethren !
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams, and cold salads,
And don't pig in styes that would suffocate sows !
Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's and Beelzebub's banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners !

July 26, 1832.

II

FRAGMENTS FROM A COMMONPLACE BOOK,

Circa 1795-97

Once in the possession of John Mathew Gutch, and now (since 1868) in the British Museum, *Add. MSS.* 27901. Some of these Fragments were printed in Coleridge's *Remains*, 4 vols. 1836-39 ; others are now printed for the first time.

1

LITTLE Daisy—very late spring. March. Quid si vivat ? Do all things in Faith. *Never pluck a flower again !* Mem.

[I do not think Coleridge took this vow in public—but Landor did—('Faesulan Idyll' in *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831).

'And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely. . . .
I never pluck the rose : the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me : the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.'—ED.]

2

LIGHT cargoes waft of modulated sound
From viewless Hybla brought, when Melodies
Like Birds of Paradise on wings, that aye
Disport in wild varieties of hues,
Murmur around the honey-dropping flowers.

3

BROAD-BREASTED rock—hanging cliff that glasses
His rugged forehead in the calmy sea.

[Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glassed on the subject ocean.
Destiny of Nations.—ED.]

4

WHERE Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles
And scarce the willow's watery shadow trembles.

5

WITH secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound,
[or]
Guess at the wound, and heal with secret hand.

6

OUTMALICE Calumny's imposthum'd tongue.

7

AND write Impromptus
Spurring their Pegasus with tortoise gallop.

8

DUE to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power
Forget thirst's eager promise, and presume,
Dark Dreamers! that the world forgets it too.

9

PERISH warmth
Unfaithful to its seeming!

10

POETRY without egotism, comparatively uninteresting.

[See *Preface*, 1796.]

11

OLD age, 'the shape and messenger of Death,'
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door.

12

GOD no distance knows,
All of the whole possessing!

13

WHEREFORE art thou come? doth not the Creator of all things know all things? And if thou art come to seek him, know that where thou wast, there he was.

[See *Wanderings of Cain*.]

14

AND cauldrons the scoop'd earth, a boiling sea.

15

RUSH on my ear, a cataract of sound.

16

THE guilty pomp, consuming while it flares.

17

MY heart seraglios a whole host of joys.

18

A DUNGEON

IN darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock
Told me that now the rising sun
Shone lovely on my garden.

[See *Osorio*, Act i. and *Remorse*, Act i. Scene ii.]

19

THE Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink)
Shot half his rays aslant the heath whose flowers
Purpled the mountain's broad and level top;
Rich was his bed of clouds, and wide beneath
Expecting Ocean smiled with dimpled face.

20

THE quick raw flesh that burneth in the wound.

21

WISDOM, Mother of retired Thought.

22

Nature
Wrote Rascal on his face by chalcographic art!

23

DIM specks of entity. (Applied to invisible insects.)

24

In this world
We dwell among the tombs and touch
The pollutions of the Dead—to God!

[See *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 169-171.

For she had lived
In this bad world, as in a place of tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the dead. ED.]

25

THE mild despairing of a heart resigned.

26

SUCH fierce vivacity as fires the eye
Of Genius fancy-craz'd.

[See *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 250, 251.

Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery fancy-craz'd. ED.]

27

—— like a mighty Giantess
Seiz'd in sore travail and prodigious birth
Sick Nature struggled: long and strange her pangs;
Her groans were horrible, but O! most fair
The twins she bore—EQUALITY and PEACE!

[See *Ode to the Departing Year*. In the original edition the second strophe thus ended:—

Seiz'd in sore travail and portentous birth
(Her eye-balls flashing a pernicious glare)
Sick Nature struggles! Hark! her pangs increase!
Her groans are horrible! But O! most fair
The promised twins she bears—Equality and Peace!

The 'Ode' was published on the last day of 1796. On the 6th February 1797 Coleridge wrote of this passage to John Thelwall:—'You forgot to point out to me that the whole child-birth of Nature is at once ludicrous and disgusting—an epigram smart yet bombastic.'—ED.]

28

Discontent
Mild as an infant low-plaining in its sleep.

29

—— terrible and loud
As the strong Voice that from the Thunder-cloud
Speaks to the startled Midnight.

30

The swallows
Interweaving there, and the pair'd sea-mews
At distance wildly wailing!

31

On the broad mountain-top
The neighing wild-colt races with the wind
O'er fern and heath-flowers.

32

A long deep lane
So overshadow'd, it might seem one bower—
The damp clay-banks were furr'd with mouldy moss.

33

BROAD-BREASTED Pollards, with broad-branching heads.

34

'TWAS sweet to know it only possible—
Some wishes cross'd my mind and dimly cheer'd it—
And one or two poor melancholy Pleasures—
In these, the pale unwarming light of Hope
Silv'ring their flimsy wing, flew silent by,
Moths in the moonlight.

35

Behind the thin
Grey cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky
The round full moon look'd small.

[See *Christabel*, ll. 16, 17.

The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.—ED.]

36

The subtle snow in every breeze, rose curling from the grove, like pillars of cottage smoke.

[See *The Picture; or, The Lover's Resolution*, ll. 148-150.

All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns.—ED.]

37

Hartley fell down and hurt himself. I caught him up angry and screaming—and ran out of doors with him. The moon caught his eye—he ceased crying immediately—and his eyes and the tears in them, how they glittered in the moonlight!

[See this versified at the end of *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem.*—ED.]

38

Describe—
the never-bloomless Furze—and the transition to the *Gordonia Lasianthus*.

[Which is done at great length, in prose. "The never-bloomless furze" occurs in the sixth line of *Fears in Solitude*.—ED.]

39

The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall,
A-shining thro' the snow.

40

A maniac in the woods—She crosses heedlessly the woodman's path—scourg'd by rebounding boughs.

[Compare this with discarded stanza in 'Intro. to the Tale of the Dark Ladié' ['Love'], as printed in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799. See 'Note 123.'

And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;
How bows rebounding scourg'd his limbs,
And low stubs gor'd his feet.—ED.]

41

SABBATH-DAY

From the Miller's mossy wheel the water-drops dripp'd leisurely.

42

The merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes

[and so on, down to 'Of all its music'—the passage *verbatim et literatim* as it has appeared in all the editions of *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem.*—ED.]

43

HYMNS—MOON

In a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer, an image of ice, which makes its appearance thus: Two days before the new moon there appears a bubble of ice, which increases in size every day till the fifteenth day, at which it is an ell or more in height;—then, as the moon decreases the image does also till it vanishes. *Mem.* Read the whole 107th page of Maurice's *Hindostan.*

[In a list of projected works (twenty-seven in number!) entered by Coleridge in this note-book, the sixteenth runs thus: 'Hymns to the Sun, the Moon, and the Elements—six hymns. In one of them to introduce a dissection of Atheism, particularly the Godwinian System of Pride. Proud of what? An outcast of blind Nature ruled by a fatal Necessity—Slave of an Ideot Nature. In the last Hymn a sublime enumeration of all the charms or tremendities of Nature—then a bold avowal of Berkeley's system!!!!' The entry following 'Hymns—Moon' is this: 'Hymns—Sun—Remember to look at Quintus Curtius—lib. 3, cap. 3 and 4.' There are also a number of similar jottings with regard to the Elements; but the scheme came to nothing.—Ed.]

44

The tongue can't speak when the mouth
is cramm'd with earth—
A little mould fills up most eloquent
mouths,
And a square stone with a few pious
texts
Cut neatly on it, keeps the mould down
tight.

[The original of a soliloquy of Osorio (the 'Ordonio' of *Remorse*), in *Osorio*, Act iii. p. 497.—Ed.]

45

And with my whole heart sing the stately
song,
Loving the God that made me.

[See *Fears in Solitude*, ll. 193-197.

O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been
my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the
which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately
songs,
Loving the God that made me!—Ed.]

46

bowed spirit (*a*).
Deep inward stillness and a bowed soul (*a*).
Searching of Heart.
Fancy's wilder foragings.
God's Judgment dallying (*b*).
. . . .

[See *Ode on the Departing Year*, Strophe I. (first edition).

(*a*) Long had I listen'd, free from mortal
fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed
mind.

And in the first edition (1796), Antistrophe II.:

(*b*) Hark! how wide Nature joins her
groans below—
Rise, God of Nature, rise! Why sleep
thy bolts unhurl'd?

Soon after occurs this entry:—
Stood up beautiful before God.
Evidently the original of the closing lines of Antistrophe I. of the *Ode*.

The Spirit of the Earth made reverence
meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the
cloudy seat.

Further on is found—

God's Image, Sister of the Cherubim !

the original of the closing line of the *Ode*—

God's Image, sister of the Seraphim !
ED.]

47

AND re-implace God's Image in the Soul.

48

AND arrows steelled with wrath.

49

LOV'D the same Love, and hated the same hate,
Breath'd in unison ! etc. etc.

50

O MAN ! thou half-dead Angel !

51

GREAT things such as the Ocean counterfeit infinity.

52

THY stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow
Chill me, like dew-damps of th' unwholesome Night.
My Love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath thy Touch, unkindly man !
Breath'd on by gentle gales of Courtesy
And cheer'd by sunshine of impassion'd look—
Then ope its petals of no vulgar hues.

[See *Remorse*, Act i. Sc. ii., and *Osorio*, Act i. Teresa (Maria), replying to Valdez' (Velez') importunings to marry Ordonio (Osorio)—

For mercy's sake
Press me no more ! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew-damps of the unwholesome night ;
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch. ED.]

53

WITH skill that never Alchemist yet told,
Made drossy Lead as ductile as pure Gold.

54

GRANT me a patron, gracious Heaven ! whene'er
My unwash'd follies call for penance drear :
But when more hideous guilt this heart infests
Instead of fiery coals upon my pate,
O let a *titled* patron be my fate ;—
That fierce compendium of Ægyptian pests !
Right reverend Dean, right honourable Squire,
Lord, Marquis, Earl, Duke, Prince,—or if aught higher,
However proudly nicknamed, he shall be
Anathema Maránatha to me !

III

FRAGMENTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

55

O'ER the raised earth the gales of evening sigh ;
And, see, a Daisy peeps upon its slope !
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye ;
Even on the cold grave lights the Cherub Hope !

[Printed (only) in the first 'Note' to *Poems* 1852 (p. 379), from a 'memorandum by the author,' who describes the lines as 'the concluding stanza of an Elegy on a Lady, who died in early youth'; and as composed 'before my 15th year.' In a letter (unpublished) to Thomas Poole, Feb. 1, 1801, Coleridge writes or quotes the following with reference to the death of Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita')—

Well !—
O'er her piled grave the gale of Evening sighs,
And flowers will grow upon its grassy slope,
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye—
Even in the cold grave dwells the Cherub Hope ! ED.]

56

LINES TO THOMAS POOLE

[Quoted in a letter from Coleridge to John Thelwall, dated Dec. 17, 1796.]

. . . . Joking apart, I would to God we could sit by a fireside and joke *vivâ voce*, face to face—Stella [Mrs. Thelwall] and Sara [Mrs. S. T. Coleridge], Jack Thelwall and I !—as I once wrote to my dear *friend* T. Poole,—

Repeating
Such verse as Bowles, heart honour'd Poet sang,
That wakes the Tear, yet steals away the Pang,
Then, or with Berkeley, or with Hobbes romance it,
Dissecting Truth with metaphysic lancet.
Or, drawn from up these dark unfathom'd wells,
In wiser folly chink the Cap and Bells.
How many tales we told ! what jokes we made,
Conundrum, Crambo, Rebus, or Charade ;
Ænigmas that had driven the Theban mad,
And Puns, these best when exquisitely bad ;
And I, if aught of archer vein I hit
With my own laughter stifled my own wit.

57

OVER MY COTTAGE

THE Pleasures sport beneath the thatch ;
But Prudence sits upon the watch ;
Nor Dun nor Doctor lifts the latch !

MS. 1799.

58

THE Poet in his lone yet genial hour
Gives to his eye a magnifying power :
Or rather he emancipates his eyes
From the black shapeless accidents of size—
In tinctuous cones of kindling coal,
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim bole,
His gifted ken can see
Phantoms of sublimity. 1800.

59

[Maxilian going out for a day's pleasure, is deprived of it by the loss of his purse, 'and if a bitter curse on his malignant stars gave a wildness to the vexation with which he looked upward—]

LET us not blame him : for against such chances
The heartiest strife of manhood is scarce proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls—but had ourselves been struck
Ev'n in the height and heat of our keen wishing,
It might have made our heartstrings jar.
? 1800.

[This and the preceding fragment were printed in the 'Historie and Gestes of Maxilian' in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January 1822. The date of the composition of the first is known—that of the second is uncertain.—ED.]

60

In the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet—

Est meum et est tuum, amice ! et si amborum nequit esse,
Sit meum, amice, precor : quia certe sum magi' pauper.

'Tis mine and it is likewise your's ;
But if this will not do,
Let it be mine, because that I
Am the poorer of the two !

MS. *Nov.* 1, 1801.

[Coleridge uses this '*doggerel*' in the Preface to *Christabel*. See APPENDIX K.]

61

THE WILLS OF THE WISP

A SAPPHIC

Vix ea nostra voco

LUNATIC Witch-fires ! Ghosts of Light and Motion !
Fearless I see you weave your wanton dances
Near me, far off me ; you, that tempt the traveller
Onward and onward.
Wooing, retreating, till the swamp beneath him
Groans—and 'tis dark !—This woman's wile—I know it !
Learnt it from *thee*, from *thy* perfidious glances !
Black-ey'd Rebecca !

M. Post, *Dec.* 1, 1801.

62

SUCH love as mourning Husbands have
To her whose spirit has been newly given
For his guardian Saint in Heaven—
Whose beauty lieth in the grave.

MS. '41 m. from Inverness, *Sep.* 8, 1803.'

63

WITHIN these circling hollies, woodbine-clad—
Beneath this small blue roof of vernal sky—
How warm, how still ! Tho' tears should dim mine eye,
Yet will my heart for days continue glad,
For here, my love, thou art, and here am I !

Remains, i. 280. 1803? 1807?

[Compare with *Recollections of Love*.—ED.]

64

MY irritable fears all sprang from Love—
Suffer that fear to strengthen it—Give way
And let it work—'twill fix the Love it springs from.

MS. *December* 1803.

65

SOLE maid, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creature dear—
Thoughts, which have found their harbour in thy breast,
Dearest! *me*thought of *him* to thee so dear!

MS. 1804.

66

O BEAUTY in a beauteous body dight!
Body that veiling brightness, became bright.—
Fair cloud which less we see, than by thee see the light.

MS. 1805.

67

EPILOGUE TO
'THE RASH CONJURER'
AN UNCOMPOSED POEM

WE ask and urge—(here ends the story!)
All Christian Papishes to pray
That the unhappy Conjurer may,
Instead of Hell, be put in Purgatory,—
For there, there's hope;—
Long live the Pope!

Remains, i. 52. 1805.

68

O TH' Oppressive, irksome weight
Felt in an uncertain state:
Comfort, peace, and rest adieu
Should I prove at least untrue!
Self-confiding wretch, I thought
I could love thee as I ought,
Win thee and deserve to feel
All the Love thou canst reveal,
And still I chuse thee, follow still.

1805.

69

A SUMPTUOUS and magnificent Revenge.

MS. *March* 1806.

70

LET Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar—
As vainly Strength speaks to a broken Mind.

[' A slip torn from some old letter. . . . It is endorsed by Poole, "Reply of Coleridge on my urging him to exert himself, 1807." '—*Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs. H. Sandford, 1888, ii. 195.]

71

THE singing Kettle and the purring Cat,
The gentle breathing of the cradled Babe,
The silence of the Mother's love-bright eye,
And tender smile answering its smile of sleep.

MS. 1808.

72

Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,
Imprison'd in adjoining cells,
Across whose thin partition-wall
The builder left one narrow rent,
And where, most content in discontent,
A joy with itself at strife—
Die into an intenser life.

MS. 1808.

73

THE builder left one narrow rent,
Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,
Contented most in discontent,
Still these cling, and try in vain to touch!

O Joy! with thy own joy at strife,
That yearning for the Realms above
Wouldst die into intensest Life,
And Union absolute of Love!

MS. 1808.

74

EPIGRAM ON KEPLER

FROM THE GERMAN

NO mortal spirit yet had clomb so high
As Kepler—yet his Country saw him die
For very want! the *Minds* alone he fed,
And so the *Bodies* left him without bread.

The Friend for Nov. 30, 1809 (1818, ii. 95; 1850, ii. 69).

75

When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt:
A flight of Hope for ever on the wing
But made Tranquillity a common thing;
And wheeling round and round in sportive coil,
Fann'd the calm air upon the brow of Toil.

MS. ? 1810.

76

I have experienced
The worst the world can wreak on me—the worst
That can make Life indifferent, yet disturb
With whisper'd discontent the dying prayer—
I have beheld the whole of all, wherein
My heart had any interest in this life
To be disrent and torn from off my Hopes
That nothing now is left. Why then live on?
That hostage that the world had in its keeping
Given by me as a pledge that I would live—
That hope of Her, say rather that pure Faith
In her fix'd Love, which held me to keep truce
With the tyranny of Life—is gone, ah! whither?
What boots it to reply? 'tis gone! and now
Well may I break the pact, this league of Blood
That ties me to myself—and break I shall.

MS. 1810.

77

As when the new or full Moon urges
The high, large, long unbreaking surges
Of the Pacific main.

MS. 1811.

78

A low dead Thunder mutter'd thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep—
Nature! sweet nurse, O take me in thy lap
And tell me of my Father yet unseen,
Sweet tales, and true, that lull me into sleep
And leave me dreaming.

MS. 1811.

79

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips,
The sense, and spirit, and the light divine,
At the same moment in his steadfast eye
Where Virtue's native crest, th' immortal soul's
Unconscious meek self-heraldry,—to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
He suffer'd nor complain'd;—though oft with tears
He mourn'd th' oppression of his helpless brethren,—
Yea, with a deeper and yet holier grief
Mourn'd for the oppressor. In those sabbath hours
His solemn grief, like the slow cloud at sunset,
Was but the veil of purest meditation
Pierced thro' and saturate with the rays of mind.

Remains, i. 277. 1812.

[See Teresa's speech to Valdez in *Remorse*, iv. 2.—Ed.]

80

BREVITY OF THE GREEK AND ENGLISH COMPARED

As an instance of compression and brevity in narration, unattainable in any language but the Greek, the following distich was quoted:—

χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν, ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν
ὃν λίπεν, οὐχ εὑρὼν, ἧψεν, ὃν εὗρε, βρόχον.

This was denied by one of the company, who instantly rendered the lines in English. . . . It is a mere trial of comparative brevity, — wit and poetry quite out of the question :—

Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground ;
Bill missing his gold used the rope which he found.

S. T. C. in *Omniana*, 1812, ii. 123.

[In Moore's *Memoirs*, vii. 85, he says that Wordsworth gave him the following as his (Wordsworth's) attempt :—

A thief found gold, and left a rope, but he [who] could not find
The gold he left tied on the rope the thief had left behind. ED.]

81

Written on a fly-leaf of a copy of *Field on the Church*, folio, 1628, under the name of a former possessor of the volume inscribed thus : 'Hannah Scollock, her book, February 10, 1787.'

THIS, Hannah Scollock ! may have been the case ;
Your writing therefore I will not erase.
But now this book, once yours, belongs to me,
The *Morning Post's* and *Courier's* S. T. C. ;—
Elsewhere in College, knowledge, wit and scholarage
To friends and public known as S. T. Coleridge.
Witness hereto my hand, on Ashly Green,
One thousand, twice four hundred, and fourteen
Year of our Lord—and of the month November
The fifteenth day, if right I do remember.

Remains, iii. 57. 1814.

82

IN the two following lines, for instance, there is nothing objectionable, nothing which would preclude them from forming, in their proper place, part of a descriptive poem :—

Behold yon row of pines, that shorn and bow'd
Bend from the sea-blast, seen at twilight eve.

But with a small alteration of rhythm, the same words would be equally in their place in a book of topography, or in a descriptive tour. The same image will rise into a semblance of poetry if thus conveyed :—

Yon row of bleak and visionary pines,
By twilight glimpse discerned, mark ! how they flee
From the fierce sea-blast, all their tresses wild
Streaming before them.

Biog. Lit. 1817, ii. 18 ; 1850, ii. 20. 1815.

83

ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ

The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature. [S. T. C.]

The Categorical Imperative, or the Annunciation of the New Teutonic God, ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ : a dithyrambic Ode, by Querkopf Von Klubstick, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio. . . .

Eu ! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,
(Speak English, friend !) the God Imperativus,
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry :
'I, I, I ! I itself I !
The form and the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,

I, you, and he, and he, you and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I !
All I itself I !
(Fools ! a truce with this starting !)
All my I ! all my I !
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin !'
Thus cried the God with high imperial tone :
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown,
He thus spake on :—'Behold in I alone
(For Ethics boast a syntax of their own)
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
In O ! I, you, the vocative of duty !
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root !
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,
The genitive and ablative to boot :
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,
And in all cases the case absolute !
Self-construed, I all other moods decline :
Imperative, from nothing we derive us ;
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
Unconstrued antecedence I assign,
To X Y Z, the God Infinitivus !'

Biog. Literaria, 1817, i. 148 *n.* 1815.

84

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST STROPHE OF PINDAR'S SECOND OLYMPIC

'*As nearly as possible word for word.*'

Ye harp-controlling hymns !
or,
Ye hymns the sovereigns of harps !
What God ? what Hero !
What Man shall we celebrate ?
Truly Pisa indeed is of Jove,
But the Olympiad (or, the Olympian games) did Hercules establish,
The first-fruits of the spoils of war.
But Theron for the four-horsed car
That bore victory to him,
It behoves us now to voice aloud :
The Just, the Hospitable,
The Bulwark of Agrigentum,
Of renowned fathers
The Flower, even him
Who preserves his native city erect and safe. 1815.

Biog. Lit. 1817, ii. 90 ; 1847, ii. 93.

85

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF HERACLITUS

In a marginal note on *Select Discourses*, by John Smith, of Queens' College, Cambridge, 1660, printed in the *Remains*, iii. 418, Coleridge complains that his author is wrong in stating that the Sibyl was noted by Heraclitus 'as one speaking ridiculous and unseemly speeches with her furious mouth.' 'This fragment' (says Coleridge) 'is misquoted and misunderstood : for γελαστὰ it should be ἀμυριστὰ, unperfumed, inornate lays, not redolent of art. Render it thus :—

Not her's
To win the sense by words of rhetoric,
Lip-blossoms breathing perishable sweets ;
But by the power of the informing Word
Roll sounding onward through a thousand years
Her deep prophetic bodements.

Στόματι μαινομένῳ is 'with ecstatic mouth.' [S. T. C.] In the *Statesman's Manual* (1816, p. 32) Coleridge gives the following as a prose translation of the same passage : 'Multiscience (or a variety and quantity of acquired knowledge) does not teach intelligence. But the Sibyll with wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling

forth unmirthful, inornate, and unperfumed truths reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.' ? 1816.

86

TRUTH I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way,
And wiser men than I went worse astray.
'*MSS.*' 1817.

Motto to Essay II., *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 37; 1850, ii. 27.

87

IMITATED FROM ARISTOPHANES

(*Nubes*, 316, etc.)

For the ancients too . . . had their glittering VAPORS, that (as the comic poet tells us) fed a host of sophists.

GREAT goddesses are they to lazy folks,
Who pour down on us gifts of fluent speech,
Sense most sententious, wonderful fine *effect*,
And how to talk about it and about it,
Thoughts brisk as bees, and pathos soft and thawy. 1817.

The Friend, 1818, iii. 179; 1850, iii. 138.

88

NONSENSE SAPPHICS

(Written for James Gillman Junr. as a School Exercise, for *Merchant Taylors'*, c. 1822-23.)

HERE'S Jem's first copy of nonsense verses,
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,
Sapph's imitator:

But we Bards, we classical Lyric Poets,
Know a thing or two in a scurvy Planet:
Don't we, now? Eh? Brother Horatius Flaccus,
Tip us your paw, Lad:—
Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies;
Rich men of England! would ye be immortal?
Patronise Genius, giving Cash and Praise to
Gillman Jacobus;

Gillman Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylors',
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,
Sapphic, Heroic, Elegiac,—what a Versificator!

Essays on his own Times, 1850, p. 987.

89

DESIRE

WHERE true Love burns, Desire is Love's pure flame;
It is the reflex of our earthly frame,
That takes its meaning from the nobler part,
And but translates the language of the heart. 1824.

90

TO EDWARD IRVING

But *you*, honored IRVING, are as little disposed as myself to favor such doctrine! [as that of Mant and D'Oyley on Infant Baptism].

FRIEND pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt
A different lore! We may not thus profane
The Idea and Name of Him whose Absolute Will
Is Reason—Truth Supreme!—Essential Order! 1825.

Aids to Reflection, 1825, p. 373.

[Note the adoption of the opening phrases from *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem.*—ED.]

91

CALL the World Spider; and at fancy's touch
Thought becomes image and I see it such:

With viscous masonry of films and threads
Tough as the nets in Indian forests found,
It blends the wallers' and the weavers' trade,
And soon the tent-like hangings touch the ground,
A dusky chamber that excludes the day—
But leave the prelude and resume the lay.

MS. *Feb.* 1825.

92

SAYS Luther in his *Table Talk* (London, 1652, p. 370):—'The devils are in woods, in waters, in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people,' etc.—against which on the margin writes S. T. C.—

'The angel's like a flea,
The devil is a bore;—'
No matter for that, quoth S. T. C.,
I love him the better therefore.

Yes! heroic Swan, I love thee even when thou gobblest like a goose; for thy geese helped to save the Capitol.

Remains, iv. 52. 1826.

93

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

['Written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis.'—*Fraser's Magazine*, Jan. 1835, Art. 'Coleridgeiana.']

I.—*By Likeness*

FOND, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about!
This empty head should warn you on that point—
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out. S. T. C.

II.—*Association by Contrast*

PHIDIAS changed marble into feet and legs.
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i' fegs!
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

III.—*Association by Time*

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN *loquitur*

I TOUCH this scar upon my skull behind,
And instantly there rises in my mind
Napoleon's mighty hosts from Moscow lost,
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.
For in that self-same month, and self-same day,
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—
Mischief and Frost had set the boys at play;
I stept upon a slide—oh! treacherous tread!—
Fell smash with bottom bruised, and brake my head!
Thus Time's co-presence links the great and small,
Napoleon's overthrow, and Snipkin's fall.

? 1830.

94

FINALLY, what is Reason? You have often asked me; and this is my answer:—

Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee,
Defecates to a pure transparency,
That intercepts no light and adds no stain—
There Reason is, and then begins her reign!

But, alas!

—— tu stesso ti fai grosso
Col falso immaginar, sì che non vedi
Ciò che vedresti, se l'avessi scosso.

DANTE, *Paradiso*, Canto i.

[With false imagination thou thyself
Mak'st dull, so that thou see'st not the thing
Which thou had'st seen, had that been shaken off. CARY.]

Closing words of *On the Constitution of Church and State*, 1830.

95

TO A CHILD

LITTLE Miss Fanny,
So cubic and canny,
With blue eyes and blue shoes—
The Queen of the Blues!
As darling a girl as there is in the world—
If she'll laugh, skip and jump,
And not be *Miss Glump!* 1834.

[For the 'Fragments' which follow I have been unable to find dates—in many cases, even approximatively.]

96

THERE are two births, the one when Light
First strikes the new-awaken'd sense—
The other when two souls unite,
And we must count our life from then.

When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.
MS.

97

THIS yearning heart (Love! witness what I say)
Enshrines thy form as purely as it may,
Round which, as to some spirit uttering bliss,
My thoughts all stand ministrant night and day
Like saintly Priests, that dare not think amiss.
MS.

98

These, Emmeline, are not
The journies but digressions of our Souls,
That being once informed with Love, must work
And rather wander than stand still, I trow.
There is a Wisdom to be shewn in Passion,
And there are stay'd and settled Griefs. I'll be
Severe unto myself, and make my Soul
Seek out a regular motion.
MS.

99

HIS native accents to her stranger's ear,
Skill'd in the tongues of France and Italy—
Or while she warbles with bright eyes upraised,
Her fingers shoot like streams of silver light
Amid the golden haze of thrilling strings.
MS.

100

I STAND alone, nor tho' my heart should break,
Have I, to whom I may complain or speak.
Here I stand, a hopeless man and sad,
Who hoped to have seen my Love, my Life.
And strange it were indeed, could I be glad
Remembering her, my soul's betrothed wife.
For in this world no creature that has life
Was e'er to me so gracious and so good.
Her loss to my Heart, like the Heart's blood.
MS. on fly-leaf of Menzini's *Poesie*, 1782, vol. ii.

101

WHAT never is but only is to be,
This is not LIFE—
O Hopeless Hope, and Death's Hypocrisy—
And with perpetual promise breaks its promises.
MS.

102

THE THREE SORTS OF FRIENDS

[First printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for January 1835. Art. 'Coleridgeiana.']

THOUGH friendships differ endless *in degree*,
The *sorts*, methinks, may be reduced to three.
*Ac*quaintance many, and *Con*quaintance few;
But for *In*quaintance I know only two—
The friend I've mourned with, and the maid I woo!

MY DEAR GILLMAN.—The ground and *matériel* of this division of one's friends into *ac*, *con* and *in*quaintance, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old [1801]. On some one asking him if Anny Sealey (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, 'No, she is an *in*quaintance!' 'Well! 'tis a father's tale'; and the recollection soothes your old friend and *in*quaintance, S. T. COLERIDGE.

103

I [S. T. C.] find the following lines among my papers, in my own writing, but whether an unfinished fragment, or a contribution to some friend's production, I know not:—

WHAT boots to tell how o'er his grave
She wept, that would have died to save;
Little they know the heart, who deem
Her sorrow but an infant's dream
Of transient love begotten;
A passing gale, that as it blows
Just shakes the ripe drop from the rose—
That dies and is forgotten.

O Woman! nurse of hopes and fears,
All lovely in thy spring of years,
Thy soul in blameless mirth possessing;
Most lovely in affliction's tears,
More lovely still than tears suppressing.

Allsop's *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, 1836, ii. 75.

104

CHARITY IN THOUGHT

To praise men as good, and to take them for such,
Is a grace which no soul can mete out to a tittle;—
Of which he who has not a little too much,
Will by Charity's gauge surely have much too little.

105

PROFUSE KINDNESS

Νήπιοι οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.
HESIOD.

WHAT a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal!
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

This and the preceding first printed in the *Poetical, etc., Works*, 1834.

106

AND this is your peculiar art, I know;
Others may do like actions, but not so.
The Agents alter Things, and that which flows
Powerful from these, comes weaker far from those.

MS.

107

EACH crime that once estranges from the virtues
Doth make the memory of their features daily
More dim and vague, till each coarse counterfeit
Can have the passport to our confidence
Sign'd by ourselves. And fitly are they punish'd
Who prize and seek the honest man but as
A safer lock to guard dishonest treasures.

Remains, i. 281.

108

WHERE'ER I find the Good, the True, the Fair,
I ask no names—God's spirit dwelleth there!
The unconfounded, undivided Three,
Each for itself, and all in each, to see
In man and Nature, is Philosophy.
MS.

109

O! SUPERSTITION is the giant shadow
Which the solicitude of weak mortality,
Its back toward Religion's rising sun,
Casts on the thin mist of th' uncertain future.
MS.

[Cf.—

And we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow.
Destiny of Nations, ll. 19-22.]

110

LET clumps of earth, however glorified,
Roll round and round and still renew their cycle—
Man rushes like a winged Cherub through
The infinite space, and that which has been
Can therefore never be again——
MS.

111

As the appearance of a star
To one that's perishing in a Tempest.
MS.

112

A WIND that with Aurora hath abiding
Among the Arabian and the Persian Hills.
MS. [? if by S. T. C.]

113

And snow whose hanging weight
Archeth some still deep river, that for fear
Steals underneath without a sound.
MS.

114

THE Moon, how definite its orb!
Yet gaze again, and with a steady gaze—
'Tis there indeed,—but where is it not?—
It is suffused o'er all the sapphire Heaven,
Trees, herbage, snake-like streams, unwrinkled Lake,
Whose very murmur does of it partake!

And low and close the broad smooth mountain is more a thing of Heaven than when distinct by one dim shade, and yet undivided from the universal cloud over which it towers infinite in height.
MS.

115

BRIGHT clouds of reverence, sufferably bright,
That intercept the dazzle, not the Light;
That veil the finite power, the boundless power reveal,
Itself an earthly sun of pure intensest white.
MS.

116

'TWAS not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud,
But it pass'd smoothly on towards the sun—
Smoothly and lightly between Earth and Heaven:
So, then a cloud,
It scarce bedimm'd my star that shone behind it:
And Hesper now
Paus'd on the welkin blue, and cloudless brink,
A golden circlet! while the Star of Jove—
That other lovely star—high o'er my head
Shone whitely in the centre of his haze
. . . one blue-black cloud
Stretch'd like the [*word illeg.*] o'er all the cope of Heaven.
MS.

117

TO BABY BATES

You come from o'er the waters,
From famed Columbia's land,
And you have sons and daughters,
And money at command.

But I live in an island,
Great Britain is its name,
With money none to buy land,
The more it is the shame.

But we are all the children
Of one great God of Love,
Whose mercy like a mill-drain
Runs over from above.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Sugar-plums and cates,
Close your little peeping eye,
Bonny Baby B——s.

118

EXPERIMENTS IN METRE

There in some darksome shade,
Methinks I'd weep
Myself asleep,
And there forgotten fade.
MS.

119

Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee!
Why stays my Love?
Bend o'er yon streamlet—lave thee!
Why stays my Love?
Oft have I at evening straying,
Stood, thy branches long surveying,
Graceful in the light breeze playing,—
Why stays my Love?
MS.

120

[The following little poem, evidently a very early production, was sent to Mr. D. Stuart of the *Morning Post*, in a letter from Greta Hall, Oct. 7, 1800, 'to fill up a blank' in the sheet.—*Letters from the Lake Poets to Daniel Stuart.* Printed for Private Circulation, 1889, p. 16.]

ALCÆUS TO SAPPHO

How sweet, when crimson colours dart
Across a breast of snow,
To see that you are in the heart
That beats and throbs below.

All heaven is in a maiden's blush,
In which the soul doth speak,
That it was you who sent the flush
Into the maiden's cheek.

Large steadfast eyes! eyes gently rolled
In shades of changing blue,
How sweet are they, if they behold
No dearer sight than you!

And can a lip more richly glow,
Or be more fair than this?
The world will surely answer, No!
I, Sappho, answer, Yes!

Then grant one smile, tho' it should mean
A thing of doubtful birth;
That I may say these eyes have seen
The fairest face on earth!

ADAPTATIONS

[Coleridge rarely quoted, even his own verses, correctly. Sometimes this arose from mere carelessness, but more often, I think, he acted deliberately. Sometimes he altered the sense of his original, but he never perverted it to the injury of the writer's reputation either for matter or form. Often he expanded and illuminated the passage he manipulated. See *Athenæum*, Aug. 20, 1892; Art. 'Coleridge's Quotations.'—Ed.]

[Lord Brooke]

INCONSISTENCY

'It is a most unseemly and unpleasant thing to see a man's life full of ups and downs, one step like a Christian, and another like a worldling; it cannot choose but pain himself, and mar the edification of others.'—[Leighton.]

The same sentiment, only with a special application to the maxims and measures of our Cabinet and Statesmen, had been finely expressed by a sage Poet of the preceding Generation, in lines which no Generation will find inapplicable or superannuated.

God and the World we worship both together,
Draw not our Laws to Him, but His to ours;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
The imperfect Will brings forth but barren Flowers!
Unwise as all distracted Interests be,
Strangers to God, Fools in Humanity:
Too good for great things, and too great for good,
While still 'I dare not' waits upon 'I wou'd.'

(*Aids to Reflection*, 'Moral and Religious Aphorisms,' No. XVII. 1825, p. 93.)

[The lines (with one variant, 'still' for 'both' in the first line) had been printed by Coleridge, as Motto to the *Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes*, in 1817; and have often been quoted as of his own composition. I thought them Daniel's, but failing to find them in his works, I put a query in *Notes and Queries*. A correspondent (8th Ser. ii. p. 18) gave the reference to Lord Brooke's *Works*, in Grosart's *Fuller's Worthies* Series, ii. 127. [*A Treatise of Warres*, St. lxvi.]

'God and the world they worship still together;
Draw not their lawes to Him, but His to theirs;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither;
Amid their own desires still raising feares;
Unwise, as all distracted powers be;
Strangers to God, fooles to humanitie.

Too good for great things and too great for good.']

[Donne]

The recluse hermit ofttimes more doth know
Of the world's inmost wheels, than worldlings can.

As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no further look. DONNE.

(See Donne's '*Eclogue*, Dec. 26, 1613,' where it is said that the *hermit* sees more of 'heaven's glory' than the worldling.—Quoted in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 192; 1850, i. 147.

[SAMUEL DANIEL]

I

MUST there be still some discord mixt among
The harmony of men, whose mood accords
Best with contention tun'd to notes of wrong?
That when War fails, Peace must make war with words,
With words unto destruction arm'd more strong
Than ever were our foreign Foemen's swords:
Making as deep, tho' not yet bleeding wounds?
What War left scarless, Calumny confounds.

* * * *

Truth lies entrapp'd where Cunning finds no bar:
Since no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions which in endless motions are,
And ordinances which are always fixt.
Ten thousand Laws more cannot reach so far,
But Malice goes beyond, or lives commixt
So close with Goodness, that it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore would our glorious Alfred, who
Join'd with the King's, the good man's Majesty,
Not leave Law's labyrinth without a clue—
Gave to deep Skill its just authority,—

* * * *

But the last Judgement (this his Jury's plan)
Left to the natural sense of Work-day man.

Adapted from an elder Poet.

Motto to Chapter XIII. of the General Introduction to *The Friend*, 1818, i. 149.

II

BLIND is that soul which from this truth can swerve,
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
And all the powers of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.
DANIEL.

Motto to Chapter XVI. as above, 1818, i. 190.

III

O BLESSED Letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you do we confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.

Since writings are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant and still shall exercise
Their mightiest powers when nature none imparts,
The strong constitution of their praise
Wear out the infection of distemper'd days. DANIEL'S *Musophilus*.

Motto to Chapter I. of 'The Landing Place' in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 215.

[The first passage is from Daniel's *Epistle to Sir Thomas Egerton*; the second and third from his *Musophilus*; but Coleridge has so altered, transposed, and rewritten all three that they are more

his than Daniel's. In the first passage nine entire lines are Coleridge's.—Ed.]

[Milton]

The oppositionists to 'things as they are,' are divided into many and different classes. . . . The misguided men who have enlisted under the banners of Liberty, from no principles or with bad ones: whether they be those who

admire they know not what
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:

or whether those

Whose end is private Hate, not help to Freedom,
Adverse and turbulent when she would lead
To Virtue. . . . 1795.

[This passage is from the first of the *Conciones ad Populum*, lectures delivered at Bristol, February 1795, and published there in the same year. Coleridge reprinted the lecture in *The Friend* (1818, ii. 248; 1850, ii. 179). The first quotation is really from *Paradise Regained*, iii. 50; but the second contains only a few words of Milton, which will be found in two disconnected passages in *Samson Agonistes*—[Woman is to man]

A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent (ll. 1039-40):

and

Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me. Ed.]

[?]

Napoleon

Then we may thank ourselves
Who spell-bound by the magic name of Peace
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Briton, go,
For the grey olive branch change thy green laurels:
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
May have a hive, or spider find a loom!
Instead of doubling drum and thrilling fife
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous flutes.
But for Napoleon, know, he'll scorn this calm:
The ruddy planet at *his* birth bore sway,
Sanguine adust his humour, and wild fire
His ruling element. Rage, revenge, and cunning
Make up the temper of this captain's valor.

The Friend, 1818, ii. 115. 1802.

[The lines are used as a motto to Essay VI., and are stated to be 'adapted from an old Play.' But in subsequent editions the reference is withdrawn, and we may assume that Coleridge, if he did not create the lines, made them his own. The 'calm' was probably the 'Peace of Amiens.'—Ed.]

[Southwell]

A Sober Statement of Human Life, or the True Medium

A chance may win that by mischance was lost:
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish:
Unmedled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all!

[Although it was by inadvertence that these lines were printed in the *Remains* as Coleridge's, they have been so often included in his works that I am fain to retain them here as his by adoption. The title is his. The verses form part of a

poem by Robert Southwell, *Tymes goe by Turnes*. The text here printed is that found in *Saint Peter's Complaint. With other Poems.* London, 1599.—ED.]

[BOWLES]

I yet remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected: wisely thou hast trod
The better path—and that high meed which God
Assign'd to Virtue tow'ring from the dust,
Shall wait thy rising, Spirit pure and just!

O God! how sweet it were to think, that all
Who silent mourn around this gloomy ball
Might hear the voice of joy;—but 'tis the will
Of man's great Author, that thro' good and ill
Calm he should hold his course, and so sustain
His varied lot of pleasure, toil and pain!

1793.

[It is for the same reason that I include these lines which the editor of the *Remains* assumed to be by Coleridge, because they 'were found in Mr. Coleridge's hand-writing in one of the Prayer-Books in the Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge.' The first six lines are taken from W. L. Bowles's *Monody on Henry Headley*, and although the remaining stanza does not appear in any of the many editions of Bowles's poems I have been able to consult, it probably originally belonged to the same poem.—ED.]

?

RID of a vexing and a heavy load,[1]
Eternal Lord! and from the world set free,
Like a frail Bark, weary I turn to Thee
From frightful storms into a quiet road—
On much repentance Grace will be bestow'd.
The nails, the thorn, and thy two hands, thy face
Benign, meek, [*word illegible*] offers grace
To sinners whom their sins oppress and goad.
Let not thy justice view, O Light divine!
My faults, and keep it from thy sacred ear
[*A line almost entirely illegible.*]
Cleanse with thy blood my sins, to this incline
More readily, the more my years require
Prompt aid, forgiveness speedy and entire.

MS.

[I do not think this is a composition of Coleridge's, but an adaptation of something imperfectly remembered by him. It comes from a note-book.—ED.]

[1] See *The Complete Poetical Works of Wordsworth* (p. 761, "At Florence—From M. Angelo"). London: Macmillan and Co.

APPENDIX A

THE RAVEN

The following is the original version of this poem as printed in the *Morning Post*, March 10, 1798. There was no title, the verses being introduced solely by the burlesque letter, which was reprinted with the verses when they next appeared, in the ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY, 1800, under the title, *The Raven*.

'SIR,—I am not absolutely certain that the following Poem was written by Edmund Spenser, and found by an Angler buried in a fishing-box :—

"Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Mid the green alders, by the Mulla's shore";

but a learned Antiquarian of my acquaintance has given it as his opinion that it resembles Spenser's minor Poems as nearly as Vortigern and Rowena the Tragedies of William Shakespeare.—This Poem must be read in recitative, in the same manner as the *Ægloga Secunda* of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. CUDDY.'

UNDER the arms of a goodly oak-tree
There was of Swine a large company,
They were making a rude repast
Grunting as they crunch'd the mast :
Then they trotted away : for the wind blew high—
One acorn they left, and ne more mote you spy.
Next came a Raven, who lik'd not such folly :
He belonged, I believe, to the witch MELANCHOLY !
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain ; his feathers were wet.
He pick'd up the acorn and buried it strait,
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go ?
He went high and low,
O'er hill, o'er dale did the black Raven go !
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travell'd he with wand'ring wings ;
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.
At length he return'd, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a large oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.
But soon came a Woodman in leathern guise :
His brow like a pent-house hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, and nothing spoke,
But with many a hem ! and a sturdy stroke,
At last he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were kill'd ; for they could not depart,
And his wife she did die of a broken heart !
The branches from off it the Woodman did sever !
And they floated it down on the course of the River :
They sawed it to planks, and its rind they did strip,
And with this tree and others they built up a ship.
The ship, it was launch'd ; but in sight of the land

A tempest arose which no ship could withstand.
It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:
The auld Raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the blast.
He heard the sea-shriek of their perishing souls—
They be sunk! O'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
The Raven was glad that such fate they did meet,
They had taken his all, and REVENGE IT WAS SWEET!

APPENDIX B

GREEK PRIZE ODE ON THE SLAVE TRADE

[BROWNE GOLD MEDAL, CAMBRIDGE, 1792]

In maximis Comitiis, Jul. 3, 1792.

SORS MISERA SERVORUM IN INSULIS INDIÆ OCCIDENTALIS.

Ὦ σκότω πύλας, Θάνατε, προλείπων
Ἐς γένος σπεύδων ἴθι ζεύχθεν ἅτᾳ·
Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενύων σπαράγμοις
Οὐδ' ὁλολύγμῳ,

Ἀλλὰ δ' αὖ κύκλοισι χοροιτύποισιν
Κ' ἀσμάτων χαρᾷ· Φοβερὸς μὲν ἐσσὶ,
Ἀλλ' ὅμως Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνὲ Τύραννε.

Δασκίοις τεῦ αἰρόμενοι πτεροῖσι
Τραχὺ μακρῶ Ὠκεανῶ δί' οἶδμα
Ἀδονᾶν φίλας ἐς ἕδρας πέτωμαι,
Γᾶν τε πατρῴαν

Ἔνθα μὰν ἔρασται ἐρωμένῃσιν,
Ἄμπι κρουνοῖσιν κιτρίων ὑπ' ἀλσῶν,
Οἷα πρὸς βροτῶν ἔπαθον βροτοὶ, τὰ
Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

Φεῦ κόρω Νᾶσοι φονίω γέμουσαι
Δυσθεάτοις ἀμφιθαλεῖς κακοῖσι,
Πᾶ νοσεῖ Λιμὸς, βρέμεταί τε πλάγα
Αἱματόεσσα,

Ἀμμέων ἴω· ποσάκις προσῆξεν
Ὀππάτεσσι δακρυόεσσ' ὁμίχλη,
Ποσσάκις χ' ἅμα κραδία στέναξεν!
Αἰνοπαθεῖ γὰρ

Δουλίᾳ γέννᾳ βαρέως συναλγῶ,
Ὡς ἀφωνήτῳ στεναχεῦντι πένθει,
Ὡς πόνων δίναις στυγέρων κυκλεῦνται
Τέκνα Ἀνάγκας.

Ἀμέρῃσ' ἔπει γ' ἀφίλῃσιν ἄμπι
Καῦμα, καὶ Λοιμὸς, Κάματός τ' ἄφερτος
Μάρναται, καὶ Μναμοσύνας τὰ πικρὰ
Φάσματα λυγρᾶς.

Φεῦ κάμοντας Μάστις ἄγρυπνος ὁρμᾷ,
Ἅλιον πρὶν ἂν ἐπέγειρεν Ἄως·
Κ' Ἄματος δύνει γλυκύδερκες ἄστρον,
Πένθεα δ' ἀνθεῖ

Εἰς ἄεν ψυχὰν γὰρ ἀωρύνυκτα
Δείματ' ἐμπλήττει, κότον ἐμπνέοντα·
Ὄμμα κοιμᾶται μελέοις, Φόβος δὲ
Οὐδέποτ' ὑπνοῖ.

Εἰ δέ τι ψεῦδος μεθέπωντι ἄδυ
Ἐλπιδος σκιαις πέδ' ὀνειροφάντοις,
Ὑβρέως ἀνιστάμενοι τάχ', οἵστροις
Ἀλιθιῶνται

Ὦ κακοῖσι Δουλοσύνας χλίοντες,
Ἀθλίων ὦ βοσκόμενοι διωγμοῖς,
Παῖδες ὕβριστα Κόρω, αὐτάδελφον
Αἷμα δρέποντες,

Οὔ ῥα προσδέρκει τάδ' ἄφυκτον Ὄμμα,
Οὔ ῥα κ' ἀμειψιν Νέμεσις τινάσσει
Πυρπνόαν; ἀκούετ'; ἢ οὐκ ἀκούετ';
Ὡς χθόνα πάλλει

Πνεύματ' ἐκ ῥίζων, καὶ ὑποστένοντι
Γᾶς μυχοὶ, βύθοι τε μυκῶνται αἰνῶς,
Ἐγκοτεῖν τοὺς νέρθεν ὑπεγγύωντες
Τοῖς κτανέουσιν!

'Αλλὰ τίς μ' ἄχω μελίγαρυς, οἷαι
Δωριᾶν ῥιπαὶ κιθαρᾶν, προσέπτα ;
Τίς ποτιστάζει ψιθύρισμον ἄδυν
Μάλθακα φώνα ;

'Ω, ὀρῶ Κήρυκ' 'Ελέω, κλάδοισιν
'Ως κατάσκιον κεφαλὰν ἐλάιας !
'Ἐν, λόγων τέων γάνος, 'Ιλβρεφωρσεῦ
Χρύσεον αἶω !

'Πάγα Δακρύων ὁσία, σταλαγμῶν
'Νὺν ἅλις τέων στεροπᾷ ξεναρκεῖ
'Τᾶς Δίκας ἀτυζόμενον τεθνάξει
'Πῆμα θάμασθεν.

''Εμπέσει δ' ἀκταῖς Λιβυκῆσιν οὐκέτ'
''Α χάρις χρυσῶ ἄχαρις βδέλυκτα
''Οἷά γ' ἱππεύει καπυροῖς ἀήταις
'"Εκπνοα Λοιμῶ.

'Πάτριδος πόρρω συνομαιμόνων τε
'Γᾶρας οὐ μόχθοις ἀνόμοις παλαίσει
'Τῶ βίω ποιφύγματα δύντος αἴ αἴ
'"Αγρια φυσῶν

'Οὐ φόβῳ Μάτηρ ἅμα θεσπιῳδῷ
'Στάθεσιν βρέφος πελάσει πίνωδες
'Οὔ' περισσῶς ἐκτέταται γὰρ ἤδη
'Δούλιον "Αμαρ'

'Οἵτινες, Δοῦλοι βλοσυρῶν Δυνάστων,
'Δάκρυον τέγγειν 'Ελέω παρειὰν
'Οὐδαμῶς ἴδον μέλεοι, πάθοντες
'Θαύματ' ἀκούειν,

''Τμμι ταὶ Παῖδες Θέμιτος γεύονται,
''Ανθεμίζουσαι βρόδα τᾶς Γαλάνας,
''Ιρον ἠδ' 'Ελευθερίας σέβας δὴ,
'Μάτρος ἀέθλων.'

Τοῖ' ἔπεμψαν, ἱμερόεντα μᾶλλον
Αὔραι, ἢ Νίκας περ' ὄχος βράδυνθεν
Τῶν ἀνηρίθμων ἰάχαι, θριάμβω
"Αματι τερπνῶ.

Χαῖρ', ὃς εὖ νωμᾷς 'Ελέω τὸν οἶακ' !
'Εργμάτων κάλων 'Αγάπη πτεροῖσι
Δακρύων ἔντοσθε γέλωτα θεῖσα
Σὲ στεφανώσει.

"Ηδε Μοῖσα τᾶν 'Αρετᾶν ὀπαδὸς,
Σεῖο μεμνᾶσθαι συνεχῶς φιλήσει·
Τλαμόνων ἠδ' εὐλογίαις πρὸς αἴθερ'
Οὔνομ' ἀέξει.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Coll. Jes. Scholaris.

MS.

APPENDIX C

TO A YOUNG ASS

The following early version of these famous lines is printed from the unique copy in the autograph of Coleridge, given by him to Mr. William Smyth, who was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge from 1807 until his death in 1849. I am enabled to print this by the courtesy of Prof. Smyth's great-great-nephew, Mr. H. M. Vaughan, of Keble Coll. Oxford. Notwithstanding the burlesque footnote this version was never intended for print, for Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has kindly shewn me a copy dated just a week earlier (Dec. 17, 1794) which Coleridge sent to Southey, and which differs but little from that printed in the *Morning Chronicle* of Dec. 30, 1794. The footnotes shew the alterations made in both texts. A note on Mr. Vaughan's MS. was contributed by him to *The Chanticleer* (Magazine of Jesus Coll. Camb.) for Easter Term 1891.—ED.

MONOLOGUE TO A YOUNG JACKASS IN JESUS PIECE — ITS MOTHER NEAR IT CHAINED TO A LOG.[1]

POOR little Foal of an oppressed Race !
I love the languid Patience of thy face :
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,

[1] Address to a young Jackass, and its *tether'd* Mother. In Familiar Verse. *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 30, 1794, and SOUTHEY MS.

l. 3. friendly hand.—*M. Ch.*

And clap thy ragged Coat, and scratch thy head.
But what thy dulled Spirit hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade—
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That still to earth thy moping head is hung?
Doth thy prophetic soul anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate,
The starving meal and all the thousand aches
That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes?
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
To see thy wretched Mother's shorten'd Chain?
And, truly very piteous is her lot—
Chained to a Log upon a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting Green!
Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to shew
Pity, best taught by fellowship of Woe.
For much I fear me that He lives, like thee,
Half famished in a Land of Luxury!
How *askingly* its steps toward me tend,
It seems to say, 'And have I then *one* Friend?'
Innocent Foal! despised and Forlorn!
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn;

And fain I'd take thee with me, to the Dell
Where high-soul'd PANTISOCRACY shall dwell!
Where Mirth shall tickle Plenty's ribless side
And smiles from Beauty's Lip on sun-beams glide,[1]
Where Toil shall wed young Health that charming Lass!
And use his sleek cows for a looking-glass—
Where Rats shall mess with Terriers hand-in-glove,
And Mice with Pussy's Whiskefs sport in Love!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay;
Yea—and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh Bray of joy would be,
Than Handel's softest airs that soothe to rest
The tumult of a scoundrel Monarch's Breast!

JES. COLL. *Oct.* 24, 1794. S. T. C.

l. 4. and clap thy head.—*S. MS.*
l. 6. upon the glade.—*M. Ch.*
l. 9. Do thy prophetic fears anticipate.—*M. Ch.*
l. 12. Which 'patient merit of th' Unworthy takes?'—*M. Ch.* and *S. MS.*
l. 14. lengthen'd Chain?—*M. Ch.*
l. 18. While sweet around her tempts the waving green.—*S. MS.*
l. 23 toward me bend.—*M. Ch.*
l. 25. Innocent Foal! thou poor despis'd Forlorn!—*M. Ch.*

l. 27. in the dell.—*M. Ch.*
ll. 28-34. In the *M. Ch.* replaced by:—

Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer HEALTH his Bride,
And LAUGHTER tickle PLENTY'S ribless side!

l. 28. Of high-soul'd Pantisocracy to dwell.—*S. MS.*
ll. 29-34. In the *S. MS.* are replaced by text of *M. Ch.*
l. 39. Than Banti's warbled airs that soothe to rest.—*S. MS.*
ll. 39-40. In the *M. Ch.* replaced by:— .

Than warbled Melodies, that soothe to rest
The tumult of some Scoundrel Monarch's breast!
S. T. C.

[1] This is a truly poetical line, of which the Author has assured us, that he did not *mean* it to have any *meaning*.—ED. [Note in MS.]

APPENDIX D

OSORIO

A TRAGEDY[1]

Printed from the transcript sent by Coleridge to Sheridan in 1797 (called 'MS. I.'); with various readings, and notes written by Coleridge in another contemporary transcript (called 'MS. II.') presented by him to a friend. There are also a few readings from a copy of Act I. in Coleridge's autograph, found among the papers of Thomas Poole (called 'Poole MS.')—Ed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Osorio.	Remorse.
Velez .	= Marquis Valdez, *Father to the two brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian.*
Albert .	= Don Alvar, *the eldest son.*
Osorio .	= Don Ordonio, *the youngest son.*
Francesco	= Monviedro, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
Maurice	= Zulimez, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*
Ferdinand	= Isidore, *a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*
Naomi .	= Naomi.
Maria .	= Donna Teresa, *an Orphan Heiress.*
Alhadra, *wife of* Ferdinand,	= Alhadra, *Wife to Isidore.*

Familiars of the Inquisition.
Moors, Servants, etc.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbad the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

Mem.—None of the MSS. has a list of the characters.—Ed.

ACT THE FIRST

Scene.—*The sea shore on the coast of Granada.*

Velez, Maria.

Maria. I hold Osorio dear: he is your son,
And Albert's brother.
Velez. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Maria. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Velez!
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Albert, be he dead or living.
Velez. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves;
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me:

[1] So on the wrapper of the MS. I.; in MS. II. Coleridge has described the poem as 'Osorio, a dramatic poem.'—Ed.

I held thee in mine arms, a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine: ah, not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.
Maria. There are woes
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant seabreeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight; if it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Albert there;
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the bless'd meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them:
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's cloaths,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the self-same tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made); if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died—died, just ere his return;
Then see him listening to my constancy;
And hover round, as he at midnight ever
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Albert's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assur'd reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from *my* arms?
[*Clasping her forehead.*
O what a thought?
'Twas horrible! it pass'd my brain like lightning.
Veles. 'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd
The very week he promised his return.
Maria. Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him
After his three years' travels! tho' that absence
His still-expected, never-failing letters
Almost endear'd to me! Even then what tumult!
Veles. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams—
Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest.
Maria (*with great tenderness*). My father!
Veles. Aye, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,
And yet I could not tell me, how my sleep
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—
We might almost have seen it from our house-top!
Maria (*abruptly*). He did not perish there!
Veles (*impatiently*). Nay, nay—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn!—my brave Osorio
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted
Him and the pirate: both the vessels founder'd,
Gallant Osorio! [*Pauses, then tenderly.*
O belov'd Maria,

Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Albert
And most delight his spirit, go and make
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave with joy!
Maria. For mercy's sake
Press me no more. I have no power to love him!
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow
Chill me, like dew-damps of the unwholesome night.
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.
Velez. You wrong him, maiden.
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well—
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Albert.
It was not well—you have moved me even to tears.
Maria. O pardon me, my father! pardon me.
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but dream of one
Who aims to rival Albert. Were we not
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is an heavy thing;
Yet still the hope survives—
Velez (*looking forwards*). Hush—hush! Maria.
Maria. It is Francesco, our Inquisitor; That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel!

Enter FRANCESCO *and* ALHADRA.

Francesco (*to Velez*). Where is your son, my lord? Oh! here he comes.

Enter OSORIO.

My Lord Osorio! this Moresco woman (Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Osorio. Hail, reverend father! What may be the business?
Francesco. O the old business—a Mohammedan!
The officers are in her husband's house,
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,
Aye, and would warrant him a Catholic.
But I know well these children of perdition,
And all their idle fals[e]hoods to gain time;
So should have made the officers proceed,
But that this woman with most passionate outcries,
(Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me)
So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord!)
Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,
That I came with her.
Osorio. You are merciful.
[*Looking at* ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.
[ALHADRA *is about to speak, but is interrupted by*
Francesco. Aye, aye—I thought so;
And so I said to one of the familiars.
A likely story, said I, that Osorio,
The gallant nobleman, who fought so bravely
Some four years past against these rebel Moors;
Working so hard from out the garden of faith
To eradicate these weeds detestable;
That he should countenance this vile Moresco,
Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth!
Well, well, my lord! it is a warning to me; Now I return.
Alhadra. My lord, my husband's name
Is Ferdinand: you may remember it.
Three years ago—three years this very week—
You left him at Almeria.
Francesco (*triumphantly*). Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord!

(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and fought the Moorish fiends
Who took and murder'd your poor brother Albert.
[MARIA *looks at* FRANCESCO *with disgust and horror.* OSORIO'S *appearance to be collected from the speech that follows.*
Francesco (*to Velez and pointing to Osorio*). What? is he ill, my lord? How strange he looks!
Velez (*angrily*). You started on him too abruptly, father!
The fate of one, on whom you know he doted.
Osorio (*starting as in a sudden agitation*). O heavens! *I* doted!
[*Then, as if recovering himself.* Yes! I DOTED on him!
[OSORIO *walks to the end of the stage.* VELEZ *follows soothing him.*
Maria (*her eye following them*). I do not, cannot love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me—yet I feel it!
Francesco. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return—in very truth I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!
Alhadra (*to Maria*). O gentle lady, make the father stay
Till that my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.
Maria. Stay, father, stay—my lord will soon recover.
[OSORIO *and* VELEZ *returning.*
Osorio (*to Velez as they return*). Strange! that this Francesco
Should have the power so to distemper me.
Velez. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!
Francesco (*to Osorio*). My lord, I truly grieve —
Osorio. Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him:
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.
Francesco. I hope, my lord, your sensibility
Doth not prevail.
Osorio. Nay, nay—you know me better.
You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.
I had something here of more importance.
[*Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.*
Hah!
The Count Mondejar, our great general,
Writes, that the bishop we were talking of
Has sicken'd dangerously.
Francesco. Even so.
Osorio. I must return my answer.
Francesco. When, my lord?
Osorio. To-morrow morning, and shall not forget
How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic faith.
Francesco. You are too kind, my lord! You overwhelm me.
Osorio. Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic.
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say, but grant me this, good father!
I'll go and sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Francesco. My lord you have it.
Osorio (*to Alhadra*). I will attend you home within an hour.
Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.
Alhadra. Not till my husband's free, I may not do it.
I will stay here.
Maria (*aside*). Who is this Ferdinand?
Velez. Daughter!
Maria. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.
[*Exeunt* VELEZ, FRANCESCO, *and* OSORIO.
Alhadra. Hah! there he goes. A bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!
[1][ALHADRA *had been betrayed by the warmth of her feelings into an*

[1] This stage direction exists only in MS. I., and there it is interpolated.—ED.

imprudence. She checks herself, yet recollecting MARIA'S *manner towards* FRANCESCO, *says in a shy and distrustful manner*

You hate him, don't you, lady!

Maria. Nay, fear me not! my heart is sad for you.[1]

Alhadra. These fell Inquisitors, these sons of blood![2]
As I came on, his face so madden'd me
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheathed it.

Maria. Be more calm, I pray you.

Alhadra. And as he stalk'd along the narrow path
Close on the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager.
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his foul officers held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a Tyger's plunge
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O—it had been most sweet!

Maria. Hush, hush! for shame.
Where is your woman's heart?

Alhadra. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange. Besides I am a Christian, (*ironically*)[3]
And they do never pardon, 'tis their faith!

Maria. Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!

Alhadra. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me!
Five years ago, and he was the prime agent,
Five years ago the Holy Brethren seized me.

Maria. What might your crime be?

Alhadra. Solely my complexion.
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house.
There was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! I have seen
The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,
How the flame sunk at once down to the socket.
O miserable, by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dry'd away its natural food!
In darkness I remain'd, counting the clocks
Which haply told me that the blessed sun
Was rising on my garden.[1] When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my dreams
And wak'd me. If you were a mother, Lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger!

Maria. O God! it is too horrible to hear!

Alhadra. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it. Know you not
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

Maria. You were at length deliver'd?

Alhadra. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven.
'Twas the first time my infant smiled! No more.
For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
A fit comes on, which makes me o'er again
All I then was, my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an ideot laugh
That you would start and shudder!

Maria. But your husband?

[1] The line was originally written:—

Nay, nay, not hate him. I try not to do it;

and in this form it stands in the Poole MS. MS. II. has the line as amended, but has also this stage direction '(*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently*)'; and the word *me* is underlined.—ED.

[2] In Poole MS. this line was originally—

These wolfish Priests! these lappers-up of
Blood. ED.

[3] '(*ironically*)' only in MS. II.—ED.

[1] Cf. *Fragments from an Early Commonplace Book*, No. 18, p. 454.—ED.

Alhadra. A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady!

Maria. Alas, poor man!

Alhadra. He hath a lion's courage,
But is not stern enough for fortitude.
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart[1]
He worships Nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all!

[*Enter* ALBERT *disguised as a* Moresco, *and in Moorish garments.*

Albert (*not observing Maria and Alhadra*). Three weeks have I been loitering here, nor ever
Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,
Or stop one peasant passing on this way.

Maria. Know you that man?

Alhadra. His person, not his name.
I doubt not, he is some Moresco chieftain
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.
A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him;
He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage
Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet
And died like one of the faithful! There he lives,
And a friend with him.

Maria. Does he know his danger
So near this seat?

Alhadra. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict,[2]

[ALHADRA *advances to* ALBERT, *who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks.* MARIA *drops her veil.*

Alhadra. Gallant Moresco! you are near the castle
Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell
A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.

Albert (*retiring*). You have mistaken me—I am a Christian.

Alhadra (*to Maria*). He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him.
Speak to him, lady! none can hear *you* speak
And not believe you innocent of guile.

[ALBERT, *on hearing this, pauses and turns round.*

Maria. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir!

Alhadra. He trembles strangely.

[ALBERT *sinks down and hides his face in his garment.*

Maria. See—we have disturb'd him.

[*Approaches nearer to him.*

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing.
I pray you, think us friends!

Albert (*raising his head*). Calm—very calm;
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice! that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep,
A lying dream.

[*He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.*

Maria! you are not wedded?

Maria (*haughtily to Alhadra*). Let us retire,

[*They advance to the front of the stage.*

Alhadra. He is indeed a Christian.
Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden,

Maria. What can this mean? How should he know my name?
It seems all shadowy.

Alhadra. Here he comes again.

Albert (*aside*). She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments?
God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet!

[*To* MARIA.

Your pardon, gentle maid! that I disturb'd you.
I had just started from a frightful dream.

Alhadra. These renegado Moors—how soon they learn
The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants!

[1] Cf. *A Tombless Epitaph*, p. 180.—ED.

[2] In MS. H. S. T. C. added the note:—'Philip the Second had forbidden under pain of death the Moorish Robes.'—ED.

Albert. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me,
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her!
This maid so idoliz'd, that trusted friend,
Polluted in my absence soul and body!
And she with him and he with her conspired
To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains:
But by my looks and most impassion'd words
I roused the virtues, that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts. They made their terms,
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.
Alhadra (*to Maria*). You are lost in thought. Hear him no more, sweet lady!
Maria. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood.
Well, sir, what happen'd then?
Albert. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs
Whose threaddy leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stay'd as tho' the hour of death were past,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits,
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate.
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear
That woods and sky and mountains seem'd one havock!
The second flash of lightning shew'd a tree
Hard by me, newly-scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul work'd high: I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,
Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling, with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite!
Maria. A fearful curse!
Alhadra. But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd him?
Dreamt you of no revenge?
Albert (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*). She would have died,
Died in her sins—perchance, by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts,
For still I loved her!
Alhadra. And you dreamt all this?
Maria. My soul is full of visions, all is wild!
Alhadra. There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.
Lady! your servants there seem seeking us.
Maria (*lifts up her veil and advances to Albert*). Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escap'd my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long-wishing.
If (as it sometimes happens) our rude startling,
While your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness,
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Velez, and my Lord Osorio

Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.
[*Exeunt* MARIA *and* ALHADRA.
Albert (*alone*). 'Tis strange! it cannot be! *my* Lord Osorio!
Her Lord Osorio! Nay, I will not do it.
I curs'd him once, and one curse is enough.
How sad she look'd and pale! bût not like guilt,
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me might well cheat her.
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honour.
Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? who should tell it him
If it were truth? Osorio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? All else, I know, was truth.
No start! no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referr'd to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here, if that she were a traitress?
Here where we play'd together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? Where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die, believing
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips!
I'll haunt this scene no more—live she in peace!
Her husband—ay, her husband! May this Angel
New-mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven!
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A wild and mountainous country.* OSORIO *and* FERDINAND *are discovered at a little distance from a house, which stands under the brow of a slate rock, the rock covered with vines.*

FERDINAND *and* OSORIO.

Ferdinand. Thrice you have sav'd my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me, next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them.
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had pillow'd my snapt joints.
Osorio. Good Ferdinand!
Why this to me? It is enough you know it.
Ferdinand. A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Seeking to ease her own full heart.
Osorio. Enough.
A debt repay'd ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Ferdinand. As how, my lord? I pray you name the thing!
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied.
Osorio (*with embarrassment and hesitation*). Why—that—lady—
Ferdinand. 'Tis now three years, my lord! since last I saw you.
Have you a son, my lord?
Osorio. O miserable! [*Aside.*
Ferdinand! you are a man, and know this world.
I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth!
She loved the man you kill'd!
Ferdinand (*looking as suddenly alarmed*). You jest, my lord?
Osorio. And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.
Ferdinand. You sport with me, my lord?
Osorio. Come, come, this foolery
Lives only in thy looks—thy heart disowns it.
Ferdinand. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous

From you, my lord!—but how can I serve you here?

Osorio. Why, you can mouth set speeches solemnly,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics.

[*Ferdinand.* I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

Osorio. In blunt terms][1] you can play the sorcerer.
She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true.
Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense:
Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye.
Such ones do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind her up
With a strange music, that she knows not of,
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery—
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Ferdinand (*with hesitation*). Just now I should have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord! and I refuse.
But this I cannot do.

Osorio. Where lies your scruple?

Ferdinand. That shark Francesco.

Osorio. O! an o'ersiz'd gudgeon!
I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre,
And now I play with him at the end of the line.
Well—and what next?

Ferdinand (*stammering*). Next, next—my lord!
You know, you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness.
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Return'd, yourself, and she, and an unborn babe,
Must perish. Now, my lord! to be a man!

Osorio (*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person*). This fellow is a man! He kill'd for hire
One whom he knew not—yet has tender scruples.

[*Then turning to* FERDINAND.
Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering.
Pish—fool! thou blunder'st through the devil's book,
Spelling thy villainy!

Ferdinand. My lord—my lord!
I can bear much, yes, very much from you.
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness!
I am no villain, never kill'd for hire.
My gratitude——

Osorio. O! aye, your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

Ferdinand. Who proffers his past favors for my virtue
Tries to o'erreach me, is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord!
I knew not 'twas your brother!

Osorio (*evidently alarmed*). And who told you?

Ferdinand. He himself told me.

Osorio. Ha! you talk'd with him?
And those, the two Moriscoes, that went with you?

Ferdinand. Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

Osorio (*in a low voice*). My brother!

Ferdinand. Yes, my lord! I could not tell you:
I thrust away the thought, it drove me wild.
But listen to me now. I pray you, listen!

Osorio. Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

Ferdinand. My lord! it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

Osorio (*turning off from Ferdinand*). Am I not a man?
'Tis as it should be! Tut—the deed itself
Was idle—and these after-pangs still idler!

Ferdinand. We met him in the very place you mention'd,
Hard by a grove of firs.

Osorio. Enough! enough!

Ferdinand. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;

[1] The words in square brackets are interpolated in MS. I. They are in their place, as here, in MS. II.—ED.

In fine, compell'd a parley !
Osorio (*sighing as if lost in thought*). Albert ! Brother !
Ferdinand. He offer'd me his purse.
Osorio. Yes ?
Ferdinand. Yes ! I spurn'd it.
He promis'd us I know not what—in vain !
Then with a look and voice which overaw'd me,
He said—What mean you, friends ? My life is dear.
I have a brother and a promised wife
Who make life dear to me, and if I fall
That brother will roam Earth and Hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to your's.
I ask'd his brother's name ; he said, Osorio,
Son of Lord Velez ! I had well-nigh fainted !
At length I said (if that indeed *I* said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue his organ),
That woman is now pregnant by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck—he look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propp'd him back ;
Ay, just as YOU look now—only less ghastly !
At last recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life—
It was not worth his keeping.
Osorio. And you kill'd him ?
O blood-hounds ! may eternal wrath flame round you !
He was the image of the Deity. [*A pause.*
It seizes me—by hell ! I will go on !
What ? would'st thou stop, man ? thy pale looks won't save thee !
[*Then suddenly pressing his forehead.*
Oh ! cold, cold, cold—shot thro' with icy cold !
Ferdinand (*aside*). Were he alive, he had return'd ere now.
The consequence the same, dead thro' his plotting !
Osorio. O this unutterable dying away here,
This sickness of the heart ! [*A pause.*
What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds ?
Ay ! that's the road to heaven ! O fool ! fool ! fool ! [*A pause.*
What have I done but that which nature destin'd
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me ?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings ?
And if not meant——
Ferdinand. How feel you now, my lord ?
[OSORIO *starts, looks at him wildly, then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile.*
Osorio. A gust of the soul ! i'faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all ! idle as laughter !
Now, Ferdinand, I swear that thou shalt aid me.
Ferdinand (*in a low voice*). I'll perish first ! Shame on my coward heart,
That I must slink away from wickedness
Like a cow'd dog !
Osorio. What dost thou mutter of ?
Ferdinand. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.
Osorio. There's some sense in that scruple ; but we'll mask you.
Ferdinand. They'll know my gait. But stay ! of late I have watch'd
A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds,
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,
Now clamb'ring, like a runaway lunatic,
Up to the summit of our highest mount.
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near,
I heard him mutt'ring o'er the plant. A wizard !
Some gaunt slave, prowling out for dark employments.
Osorio. What may his name be ?
Ferdinand. That I cannot tell you.
Only Francesco bade an officer
Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.
So he was question'd, who and what he was.
This was his answer : Say to the Lord Osorio,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Osorio. A strange reply !
Ferdinand. Aye—all of him is strange.

He call'd himself a Christian — yet he wears
The Moorish robe, as if he courted death.
Osorio. Where does this wizard live?
Ferdinand (*pointing to a distance*). You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backwards thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.
Osorio. How shall I know it?
Ferdinand. You can't mistake. It is a small green dale
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite—you cannot miss it.
Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the new thatch.
Osorio. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exit* OSORIO. FERDINAND *goes into his house.*

Scene changes.

The inside of a cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.

ALBERT *and* MAURICE.

Albert. He doth believe himself an iron soul,
And therefore puts he on an iron outward
And those same mock habiliments of strength
Hide his own weakness from himself.
Maurice. His weakness!
Come, come, speak out! Your brother is a villain!
Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You suffer him to hold!
Albert. Maurice! dear Maurice!
That my return involved Osorio's death
I trust would give me an unmingl'd pang—
Yet bearable. But when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs even on the ground
Which soon must be his grave; and my Maria,
Her husband proved a monster, and her infants
His infants — poor Maria! — all would perish,
All perish—all!—and I (nay bear with me!)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!
Maurice (*much affected*). Nay, now, if I have distress'd you — you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes! true, 'tis tiresome.
You are a painter—one of many fancies—
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas, and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You've learnt to name—but I——
Albert. Well, to the Netherlands
We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past service.
Maurice. Heard you not some steps?
Albert. What if it were my brother coming onward!
Not very wisely (but his creature teiz'd me)
I sent a most mysterious message to him.
Maurice. Would he not know you?
Albert. I unfearingly
Trust this disguise. Besides, he thinks me dead;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other;
Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my voice

A hoarser note.
Maurice. Most true! And Alva's Duke
Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands
He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon,
During our long imprisonment.

Enter OSORIO.

Albert. It is he!
Maurice. Make yourself talk; you'll feel the less. Come, speak.
How do you find yourself? Speak to me, Albert.
Albert (*placing his hand on his heart*). A little fluttering here; but more of sorrow!
Osorio. You know my name, perhaps, better than me.
I am Osorio, son of the Lord Velez,
Albert (*groaning aloud*). The son of Velez!
[OSORIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*
Maurice. Why, what ails you now?
[ALBERT *grasps* MAURICE'S *hand in agitation.*
Maurice. How your hand trembles, Albert! Speak! what wish you?
Albert. To fall upon his neck and weep in anguish!
Osorio (*returning*). All very curious! from a ruin'd abbey
Pluck'd in the moonlight. There's a strange power in weeds
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them.
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp. There's one of you,
Who sent me a strange message.
Albert. I am he!
Osorio. I will speak with you, and by yourself. [*Exit* MAURICE.
Osorio. 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Such was your message, sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!
Albert. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such!
Osorio. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither
To sport with thee?
Albert. No, no! my lord! to sport
Best fits the gaiety of *Innocence!*
Osorio (*draws back as if stung and embarrassed, then folding his arms*). O what a thing is Man! the wisest heart
A fool—a fool, that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.* It strikes me you are poor!
Albert. What follows thence?
Osorio. That you would fain be richer.
Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps,
Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.
The Inquisition—hey? You understand me,
And you are poor. Now I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty.
And for this service, all I ask you is
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.
Albert (*solemnly*). Thou art the son of Velez! Would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee!
Osorio. The canting scoundrel softens. [*Aside.*
You are my friend!
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies. I know thee better.
[*Then with great bitterness.*
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!
Albert. Alas, this hollow mirth! Declare your business!
Osorio. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants round the house? no listeners?
[OSORIO *steps to the door.*
Albert. What! faithless too? false to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Maria! Wretch! my softer soul

Is pass'd away! and I will probe his conscience.
Osorio (*returned*). In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.
Albert. What? you kill'd him? hey?
Osorio. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it,
Thou slave! thou galley-slave! thou mountebank!
I leave thee to the hangman!
Albert. Fare you well!
I pity you, Osorio! even to anguish!
[ALBERT *retires off the stage.*
Osorio (*recovering himself*). 'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a Fool's Cap. Ho!
[*Calling after* ALBERT.
Albert (*returning*). Be brief, what wish you?
Osorio. You are deep at bartering—you charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Albert. I listen to you.
Osorio. In a sudden tempest
Did Albert perish—he, I mean, the lover—
The fellow——
Albert. Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain! Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals!
Osorio (*hesitating and half doubting whether he should proceed*). Now till she knows him dead she will not wed me!
Albert (*with eager vehemence*). Are you not wedded, then? Merciful God!
Not wedded to Maria?
Osorio. Why, what ails thee?
Art mad or drunk? Why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, prince of the air?
Albert. Proceed. I shall be silent.
[ALBERT *sits, and leaning on the table hides his face.*
Osorio. To Maria!
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes! Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop!—well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.
Albert (*lifting up his head*). Well—and this lady!
Osorio. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck
Entreating him to wear it.
Albert (*sighing*). Yes! he did so!
Osorio. Why, no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep
Till his return.
Albert. What, he was your friend then?
Osorio (*wounded and embarrassed*). I was his friend. [*A pause.*
Now that he gave it me
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call this dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then!—there you have no influence—
Still there are tokens; and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?
Albert (*after a long pause*). Osorio,—I will do it.
Osorio. Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Velez.
I will prepare him. Music, too, and incense,
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture—
And here what you will value more, a purse.
Before the dusk——
Albert. I will not fail to meet you.
Osorio. Till next we meet, farewell!
Albert (*alone, gazes passionately at the portrait*). And I did curse thee?

At midnight? on my knees? And I believed
Thee perjured, *thee* polluted, thee a murderess?
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows,
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble.
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant
Who spake pollutions of thee!
I am unworthy of thy love, Maria!
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smil'd on me! Yet do not scorn me.
I lisp'd thy name ere I had learnt my mother's!

Enter MAURICE.

Albert. Maurice! that picture, which I painted for thee,
Of my assassination.
Maurice. I'll go fetch it.
Albert. Haste! for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd.

[MAURICE *goes out.*

Albert (*gazing at the portrait*). Dear image! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now prophane thee, holy image!
To a dark trick! That worst bad man shall find
A picture which shall wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience!

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A hall of armory, with an altar in the part farthest from the stage.*

VELEZ, OSORIO, MARIA.

Maria. Lord Velez! you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me!)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery!

[*Here* ALBERT *enters in a sorcerer's robe.*

Maria (*to Albert*). Stranger! I mourn and blush to see *you* here
On such employments! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Osorio (*aside*). Ha! he has been tampering with her!
Albert. O high-soul'd maiden, and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name, I swear to thee,
I will uncover all concealed things!
Doubt, but decide not!
Stand from off the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes, from an instrument of glass or steel—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.*

Albert. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed. Soul of Albert!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spells:
So may the gates of Paradise unbarr'd
Cease thy swift toils, since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company,
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard—
Fitliest unheard! For, O ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstun'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night.
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness. Ye too split

The ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge,
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff.
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.
Soul of Albert!
Hear the mild spell and tempt no blacker charm.
By sighs unquiet and the sickly pang
Of an half dead yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense;
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead.

THE SONG

(*Sung behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*)

Hear, sweet spirit! hear the spell
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.
And at evening evermore
In a chapel on the shore
Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea,
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine! [*A long pause.*

Osorio. This was too melancholy, father!
Velez. Nay!
My Albert lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place of the wood,
To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely-moving notes, and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream; him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And, lower down, poor Albert fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog—it pleased me
To mark, how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandmother had given him.
Methinks I see him now, as he then look'd.
His infant dress was grown too short for him,
Yet still he wore it.
Albert (*aside*). My tears must not flow—
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!
Osorio. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell.
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me.
Albert (*abruptly*). A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee,
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if, his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love, he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?
Velez. These are unholy fancies!
Osorio (*struggling with his feelings*). Yes, my father!
He is in heaven!
Albert (*still to Osorio*). But what if this same brother
Had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face
More than the death-pang?
Maria. Idly-prating man!
He was most virtuous.
Albert (*still to Osorio*). What if his very virtues

Had pamper'd his swoln heart, and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt,
Yet still he stalk'd, a self-created God,
Not very bold, but excellently cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass,
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings,—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away! away! Now let me hear more music. [*Music as before.*
Albert. The spell is mutter'd—come, thou wandering shape,
Who own'st no master in an eye of flesh,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it or foul,
If he be dead, come quick, and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death; and if he lives,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.
[*The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.*

Wandering demon! hear the spell
Lest a blacker charm compel!

[*A thunder-clap. The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly.*
[*Maria.* This is some trick—I know, it is a trick.
Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,
[Would fain give substance to the shadow.][1]

Velez (*advancing to the altar*). Hah! A picture!
Maria. O God! *my* picture?
Albert (*gazing at Maria with wild impatient distressfulness*). Pale—pale—deadly pale!
Maria. He grasp'd it when he died.
[*She swoons.* ALBERT *rushes to her and supports her.*
Albert. My love! my wife!
Pale—pale, and cold! My love! my wife! Maria!
[VELEZ *is at the altar.* OSORIO *remains near him in a state of stupor.*
Osorio (*rousing himself*). Where am I? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.
Velez (*takes and conceals the picture in his robe*). This way, my son! She must not see this picture.
Go, call the attendants! Life will soon ebb back!
[VELEZ *and* OSORIO *leave the stage.*
Albert. Her pulse doth flutter. Maria! my Maria!
Maria (*recovering—looks round*). I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,
I hear that voice, and wake; and try, and try,
To hear it waking—but I never could!
And 'tis so now—even so! Well, he is dead,
Murder'd perhaps! and I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Albert (*eagerly*). Believe it not, sweet maid! believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Maria. Ha! who art thou?
Albert (*exceedingly agitated*). My heart bursts over thee!
Maria. Didst *thou* murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man!
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Albert (*aside*). Let me be gone.
Maria. If thou didst murder him,
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in heaven!

[1] In MS. II. this speech is crossed out, and on the blank page opposite, the following is written in Coleridge's hand:—

'Instead of Maria's portrait, Albert places on the altar a small picture of his attempted assassination. The scene is not wholly without *poetical* merit, but it is miserably undramatic, or rather untragic. A scene of magic is introduced in which no single person on the stage has the least faith—all, though in different ways, think or know it to be a *trick*—— consequently, etc.'—ED.

Albert. Albert was not murder'd.
Your foster-mother——
Maria. And doth she know aught?
Albert. She knows not aught—but haste thou to her cottage
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.
Maria (*wildly*). Nay—nay—but tell me!
[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*
Ah! 'tis lost again!
This dead confused pain!
[*A pause—she gazes at* ALBERT.
Mysterious man!
Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye
Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.
[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* MARIA.

Re-enter VELEZ *and* OSORIO.

Velez (*sportively*). You shall not see the picture, till you own it.[1]
Osorio. This mirth and raillery, sir! beseem your age.
I am content to be more serious.[2]
Velez. Do you think I did not scent it from the first?
An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.
'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed you.
I'faith, the likeness is most admirable.
I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him!
Osorio. Where should I get her portrait?
Velez. Get her portrait?
Portrait? You mean the picture! At the painter's—
No difficulty then—but that you lit upon
A fellow that could play the sorcerer,
With such a grace and terrible majesty,
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,
And half made love to her! I suppose you'll ask me
Why did he so?
Osorio (*with deep tones of suppressed agitation*). Ay, wherefore did he so?
Velez. Because you bade him—and an excellent thought!
A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.
He'll wind into her confidence, and rout
A host of scruples—come, confess, Osorio!
Osorio. You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye,
In this, your merry mood! you see it all!
Velez. Why, no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,
At least, not wholly, what his speeches meant.
Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—
Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you,
And you pretended to look strange and tremble.
Why—why—what ails you now?
Osorio (*with a stupid stare*). Me? why? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd
At any other time. Why scan you me?
Velez (*clapping him on the shoulder*). 'Twon't do—'twon't do—I have lived too long in the world.
His speech about the corse and stabs and murderers,
Had reference to the assassins in the picture:
That I made out.
Osorio (*with a frantic eagerness*). Assassins! what assassins!
Velez. Well-acted, on my life! Your curiosity
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf.
I dare not stand in it's way.
[*He shows* OSORIO *the picture.*
Osorio. Dup'd—dup'd—dup'd!
That villain Ferdinand! (*aside*).
Velez. Dup'd—dup'd—not I.
As he swept by me——
Osorio. Ha! *what* did he say?

[1] In MS. II. Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Velez supposes the picture is an innocent contrivance of Osorio's to remove Maria's scruples: Osorio, that it is the portrait of Maria which he had himself given the supposed Wizard.'—ED.

[2] The transcriber of MS. I. had here written 'superstitious,' which is marked through with ink, and 'serious' is substituted, in Coleridge's own hand. In MS. II. 'superstitious' is left undisturbed.—ED.

Velez. He caught his garment up and hid his face.
It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress——
Osorio. A laugh! a laugh! O hell! he laughs at me!
Velez. It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.
Osorio. A choking laugh!
[*A pause—then very wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this!
Velez. Glad!—aye—to be sure.
Osorio. I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark—
And every inch of this my flesh did feel
As if a cold toad touch'd it! Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!
[*He turns off—then (to himself) mimicking* FERDINAND'S *manner.*[1]
'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Old gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His own full heart,' 'twere good to see its colour!
Velez (*looking intently at the picture*). Calm, yet commanding! how he bares his breast,
Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,
As penitence had run before their crime.
A crime too black for aught to follow it
Save blasphemous despair! See *this* man's face—
With what a difficult toil he drags his soul
To do the deed. [*Then to* OSORIO.
O this was delicate flattery
To poor Maria, and I love thee for it!
Osorio (*in a slow voice with a reasoning laugh*). Love—love—and then we hate—and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and love. Strange things! both strange alike!
What if one reptile sting another reptile,
Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature
Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it.
Are we not all predestined rottenness
And cold dishonor? Grant it that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!
Velez. Wild talk, my child! but thy excess of feeling
[*Turns off from* OSORIO.
Sometimes, I fear, it will unhinge his brain!
Osorio. I kill a man and lay him in the sun,
And in a month there swarm from his dead body
A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.
Now who shall tell me, that each one and all,
Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
As that one life, which being shov'd aside
Made room for these ten thousand?[1]
Velez. Wild as madness!
Osorio. Come, father! you have taught me to be merry,
And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.
Velez (*holding the picture before Osorio*). That Moor, who points his sword at Albert's breast——
Osorio (*abruptly*). A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!
Velez. And these other two——

[1] In MS. II. Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Osorio immediately supposes that this wizard whom Ferdinand had recommended to him, was in truth, an accomplice of Ferdinand, to whom the whole secret had been betrayed.'—ED.

[1] Opposite the passage in MS. II. the following is written in the transcriber's hand:—

Ce malheur, dites-vous, est le bien d'un autre être—
De mon corps tout sanglant, mille insectes vont naître.
Quand la mort met le comble aux maux que j'ai souffert,
Le beau soulagement d'être mangé de vers!
Je ne suis du grand TOUT qu'une faible partie—
Oui; mais les animaux condamnés à la vie
Sous les êtres sentants nés sous la même loi
Vivent dans la douleur, et meurent comme moi.
Désastre de Lisbonne.—ED.

Osorio. Dead—dead already!—what care I for the dead?
Velez. The heat of brain and your too strong affection
For Albert, fighting with your other passion,
Unsettle you, and give reality
To these your own contrivings.
Osorio. Is it so?
You see through all things with *your* penetration.
Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria?
My heart doth ache to see her.
Velez. Nay—defer it!
Defer it, dear Osorio! I will go.
[*Exit* VELEZ.
Osorio. A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea—
And now 'tis gone! all may be done this night!

Enter a Servant.

Osorio. There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,
One Ferdinand,
Servant. He lives in the Alpuxarras,
Beneath a slate rock.
Osorio. Slate rock?
Servant. Yes, my lord!
If you had seen it, you must have remember'd
The flight of steps his children had worn up it
With often clambering.
Osorio. Well, it may be so.
Servant. Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year
'Tis hid by vines.
Osorio (*in a muttering voice*). The cavern—aye—the cavern.
He cannot fail to find it.
[*To the* Servant.
Where art going?
You must deliver to this Ferdinand
A letter. Stay till I have written it.
[*Exit the* Servant.
Osorio (*alone*). The tongue can't stir when the mouth is fill'd with mould.
A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths,
And a square stone with a few pious texts
Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.[1]

[1] Cf. *Fragments from a Commonplace Book*, No. 45, p. 457.

Scene changes to the space before the castle.

FRANCESCO *and a* Spy.

Francesco. Yes! yes! I have the key of all their lives.
If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.
And if I can, and do not ruin him,
He is fast bound to serve and honor me!
[ALBERT *enters from the castle, and is crossing the stage.*
Spy. There—there—your Reverence! That is the sorcerer.
[FRANCESCO *runs up and rudely catches hold of* ALBERT. ALBERT *dashes him to the earth.* FRANCESCO *and the* Spy *make an uproar, and the servants rush from out the castle.*
Francesco. Seize, seize and gag him! or the Church curses you!
[*The servants seize and gag* ALBERT.

Enter VELEZ *and* OSORIO.

Osorio (*aside*). This is most lucky!
Francesco (*inarticulate with rage*). See you this, Lord Velez?
Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery,
And in the name of Holy Church command you
To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord!
Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.
This imp of hell—but we delay enquiry
Till to Granada we have convoy'd him.
Osorio (*to the Servants*). Why haste you not? Go, fly and dungeon him!
Then bring the keys and give them to his Reverence.
[*The* Servants *hurry off* ALBERT. OSORIO *goes up to* FRANCESCO, *and pointing at* ALBERT.
Osorio (*with a laugh*). 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Francesco. What? did *you* hear it?
Osorio. Yes, and plann'd this scheme
To bring conviction on him. Ho! a wizard,
Thought I—but where's the proof! I plann'd this scheme.
The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.
Francesco. My lord, your pious policy astounds me.
I trust my honest zeal——

Osorio. Nay, reverend father!
It has but raised my veneration for you.
But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk
Between my servants and this child of darkness.
Francesco. My lord! with speed I'll go, make swift return,
And humbly redeliver you the keys.
[*Exit* FRANCESCO.
Osorio (*alone*). 'The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking weeds.'
And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-brother! 291
O! I am green, a very simple stripling--
The wise men of this world make nothing of me.
By Heaven, 'twas well contriv'd! And I, forsooth,
I was to cut my throat in honor of conscience.
And this tall wizard—ho!—he was to pass
For Albert's friend! He *hath* a trick of his manner.
He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,
And win her to a transfer of her love
By lamentable tales of her dear Albert,
And his dear Albert! Yea, she would have lov'd him. 301
He, that can sigh out in a woman's ear
Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,
And sob and smile with veering sympathy,
And, now and then, as if by accident,
Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek
With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,
He takes his place, for certain! Dusky rogue,
Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,
Then steal away and roll upon my grave,
Till thy sides shook with laughter? Blood! blood! blood! 311
They want thy blood! thy blood, Osorio!

[END OF ACT THE THIRD.]

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A cavern, dark except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side of the further end of it, supposed to be cast on it from a cranny in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

[FERDINAND *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*
Ferdinand. Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.[1]
Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
His life in danger—no place safe but this.
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude!
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be!
Thanks to that little cranny
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it. 9
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep,
'Twere better than this dreary noise of water-drops!
[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstacy of fear.*
A hellish pit! O God—'tis like my nightmair!
I was just in!—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha! what's that? it moved!
[FERDINAND *stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the meantime* OSORIO *enters with a torch and hollows to him.*
Ferdinand. I swear, I saw a something moving there!
The moonshine came and went, like a flash of lightning.
I swear, I saw it move!
[OSORIO *goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*
Osorio. A jutting clay-stone
Drips on the long lank weed that grows beneath;
And the weed nods and drips.
Ferdinand (*forcing a faint laugh*). A joke to laugh at! 20

[1] These are the lines which furnished Sheridan with his jest at the poet's expense. See Preface to *Remorse* in 'APPENDIX K.'—ED.

It was not that which frighten'd me, my lord !
Osorio. What frighten'd you ?
Ferdinand. You see that little cranny ?
But first permit me,
[*Lights his torch at* OSORIO'S, *and while lighting it.*
[A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.
You see that cranny there ?] [1]
Osorio. Well, what of that ?
Ferdinand. I walk'd up to it, meaning to sit there.
When I had reach'd it within twenty paces——
[FERDINAND *starts as if he felt the terror over again.*
Merciful Heaven ! Do go, my lord ! and look.
[OSORIO *goes and returns.*
Osorio. It must have shot some pleasant feelings thro' you ?
Ferdinand. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should move, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so !
Or if it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—
Osorio (*interrupting him*). Why, Ferdinand ! I blush for thy cowardice.
It would have startled any man, I grant thee.
But *such* a panic.
Ferdinand. When a boy, my lord !
I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them thump and rattle
Against its horrid sides ; and hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sunk, with faint splash, in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near ; unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould,
Close at its edge.
Osorio. Art thou more coward now ?
Ferdinand. Call him that fears his fellow-men a coward.
I fear not man. But this inhuman cavern
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Besides (you'll laugh, my lord !) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted [1]
By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
I saw you in a thousand hideous ways,
And doz'd and started, doz'd again and started.
I do entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——
Osorio. Well ?
Ferdinand. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me. She heard my heart beat !
Osorio. Strange enough !
Had you been here before ?
Ferdinand. Never, my lord !
But my eyes do not see it now more clearly
Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.
[OSORIO *stands in a deep study—then, after a pause.*
Osorio. There is no reason *why* it should be so.
And yet it *is*.

[1] The square brackets (which appear in both MSS.) seem to indicate that these words were an 'aside.'—ED.

[1] Against this passage Coleridge has written in MS. II. :—'This will be held by many for a mere Tragedy-dream—by many who have never given themselves the trouble to ask themselves from what grounds dreams pleased in Tragedy, and wherefore they have become so common. I believe, however, that in the present case, the whole is here psychologically true and accurate. Prophetical dreams are things of nature, and explicable by that law of the mind in which where dim ideas are connected with vivid feelings, Perception and Imagination insinuate themselves and mix with the forms of Recollection, till the Present appears to exactly correspond with the Past. Whatever is partially like, the Imagination will gradually represent as wholly like—a law of our nature which, when it is perfectly understood, woe to the great city Babylon—to all the superstitions of Men !'—ED.

Ferdinand. What is, my lord?
Osorio. Unpleasant
To kill a man!
Ferdinand. Except in self-defence.
Osorio. Why that's my case: and yet 'tis still unpleasant.
At least I find it so! But you, perhaps,
Have stronger nerves?
Ferdinand. Something doth trouble you.
How can I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness
(When ten yards off, we know, 'tis cheerful moonlight)
Collects the guilt and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.
Osorio. Thyself be judge.
[OSORIO *walks round the cavern—then looking round it.*
One of our family knew this place well.
Ferdinand. Who? when? my lord.
Osorio. What boots it who or when?
Hang up the torch. I'll tell his tale to thee.
[*They hang their torches in some shelf of the cavern.*
Osorio. He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.[1]
Ferdinand. What? he was mad?
Osorio. All men seem'd mad to him,
Their actions noisome folly, and their talk—
A goose's gabble was more musical.
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion!
Ferdinand. Ah, poor wretch!
Madmen are mostly proud.

[1] Against this passage, Coleridge writes in MS. H.:—'Under the mask of the third person Osorio relates his own story, as in the delusion of self-justification and pride, it appeared to himself—at least as he wished it to appear to himself.'—ED.

Osorio. He walk'd alone,
And phantasies, unsought for, troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities, and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur, and low voice,
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him——
Why didst thou look round?
Ferdinand. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray go on!
And what did this man?
Osorio. With his human hand
He gave a being and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.
Well it was done. [*Then very wildly.*
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
And he, whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Ferdinand. I would, my lord, you were by *my* fireside!
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord!
Osorio. Where was I?
Ferdinand. He of whom you tell the tale—
Osorio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd.
But that some over-ready agent—he——
Ferdinand. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Osorio. He proved a villain;
Betray'd the mystery to a brother villain;
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death
To share the wealth of a most noble family,
And stain the honour of an orphan lady
With barbarous mixture and unnatural union.
What did the Velez! I am proud of the name,

Since he dared do it.

[OSORIO *grasps his sword and turns off from* FERDINAND, *then, after a pause, returns.*

Osorio. Our links burn dimly.

Ferdinand. A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my lord!

Tell what he did.

Osorio (*fiercely*). That which his wisdom prompted.

He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,

And here he kill'd the traitor.

Ferdinand. No!—the fool.

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.

Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen

That he, who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie

To murder *his own brother*, would not scruple

To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,

And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

Osorio. Thou would'st not then have come, if——

Ferdinand. O yes, my lord!

I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward!

[FERDINAND *throws off his robe, shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*

Osorio. Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!

My heart was drawing back, drawing me back

With womanish pulls of pity. Dusky slave,

Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it

Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Ferdinand. And all my little ones fatherless! Die thou first.

[*They fight.* OSORIO *disarms* FERDINAND, *and in disarming him, throws his sword up that recess, opposite to which they were standing.*

Ferdinand (*springing wildly towards Osorio*). Still I can strangle thee!

Osorio. Nay, fool! stand off. I'll kill thee—but not so! Go fetch thy sword.

[FERDINAND *hurries into the recess with his torch.* OSORIO *follows him, and in a moment returns alone.*

Osorio. Now—this was luck! No blood-stains, no dead body! His dream, too, is made out. Now for his friend.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the court before the Castle of* VELEZ.

MARIA *and her* FOSTER-MOTHER.[2]

Maria. And when I heard that you desired to see me,

I thought your business was to tell me of him.

Foster-Mother. I never saw the Moor, whom you describe.

Maria. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly

As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

Foster-Mother. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,

That join'd your names with mine! O my sweet lady,

As often as I think of those dear times

When you two little ones would stand at eve,

On each side of my chair, and make me learn

All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk

[1] Against this line Coleridge writes in MS. II.:—'Osorio has thrust Ferdinand down the chasm. I think it an important instance how Dreams and Prophecies coöperate to their own completion.'—ED.

[2] The whole of this scene between Maria and her foster-mother was omitted as unfit for the stage in the acted *Remorse*, but was afterwards, with the exception of the first two speeches, printed in an appendix to the second and later editions. All of it but the first speech originally appeared, under the title of 'The Foster-Mother's Tale; a Dramatic Fragment,' as one of Coleridge's contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798 (*vide* p. 83 of the present volume), and continued to appear there, with some further omission as regards the opening part, in the later editions of 1800, 1802, and 1805. Cottle in his *Early Recollections of Coleridge* (Lond. 1837, vol. i. pp. 234, 235), prints a version of it, with some slight variations, from a copy in Coleridge's own writing, given to him by the poet in the summer of 1797.—ED.

In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you.
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been!
Maria. O my dear mother! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid—who gazes at it
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye
She gazes idly! But that entrance, mother!
Foster-Mother. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!
Maria. No one.
Foster-Mother. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni. Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy.
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,
A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a very learned youth.
But O! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things.
And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,
And once as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,
The earth heav'd under them with such a groan,
That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighten'd;
A fever seiz'd him; and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seiz'd
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.
And once as he was working in the cellar,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described:
And the young man escaped.
Maria. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a list'ning child to sleep,
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?
Foster-Mother. He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
Of golden lands; Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,

Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more; but 'tis supposed
He liv'd and died among the savage men.

Enter VELEZ.

Velez. Still sad, Maria? This same wizard haunts you.
Maria. O Christ! the tortures that hang o'er his head,
If ye betray him to these holy brethren!
Velez (*with a kind of sneer*). A portly man, and eloquent, and tender!
In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn
That their rude grasp should seize on *such* a victim.
Maria. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of sympathy,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy—
Ah! far too little—if 'twere possible,
I could feel more, even tho' my child or husband
Were doom'd to suffer them! That such things are ——
Velez. Hush! thoughtless woman!
Maria. Nay—it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.
Velez (*angrily*). No more of this—
I can endure no more.
Foster-Mother. My honor'd master!
Lord Albert used to talk so.
Maria. Yes! my mother!
These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them
With more delight than, in my fondest hour,
I bend me o'er his portrait.
Velez (*to the Foster-Mother*). My good woman,
You may retire.
[*Exit the* FOSTER-MOTHER.
Velez. We have mourn'd for Albert.
Have I no living son?
Maria. Speak not of HIM!
That low imposture—my heart sickens at it,
If it be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it!
Velez. Is this well?
Maria. Yes! it is truth. Saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displac'd each other with swift interchanges?
If this were all assumed, as you believe,
He must needs be a most consummate actor;
And hath so vast a power to deceive me,
I never could be safe. And why assume
The semblance of such execrable feelings?
Velez. Ungrateful woman! I have try'd to stifle
An old man's passion! Was it not enough
That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health and half-unhinged his reason,
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,
And toil to blast his honor? I am old—
A comfortless old man! Thou shalt not stay
Beneath my roof!
[FRANCESCO *enters and stands listening.*
Velez. Repent and marry him—
Or to the convent.
Francesco (*muttering*). Good! good very good!
Maria. Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,
And I will live a solitary woman,
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons
May be my household.
Francesco (*advancing*). I abhor a listener;
But you spoke so, I could not chuse but hear you.
I pray, my lord! will you embolden me
To ask you why this lady doth prefer
To live in lonely sort, without a friend
Or fit companion?
Velez. Bid her answer you.
Maria. Nature will be my friend and fit companion. [*Turns off from them.*
O Albert! Albert! that they could return,
Those blessed days, that imitated heaven!
When we two wont to walk at eventing-tide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard

The voice of that Almighty One, who lov'd us,
In every gale that breath'd, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half-assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.

Francesco. But in the convent, lady, you would have
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.
There you might dwell.

Maria. With tame and credulous faith,
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!
O God! it is a horrid thing to know
That each pale wretch, who sits and drops her beads
Had once a mind, which might have given her wings
Such as the angels wear!

Francesco (*stifling his rage*). Where is your son, my lord?

Velez. I have not seen him, father, since he left you.

Francesco. His lordship's generous nature hath deceiv'd him!
That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.
We are not safe until they are rooted out.

Maria. Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister
Of Him whose law was love unutterable!
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,
That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood?

Velez (*rapidly*). Father! I have long suspected it—her brain—
Heed it not, father!

Francesco. Nay—but I *must* heed it.

Maria. Thou miserable man! I fear thee not,
Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.
Bear witness, Heav'n! I neither scorn nor hate him—
But O! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy!

[*Exit* MARIA.

Francesco. My lord! I shall presume to wait on you
To-morrow early.

Velez. Be it so, good father!

[*Exit* FRANCESCO.

Velez (*alone*). I do want solace, but not such as thine!
The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,
But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.
A child, a child is born! and the fond heart
Dances! and yet the childless are most happy.

[SCENE *changes to the mountains by moonlight.* ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress, her eyes fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of* Morescoes, *all in their Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA. *After a pause one of the* Morescoes *to the man who stands next to him.*

First Moresco. The law which forced these Christian dresses on us,
'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who framed it.

Second. Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

First. Our country robes are dear.

Second. And like dear friends,
May chance to prove most perilous informers.

[*A third Moresco,* NAOMI, *advances from out the circle.*

Naomi. Woman! may Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin the Moorish garments?

Alhadra (*lifting up her eyes, and looking round on the circle*). Warriors of Mahomet, faithful in the battle,
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are *spell*-blasted; and whoever wears them,

His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften!
Naomi. Where is Ferdinand?
Alhadra (*in a deep low voice*). This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep; and he was living!
And I return'd, and found them still asleep—
But he had perish'd.
All. Perished?
Alhadra. He had perish'd!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless, a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?
One to Another. Did she say his murder?
Naomi. Murder'd? Not murder'd?
Alhadra. Murder'd by a Christian!
[*They all, at once, draw their sabres.*
Alhadra (*to Naomi, who on being addressed again advances from the circle*). Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword:
This is thy chieftain's!
[*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez!
Enter MAURICE.
All. A spy! a spy!
[*They seize him.*
Maurice. Off! off! unhand me, slaves!
[*After much struggling he disengages himself and draws his sword.*
Naomi (*to Alhadra*). Speak! shall we kill him?
Maurice. Yes! ye can kill a man,
Some twenty of you! But ye are Spanish slaves!
And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.
Alhadra. That man has spoken truth.
Whence and who art thou?
Maurice. I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know
The son of Velez hath hired one of you
To murder! Say, do ye know aught of Albert?
Alhadra (*starting*). Albert?—three years ago I heard that name
Murmur'd in sleep! High-minded foreigner!
Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us.
[MAURICE *stands among the* Morescoes.
Alhadra. Was not Osorio my husband's friend?
Old Man. He kill'd my son in battle; yet our chieftain
Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point
Is bright, unrusted with the villain's blood!
Alhadra. He is your chieftain's murderer!
Naomi. He dies by Alla!
All (*dropping on one knee*). By Alla!
Alhadra. This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,
Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,
He read the scroll.
Maurice. Its purport?
Alhadra. Yes, I ask'd it.
He answer'd me, 'Alhadra! thou art worthy
A nobler secret; but I have been faithful
To this bad man, and faithful I will be.'
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch;
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him
At distance, till I saw him enter *there.*
Naomi. The cavern?
Alhadra. Yes—the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a pause I saw the son of Velez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd—
There was another and a longer pause—
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords,
And soon the son of Velez reappear'd.
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Maurice. Thou called'st him?
Alhadra. I crept into the cavern:
'Twas dark and very silent.
[*Then wildly.*
What said'st thou?
No, no! I did not dare call, Ferdinand!
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O God! I heard a groan!—and follow'd it.
And yet another groan—which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
A *hideous* light! his torch lay on the ground—
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
I spake—and while I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! It was his last! his death groan!
Maurice. Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father!
Alhadra. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony, that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last—my husband's death-groan!
Naomi. Haste! let us go!
Alhadra. I look'd far down the pit.
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment,
And it was stain'd with blood! Then first I shriek'd!
My eyeballs burnt! my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood. I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm
When on the further brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Ferdinand!
Spirit of Ferdinand! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!
[*She rushes off, all following.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Sea Shore.*

NAOMI *and a* Moresco.

Moresco. This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.
Naomi. True! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,
Thou know'st the bloodhound — twas a strong temptation.
And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,
We could not curb them in. They swore by Mahomet,
It were a deed of treachery to their brethren
To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.
Moresco. Where is Alhadra?
Naomi. She moved steadily on
Unswerving from the path of her resolve.
Yet each strange object fix'd her eye: for grief
Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,
And smiling, like a sickley moralist,
Gives some resemblance of her own concerns
To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.
I seek her here; stand thou upon the watch.
[*Exit* Moresco.
Naomi (*looking wistfully to the distance*).
Stretch'd on the rock! It must be she—Alhadra!
[ALHADRA *rises from the rock, and advances slowly, as if musing.*
Naomi. Once more, well met! what ponder'st thou so deeply?
Alhadra. I scarce can tell thee! For my many thoughts
Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind
I only listen'd to the dashing billows.
It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes
And wak'd without a dream of what has pass'd;
So well it counterfeited quietness,
This wearied heart of mine!
Naomi. 'Tis thus by nature
Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow
Might bring its own cure with it.

Alhadra. Would to Heaven
That it had brought its last and certain cure!
That ruin in the wood.
Naomi. It is a place
Of ominous fame; but 'twas the shortest road,
Nor could we else have kept clear of the village.
Yet some among us, as they scal'd the wall,
Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.
Alhadra. On that broad wall
I saw a skull; a poppy grew beside it,
There was a ghastly solace in the sight!
Naomi. I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird
Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.
Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year:
[*Looking round impatiently.*
Why don't they come? I will go forth and meet them. [*Exit* NAOMI.
Alhadra (*alone*). The hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem'd
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold,
The hanging woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lay in the silent moonshine; and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch owl only wak'd,
Sole voice, sole eye of all that world of beauty!
Why such a thing am I! Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces
To beat away this deep contempt for all things
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! — would to Alla
The raven and the sea-mew were appointed
To bring me food, or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!
[NAOMI *re-enters.*
Naomi. Thy children——
Alhadra. Children? *Whose* children?
[*A pause—then fiercely.*
Son of Velez,
This hath new-strung my arm! Thou coward tyrant,
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!
[*A noise — enter a part of the* Morescoes; *and from the opposite side of the stage a* Moorish Seaman.
Moorish Seaman. The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.
Your wives and children are already stow'd;
I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,
Of Mosks, and minarets, and golden crescents.
Each had her separate dream; but all were gay,
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels!
[*Enter* MAURICE *and the rest of the* Morescoes *dragging in* FRANCESCO.
Francesco. O spare me, spare me! only spare my life!
An Old Man. All hail, Alhadra! O that thou hadst heard him
When first we dragg'd him forth!
[*Then turning to the band.*
Here! in her presence——
[*He advances with his sword as about to kill him.* MAURICE *leaps in and stands with his drawn sword between* FRANCESCO *and the* Morescoes.
Maurice. Nay, but ye shall not!
Old Man. Shall not? Hah? Shall not?
Maurice. What, an unarm'd man?
A man that never wore a sword? A priest?
It is unsoldierly! I say, ye shall not!
Old Man (*turning to the bands*). He bears himself most like an insolent Spaniard!
Maurice. And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their master,
But know not yet what freedom means; how holy
And just a thing it is! He's a fall'n foe!
Come, come, forgive him!
All. No, by Mahomet!
Francesco. O mercy, mercy! talk to them of mercy!

Old Man. Mercy to thee! No, no, by Mahomet!
Maurice. Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.
I am sure he did!
Old Man. Ha! Ha! Forgiveness! Mercy!
Maurice. If he did not, he needs it for himself!
Alhadra. Blaspheming fool! the law of Mahomet
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man!
Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprize,
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure—
These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots
With its minutest fibres! And that Being
Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,
Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature!
Naomi (*who turns toward Francesco with his sword*). Speak!
All (*to Alhadra*). Speak!
Alhadra. Is the murderer of your chieftain dead?
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him
To make my children orphans, none shall die
Till I have seen his blood!
Off with him to the vessel!
[*A part of the* Moriscoes *hurry him off.*
Alhadra. The Tyger, that with unquench'd cruelty,
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.
Maurice. It is not so, remember that, my friends!
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.
Alhadra. Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way,
And move in silence to the house of Velez. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Dungeon.*

ALBERT (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Albert. And this place my forefathers made for men!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt till changed to poison,
They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour
Seen thro' the steaming vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of ever more deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But bursting into tears wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.[1]
[*A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and* OSORIO *enters with a goblet in his hand.*

[1] The above soliloquy was published in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798, pp. 139, 140), under the title of *The Dungeon*. *Vide* p. 85.

Osorio. Hail, potent wizard! In my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto;
And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought of thee!
Albert (*in a low voice*). I have not summon'd up my heart to give
That pang, which I must give thee, son of Velez!
Osorio (*with affected levity*). Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not!
Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours—
It is a puddle in a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders, that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament,
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand at* ALBERT.
The lesser must needs break!
Albert. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,
Which doth betray thee. Crazy-conscienc'd man,
This is the gaiety of drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling!
Osorio. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble.
'Tis true, I cannot sob for such misfortunes!
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, share the beverage—this chill place demands it.
Friendship and wine!
[OSORIO *proffers him the goblet.*
Albert. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred legs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Osorio! life and thought;
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly, to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brink,
I would remove it with an eager terror.
Osorio. What meanest thou?
Albert. There's poison in the wine.
Osorio. Thou hast guess'd well. There's poison in the wine.
Shall we throw dice, which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Albert. Whom dost thou think me?
Osorio. The accomplice and sworn friend of Ferdinand.
Albert. Ferdinand! Ferdinand! 'tis a name I know not.
Osorio. Good! good! that lie! by Heaven! it has restor'd me.
Now I am thy master! Villain, thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Albert. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[ALBERT *takes the goblet, and with a sigh throws it on the ground.*
My master! 180
Osorio. Thou mountebank!
Albert. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak—and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villainy,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them! 190
What have they done for thee? Have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant, when thou wakest at midnight?
Art happy when alone? canst walk by thyself
With even step, and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved.
Osorio (*stupidly reiterating the word*). Saved? saved?
Albert. One pang—
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!
Osorio. He told me of the babe, that prattled to him,

His fatherless little ones! Remorse! remorse!
Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body — mangled, dash'd to atoms!
Not all the blessings of an host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse;
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.
Albert (*almost overcome by his feelings*). But Albert——
Osorio. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee! and yet, I pray thee, speak it out.
Still Albert! Albert! Howl it in mine ear!
Heap it, like coals of fire, upon my heart!
And shoot it hissing through my brain!
Albert. Alas—
That day, when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand, then, son of Velez!
How sweet and musical the name of Albert!
Then, then, Osorio! he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him. Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him?
O Heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!
Osorio. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! Ha!—my brain turns wild
At its own dreams—off—off, fantastic shadow!
Albert (*seizing his hand*). I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!
Osorio (*retiring from him*). Cheat, villain, traitor! whatsoe'er thou be
I fear thee, man!
[*He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.*
And is *this* too my madness?
Albert. It is the step of one that treads in fear
Seeking to cheat the echo.
Osorio. It approaches—
This nook shall hide me.

[MARIA *enters from a plank which slips to and fro.*
Maria. I have put aside
The customs and the terrors of a woman,
To work out thy escape. Stranger! begone,
And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.
[ALBERT *takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her with unutterable tenderness.*
Albert. Maria! *my* Maria!
Maria. Do not mock me.
This is my face—and thou—ha! who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee Albert!
[*She falls upon his neck.* OSORIO *leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards* ALBERT *with his sword.* MARIA *gazes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves* ALBERT, *and flings herself upon* OSORIO, *arresting his arm.*
Maria. Madman, stop!
Albert (*with majesty and tenderness*). Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Albert from thee? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trace and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother!
My anguish for thy guilt. Spotless Maria,
I thought thee guilty too! Osorio, brother!
Nay, nay, thou *shalt* embrace me!
Osorio (*drawing back and gazing at Albert with a countenance expressive at once of awe and terror*). Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Albert!—I will die!
[*He attempts to fall on his sword.* ALBERT *and* MARIA *struggle with him.*
Albert. We will invent some tale to save your honor.
Live, live, Osorio!
Maria. You may yet be happy.
Osorio (*looking at Maria*). O horror! Not a thousand years in heaven

Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy.
Live! live!—why yes! 'Twere well to live with you—
For is it fit a villain should be proud? 250
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!
[*Throws himself at* ALBERT'S *feet.*
Forgive me, Albert!—*Curse* me with forgiveness!
Albert. Call back thy soul, my brother! and look round thee.
Now is the time for greatness. Think that Heaven —
Maria. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.
Osorio (*pointing at vacancy*). Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it.
Thou said'st thou didst not know him. That is he!
He comes upon me!
Albert (*lifting his eye to heaven*). Heal, O heal him, Heaven!
Osorio. Nearer and nearer! And I cannot stir! 260
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
A husband and a father!
Maria. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirit!
Osorio (*fiercely recollecting himself*). Let the eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world.
I will not bear to live—to live! O agony!
And be myself alone, my own sore torment!
[*The doors of the dungeon are burst open with a crash.* ALHADRA, MAURICE, *and the band of* Moorescoes *enter.*
Alhadra (*pointing at Osorio*). Seize first that man!
[*The* Moors *press round.*
Albert (*rushing in among them*). Draw thy sword, Maurice! and defend my brother.
[*A scuffle, during which they disarm* MAURICE.
Osorio. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it.
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh, 271
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes!
Alhadra. My husband——
Osorio. Yes! I murder'd him most foully.
Albert (*throws himself on the earth*). O horrible!
Alhadra. Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon! thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap *their* blood. Then, then, I might have harden'd
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet tho' dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning 280
For the deep horror of a desolation
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
[*Struggling to suppress her anguish.*
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish—
I have not seen his blood. Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father?
[*Looks at* OSORIO.
I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence.
Maria. See—see! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.
Be merciful!
[MARIA *kneels to her.* ALHADRA *regards her face wistfully.*
Alhadra. Thou art young and innocent;
'Twere merciful to kill thee! Yet I will not. 291
And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,
Save only he.
Maria. That aged man, his father!
Alhadra (*sternly*). Why had he such a son?
[*The* Moors *press on.*
Maria (*still kneeling, and wild with affright*). Yet spare his life!
They must not murder him!
Alhadra. And is it then
An enviable lot to waste away

With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos
To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,
Cursing all lovely things? to let him live—
It were a deep revenge!
All the band cry out—No mercy! no mercy!
[NAOMI *advances with the sword towards* OSORIO.
Alhadra. Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent maid
Behold the ugliness of death?
Osorio (*with great majesty*). O woman!
I have stood silent like a slave[1] before thee,
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing spirit
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
[*The* Moors *gather round him in a crowd, and pass off the stage.*

[1] In MS. II. 'worm' has the place of 'slave,' which is the word in MS. I.—ED.

Alhadra. I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure: That point
In misery which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's. Knew I an hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of this world;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
Till desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life
Sang a new song to him who had gone forth
Conquering and still to conquer!

THE END

APPENDIX E

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

AS IT FIRST APPEARED IN THE *LYRICAL BALLADS*, 1798—WITH THE CHANGES MADE IN THE SECOND EDITION (1800) SHEWN IN THE FOOT-NOTES.

[The poem was greatly altered on its reappearance in 1800. The title was changed to 'THE ANCIENT MARINER, A POET'S REVERIE'; and the 'Argument' to the following:—

'How a Ship having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by Storms, to the cold Country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner, cruelly, and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a Sea-bird; and how he was followed by many strange Judgements; and in what manner he came back to his own Country.'

Most of the extreme archaisms (spelling, words, and phrases) disappeared: '*Ancyent*' became '*Ancient*'; '*ne* breath, *ne* motion' (line 112) became '*nor* breath, *nor* motion'; '*withouten* wind, *withouten* tide' (line 161) became '*without a* breeze, *without a* tide'; and so on. But the revision extended far beyond these details. It will be found interesting to observe the more important changes made in the text as given here in the foot-notes.—ED.]

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course

to the Tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

I

It is an ancyent Marinere,
And he stoppeth one of three:
'By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye
'Now wherefore stoppest me?

'The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
'And I am next of kin;
'The Guests are met, the Feast is set,—
'May'st hear the merry din.

But still he holds the wedding-guest—
There was a Ship, quoth he—
'Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,
'Marinere! come with me.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
Quoth he, there was a Ship—
'Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!
Or my Staff shall make thee skip.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still
And listens like a three year's child;
The Marinere hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancyent man,
The bright-eyed Marinere.

The Ship was cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd—
Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,
Below the Light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the Sea came he:
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the Sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry Minstralsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear:
And thus spake on that ancyent Man,
The bright-eyed Marinere.

Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,[1]
A Wind and Tempest strong!
For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—
Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,
And it grew wond'rous cauld:
And Ice mast-high came floating by
As green as Emerauld.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken—
The Ice was all between.

The Ice was here, the Ice was there,
The Ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd—
Like noises of a swound.[2]

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the Fog it came;
And an it were a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

The Marineres gave it biscuit-worms,
And round and round it flew:
The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit,
The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.

And a good south-wind sprung up behind,
The Albatross did follow;
And every day for food or play,
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

[1] ll. 45-50.
But now the Northwind came more fierce,
There came a Tempest strong!
And Southward still for days and weeks
Like chaff we drove along.

And now there came both Mist and Snow
And it grew wondrous cold;

[2] l. 60. A wild and ceaseless sound.
(This text of 1798 was afterwards restored.)

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night thro' fog smoke-white,[1]
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.'

'God save thee, ancyent Marinere!
'From the fiends that plague thee thus—
'Why look'st thou so?'—with my cross bow
I shot the Albatross.

II

The Sun came up upon the right,
Out of the Sea came he;
And broad as a weft upon the left
Went down into the Sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet Bird did follow
Ne any day for food or play
Came to the Marinere's hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd I had kill'd the Bird
That made the Breeze to blow.

Ne dim ne red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the Bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

[1] Corrected in the *Errata* to 'fog-smoke white.'

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, ne breath ne motion,
As idle as a painted Ship
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The Death-fires danc'd at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue thro' utter drouth
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young;
Instead of the Cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

III

I saw a something in the Sky,[1]
No bigger than my fist;
At first it seem'd a little speck
And then it seem'd a mist:
It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it ner'd and nor'd;
And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,
It plung'd, and tack'd, and veer'd.

[1] ll. 139, 140.
So past a weary time; each throat
Was parch'd and glaz'd each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd
Ne could we laugh, ne wail:
Then while thro' drouth, all dumb they stood
I bit my arm and suck'd the blood
And cry'd, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd,
Agape they hear'd me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin
And all at once their breath drew in
As they were drinking all.

She doth not tack from side to side—
Hither to work us weal
Withouten wind, withouten tide,
She steddies with upright keel.

The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars
(Heaven's mother send us grace)
As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* Sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd[1]
The sun that did behind them peer?
And are those two all, all the crew,
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They're patch'd with purple and green.

[1] ll. 177-180.
Are those *her* Ribs, thro' which the Sun
Did peer, as thro' a grate?
And are those two all, all her crew,
That Woman, and her Mate?

Her lips are red, *her* looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold:
Her skin is as white as leprosy,
And she is far liker Death than he;
Her flesh makes the still air cold.

The naked Hulk alongside came
And the Twain were playing dice;
'The Game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled thro' his bones;
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea
Off darts the Spectre-ship;
While clombe above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright Star
Almost atween the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang
And curs'd me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,
With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it pass'd me by,
Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.'

IV

'I fear thee, ancyent Marinere!
'I fear thy skinny hand;
'And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
'As is the ribb'd Sea-sand.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye
'And thy skinny hand so brown—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on the wide wide Sea;
And Christ would take no pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!
And a million million slimy things
Liv'd on—and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting Sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the eldritch deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heav'n, and try'd to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my lids and kept them close,
Till the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Ne rot, ne reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me,
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high:
But O! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main
Like morning frosts yspread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They mov'd in tracks of shining white;
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

V

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary-queen the praise be yeven
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remain'd;
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew
And when I awoke it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams
And still my body drank.

I mov'd, and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed Ghost.

The roaring wind! it roar'd far off,
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they are hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out
The stars dance on between.

The coming wind doth roar more loud;
The sails do sigh, like sedge:
The rain pours down from one black cloud
And the Moon is at its edge.

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,
And the Moon is at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning falls with never a jag
A river steep and wide.

The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd
And dropp'd down, like a stone!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The Marineres all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me—
And I quak'd to think of my own voice[1]
How frightful it would be!

The day-light dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast:
Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun:
Slowly the sounds came back again
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky,
I heard the Lavrock sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceas'd: yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

[1] ll. 337, 338 omitted.

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest![1]
'Marinere! thou hast thy will:
'For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make
'My body and soul to be still.'

Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born;
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!
Thou'lt rise to-morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard
By a man of woman born:
The Marineres all return'd to work
As silent as beforne.

The Marineres all 'gan pull the ropes,
But look at me they n'old:
Thought I, I am as thin as air—
They cannot me behold.

Till noon we silently sail'd on
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship
Mov'd onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid: and it was He
That made the Ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune
And the Ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell into a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air,

"Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
'By him who died on cross,
'With his cruel bow he lay'd full low
'The harmless Albatross.

[1] ll. 362-377. These four stanzas omitted.

'The spirit who 'bideth by himself
'In the land of mist and snow,
'He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man
'Who shot him with his bow.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he the man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.

VI

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
'Thy soft response renewing—
'What makes that ship drive on so fast?
'What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a Slave before his Lord,
'The Ocean hath no blast:
His great bright eye most silently
'Up to the moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go,
'For she guides him smooth or grim.
'See, brother, see! how graciously
'She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast
'Withouten wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
'And closes from behind.

'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
'Or we shall be belated;
'For slow and slow that ship will go,
'When the Marinere's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:

I could not draw my een from theirs
Ne turn them up to pray.

And in its time the spell was snapt,
And I could move my een:
I look'd far-forth, but little saw
Of what might else be seen.

Like one, that on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Ne sound ne motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
'Or let me sleep alway!'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moon light lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,[1]
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow
Those dark-red shadows were;
But soon I saw that my own flesh
Was red as in a glare.

[1] ll. 481-502. These five stanzas omitted.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
And by the holy rood,
The bodies had advanc'd, and now
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
They held them strait and tight;
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,
A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away
Forth looking as before.
There was no breeze upon the bay,
No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And by the Holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand:
It was a heavenly sight:
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank,
Like music on my heart.

Eftsones I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer:
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;[1]
The bodies rose anew:

[1] ll. 531-536. This stanza omitted.

With silent pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy,
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the Sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with Marineres
That come from a far Contrée.

He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss, that wholly hides
The rotted old Oak-stump.

The Skiff-boat ne'rd: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
'Where are those lights so many and fair
'That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith! the Hermit said—
'And they answer'd not our cheer.
'The planks look warp'd, and see those sails
'How thin they are and sere!
'I never saw aught like to them
'Unless perchance it were

'The skeletons of leaves that lag
'My forest-brook along:
'When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
'And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below
'That eats the she-wolf's young.

'Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
'I am afear'd—'Push on, push on!
'Said the Hermit cheerily.

The Boat came closer to the Ship,
But I ne spake ne stirr'd!
The Boat came close beneath the Ship,
And strait a sound was heard!

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the Ship, it split the bay;
The Ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote:
Like one that had been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat:
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the Ship,
The boat spun round and round:
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I mov'd my lips: the Pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit,
The Holy Hermit rais'd his eyes
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he—'full plain I see,
'The devil knows how to row.'

And now all in mine own Countrée
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man!
The Hermit cross'd his brow—
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
'What manner man art thou?

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forc'd me to begin my tale
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,[1]
Now oftimes and now fewer,

That anguish comes and makes me tell
My ghastly aventure.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The Wedding-guests are there;
But in the Garden-bower the Bride
And Bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little Vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And Youths, and Maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Marinere, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

[1] ll. 615-618.

Since then at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

(*As in later editions.*)

APPENDIX F

MONT BLANC, THE SUMMIT OF THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY, AN HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE — AN HYMN.

[As sent to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, October 1803.]

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful top, O Chamouny!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, dread mountain form!
Risest from out thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the sky and black! transpicuous, black,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge!
But when I look again,
It is thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent form! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought—entranc'd in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet thou, meantime, wast working on my soul,
Even like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet we know not we are list'ning to it.
Now I awake! and with a busier mind
And active will self-conscious, offer now,
Not as before, involuntary prayer
And passive adoration!
Hand and voice,
Awake, awake! And thou, my heart, awake!
Green fields and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,[1]
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From darkness let you loose and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Eternal thunder and unceasing foam?
And who commanded, and the silence came—
Here shall your billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,[2]
Torrents methinks, that heard a mighty voice
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge,

[1] I had written a much finer line when Sca' Fell was in my thoughts, viz.:—
O blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited, etc.

[2] *A bad line*; but I hope to be able to alter it.

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious, as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers [1]
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
Ye azure flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild-goats bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element—
Utter forth, God! and fill the hills with praise!

And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare!
Whom as I lift again my head, bow'd low
In adoration, I again behold!
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffused with tears!
Rise, mighty form! even as thou *seem'st* to rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent stars,
Tell the blue sky, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God!

[1] The *Gentiana major* grows in large companies a stride's distance from the foot of several of the glaciers. Its *blue* flower, the colour of Hope; is it not a pretty emblem of Hope creeping onward even to the edge of the grave, to the very verge of utter desolation?

APPENDIX G

DEJECTION: AN ODE

The following is an exact copy of the poem as first printed, in the *Morning Post*, Oct. 4, 1802:—

LATE, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear,
We shall have a deadly storm.
BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

DEJECTION:

AN ODE, WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802

I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand Old ballad of SIR PATRICK SPENCE,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unrous'd by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those, which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that drones and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-Moon, winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the Old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast:
And O! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-show'r driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have rais'd me, whilst they aw'd,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no nat'ral outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O EDMUND! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the Western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow-green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them, or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen;
Yon crescent moon, as fix'd as if it grew,
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue,
A boat becalm'd! a lovely sky-canoe!
I see them all so excellently fair—
I *see*, not *feel* how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail,
To lift the smoth'ring weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV

O EDMUND! we receive but what we give,
And in *our* life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world, *allow'd*
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! Thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be?
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous EDMUND! joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Joy, EDMUND! is the spirit and the pow'r,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dow'r,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undream'd of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, JOY the luminous cloud—
We, we ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

V

Yes, dearest EDMUND, yes!
There was a time when, tho' my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I, that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.

[The Sixth and Seventh Stanzas omitted.]

* * * * * * * * * *

VIII

O wherefore did I let it haunt my mind
This dark distressful dream?
I turn from it, and listen to the wind
Which long has rav'd unnotic'd. What a scream

Of agony, by torture, lengthen'd out,
That lute sent forth! O wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn,[1] or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove, whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who, in this month of show'rs,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flow'rs,
Mak'st devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and tim'rous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, ev'n to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With many groans of men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over!
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud—
A tale of less affright,
And temper'd with delight,
As EDMUND'S self had fram'd the tender lay—
'Tis of a little child,
Upon a lonesome wild
Not far from home; but she hath lost her way—
And now moans low, in utter grief and fear;
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother *hear*!

IX

'Tis midnight, and small thoughts have I of sleep;
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit him, gentle Sleep, with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above his dwelling,
Silent, as though they *watch'd* the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may he rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!
O EDMUND, friend of my devoutest choice,
O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,
By the immenseness of the good and fair
Which thou see'st everywhere,
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,
To thee do all things live from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of thy living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
O lofty Poet, full of life and love,
Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,
Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

ΕΣΤΙΣΕ.

[1] Tairn, a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the vallies. This address to the wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, in a mountainous country. [Note in *M.P.*]

APPENDIX H

TO A GENTLEMAN

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH]

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND (p. 176).

The following is the first version of this poem as sent by Coleridge to Sir George Beaumont in January 1807. See *Coleorton Letters*, edited by Professor Wm. Knight, 1887, vol. i. p. 213 :—

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

COMPOSED FOR THE GREATER PART ON THE SAME NIGHT AFTER THE FINISHING OF HIS RECITATION OF THE POEM IN THIRTEEN BOOKS, ON THE GROWTH OF HIS OWN MIND.

O FRIEND ! O Teacher ! God's great gift to me !
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of thy own Spirit thou hast loved to tell
What *may* be told, by words revealable :
With heavenly breathings, like the secret soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickening in the heart,
Thoughts that obey no mastery of words,
Pure self-beholdings! theme as hard as high,
Of *smiles* spontaneous, and mysterious *fear*,
The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth !
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner power ! of moments awful,
Now in thy hidden life, and now abroad,
When power stream'd from thee, and thy soul receiv'd
The light reflected, as a light bestow'd !
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,
The guides and the companions of thy way !

Of more than Fancy, of the *Social Sense*
Distending, and of man belov'd as man,
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
Even as a bark becalm'd on sultry seas
Quivers beneath the voice from Heaven, the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the main !
For thou wert there, thy own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow !
Amid a mighty nation jubilant !
When from the general heart of human kind
Hope sprang forth, like an armèd Deity !
—— Of that dear Hope, afflicted and struck down,
So summon'd homeward ; thenceforth calm and sure,
As from the watch-tower of man's absolute self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the Vision ! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
Action and joy !—An Orphic tale indeed,
A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted !

O great Bard !
Ere yet the last strain dying aw'd the air,
With steadfast eyes I saw thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence : for they, both power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,

Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linkèd song of Truth—
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous song,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Dear shall it be to every human heart,
To me how more than dearest! me, on whom
Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy love,
Came with such heights and depths of harmony,
Such sense of wings uplifting, that its might
Scatter'd and quell'd me, till my thoughts became
A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes,
Thy hopes of me, dear Friend, by me unfelt!
Were troublous to me, almost as a voice,
Familiar once, and more than musical;
As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth,
A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,
Mid strangers pining with untended wounds.
O Friend, too well thou know'st, of what sad years
The long suppression had benumb'd my soul,
That, even as life returns upon the drown'd,
The unusual joy awoke a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening, as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart!
And fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope;
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all, which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
Commune with THEE had open'd out—but flowers
Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more!—and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer, in herald's guise,
Singing of glory and futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! and ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strew'd before thy advancing! Thou too, Friend!
Impair not thou the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By pity or grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceas'd: for peace is nigh
Where Wisdom's voice has found a list'ning heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing!

Eve following Eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd
And more desired, more precious for thy song!
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive; by the various strain
Driven as in surges now, beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of her own birth,
Fair constellated foam, still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter, my guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long sustained Song finally clos'd,
And thy deep voice had ceas'd—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
(All whom, I deepliest love—in one room all!)
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close,
I sate, my being blended in one thought,—
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorb'd; yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

January 1807. S. T. COLERIDGE.

APPENDIX I

APOLOGETIC PREFACE TO 'FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER' (p. 111)

AT the house of a gentleman[1] who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favourable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious poet [Scott], then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only [Sir H. Davy] knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. . . . [Scott] recited the poem. This *he* could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great statesman. As a poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a poet he recited it; and in a spirit which made it evident that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation our amiable host observed that in his opinion Mr. . . . had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind and the general state of sensations in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible, with that

[1] William Sotheby, translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and the *Georgics* of Virgil. See an account of the party in Lockhart's *Life of Sir W. Scott*, 1837, ii. 245.—ED.

gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to *realize* them would presuppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him: that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those *outré* and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for *escape-valves* to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, 'If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the ——— to the *liver*!' I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, cordially shaking hands with the very man the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him? What language Shakespeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke 'an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;'

——'Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!'

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

——'O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused!'

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil '*I stand here for Law.*'

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish that all the persons mentioned by him (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time,) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his *Hell and Purgatory*? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been

the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from an Euripides or Simonides;—can we endure to think, that a man *so* natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonoured and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely *ἀπαθὴς, ἀναιμόσαρκος*, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

'Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,'

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the poem was not calculated to excite *passion* in *any* mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers; and that from the culpable levity betrayed at the close of the eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the 'rantin' Bardie,' instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

> But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake—
> I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faultered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: 'I must now confess, sir! that I am the author of that poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should

have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own.

I have prefaced the poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked why I re-published it at all, I answer, that the poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honourable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems, the one entitled *The Devil's Thoughts*, and the other, *The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone*, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend [Southey] of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. 'But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike, and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles of Ambition, *and the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels*, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the *sanies* and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits.'

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are *in a bad taste*, few will deny at the present day. It would, doubtless, have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a Death threatened, not the negative, but the *positive* Oppositive of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishop Taylor's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the *Pursuits of Literature* and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in *his* prose writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the *Paradise Lost*, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart, expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only

to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in act and in suffering, in the day of triumph and in the hour of martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honoured them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the *thoughts* in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own wish that after death they *should* suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such *will be* their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton *daresay* (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had Laud and Strafford in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country from motives of selfish ambition. Now what if a stern anti-prelatist should *daresay*, that in speaking of the *insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels*, Bishop Taylor must have individualised in his mind Hampden, Hollis, Pym, Fairfax, Ireton, and Milton? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after-description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this Bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, 'that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed.' He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone *him* (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me, on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving

each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. 'The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite-weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We antedate the *feelings*, in order to criminate the *authors*, of our present Liberty, Light and Toleration.' (*The Friend*, p. 54.) [1818, i. 105.]

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was *called* republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be and would utter the same to all on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his *popular* writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not *too severely* to have blamed that *management* of truth (*istam falsitatem dispensativam*) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino doctoribus et cœtus Christiani Antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vivid-

ness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused here and there we see a tongue or isle of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing then so widely and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those *meek deliverances to God's mercy*, with which Laud accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own life, concerning the subtle and witty atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's till *he prayed to the Lord to remove him*, and behold! his prayers were heard: for shortly afterward this Philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and *hoping* that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate who too well knows what would be his own fate if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way *they* constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment that he can assert with truth, —when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shewn by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of genius and learning than all other Protestant churches since the Reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the Reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England in a tolerating age, has shewn herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in spirit and in fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe *bulwark* of Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, ESTO PERPETUA!

APPENDIX J

ALLEGORIC VISION

This first appeared as part of the 'Introduction' to A LAY-SERMON, ADDRESSED TO THE HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES, ON THE EXISTING DISTRESSES AND DISCONTENTS. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. London: 1817. 'It has been my purpose throughout the following discourse to guard myself and my readers from extremes of all kinds: I will therefore conclude this Introduction by inforcing the maxim[1] in its relation to our religious opinions, out of which, with or without our consciousness, all our other opinions flow, as from their Spring-head and perpetual Feeder. And that I might neglect no innocent mode of attracting or relieving the reader's attention, I have moulded my reflections into the following ALLEGORIC VISION.' The *Allegoric Vision* was included by Coleridge in the edition of the *Poems* in 1829, and by H. N. Coleridge in that of 1834. Since then it has been reprinted only with the prose works. I have deemed the limbo of an 'Appendix' its most appropriate place.—ED.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Appennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colours of April:

> Qual ramicel a ramo,
> Tal da pensier pensiero
> In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry; and we sate face to face each on the stone bench alongside the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death![1] All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place

[1] '*Extremes meet*,'—which Coleridge somewhere quotes as his favourite proverb.—ED.

[1] Call to the Hours, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day——
Fond Thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Constancy to an Ideal Object, p. 172.
ED.

and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,[1]

he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furlows from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colours, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the Directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcized me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—'Read and believe: these are mysteries!'—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

[1] From some cancelled portion of *Christabel*? —Ed.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of 'This is the Temple of Superstition!' after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. 'My name,' she replied, 'is Religion.'

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it *was*, and that it was most glorious.

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journied on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved 'NATURE!' To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spake in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest

he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects,[1] which he explained to be — a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

[1] Compare—

But some there are who deem themselves most free
* * * * *
——and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,
Untenanting creation of its God.

Destiny of Nations, p. 70.—Ed.

APPENDIX K

TITLES, PREFACES, CONTENTS, Etc.

I

The Fall of Robespierre, An Historic Drama. By S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Printed by Benjamin Flower, for W. H. Lunn, and J. and J. Merrill; and sold by J. March, Norwich, 1794. [Price One Shilling.]

Octavo, pp. 37.

[There was no Preface. The only preliminary matter was a Dedication, which will be found among the Notes to the Poem.]

II

Poems on various subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus!
Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus
Fert animus quascunque vices.—Nos tristia vitæ
Solamur cantu.—Stat. *Silv.* Lib. iv. 4.

London: Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, and J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol, 1796.

Octavo pp. xvi.; 188 (plus one page of 'Errata').

PREFACE

Poems on various subjects written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; but which will be read at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings—this is an heavy disadvantage: for we love or admire a poet in proportion as he developes our own sentiments and emotions, or reminds us of our own knowledge.

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when

it offends against time and place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands solace and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not connected with those sufferings. Forcibly to turn away our attention to other subjects is a painful and in general an unavailing effort.

> 'But O! how grateful to a wounded heart,
> The tale of misery to impart;
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of woe!'
> [SHAW.]

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them intellectual activity is exerted; and by a benevolent law of our nature from intellectual activity a pleasure results, which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. 'True!' it may be answered, 'but how are the PUBLIC interested in your sorrows or your description?' We are for ever attributing a personal unity to imaginary aggregates. What is the PUBLIC but a term for a number of scattered individuals of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows as have experienced the same or similar?

> 'Holy be the Lay
> Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way!'

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, 'pshaw!' when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love-verses, is an Egotist: and your sleek favourites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all 'melancholy, discontented' verses.

Surely it would be candid not merely to ask whether the Poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure. With what anxiety every fashionable author avoids the word *I*!—now he transforms himself into a third person,—'the present writer'—now multiplies himself and swells into '*we*'—and all this is the watchfulness of guilt. Conscious that this said *I* is perpetually intruding on his mind and that it monopolizes his heart, he is prudishly solicitous that it may not escape from his lips.

This disinterestedness of phrase is in general commensurate with selfishness of feeling: men old and hackneyed in the ways of the world are scrupulous avoiders of Egotism.

Of the following Poems a considerable number are styled 'Effusions,'[1] in defiance of Churchill's line

> 'Effusion on Effusion *pours* away.'

I could recollect no title more descriptive of the manner and matter of the Poems—I might indeed have called the majority of them Sonnets—but they do not possess that *oneness* of thought which I deem indispensible in a Sonnet—and (not a very honorable motive perhaps) I was fearful that the title 'Sonnet' might have reminded my reader of the Poems of the Rev. W. L. Bowles—a comparison with whom would have sunk me below that mediocrity, on the surface of which I am at present enabled to float.

Some of the verses allude to an intended emigration to America on the scheme of an abandonment of individual property.

The Effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES LAMB, of the India House—independently of the signature their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them. For the rough sketch of Effusion XVI. ['Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled'] I am indebted to Mr. FAVELL. And the first half of Effusion XV. ['Pale Roamer thro' the Night!'] was written by the Author of *Joan of Arc*, an Epic Poem [Robert Southey].

[1] Lamb remonstrated (Dec. 2, 1796)—'what you do retain [in ed. 1797], call Sonnets, for heaven's sake, and not "Effusions"'—and Coleridge consented.—ED.

CONTENTS

	Page in present Edition.
Monody to Chatterton	61
To the Rev. W. J. H.	44
Songs of the Pixies	21
Lines on the 'Man of Ross'	33
Lines to a beautiful Spring	24
Epitaph on an Infant	145
Lines on a Friend [who died of a Frenzy Fever]	35
To a Young Lady with a Poem [on the French Revolution]	6
Absence, a Farewell Ode	15
Effusion 1, to Bowles	41
Effusion 2, to Burke	38
Effusion 3, to Mercy [on Pitt]	40
Effusion 4, to Priestley	39
Effusion 5, to Erskine	38
Effusion 6, to Sheridan	42
Effusion 7, to Siddons [signed 'C. L.']	41
Effusion 8, to Kosciusco	39
Effusion 9, to Fayette	39
Effusion 10, to Earl Stanhope	43
Effusion 11 ['Was it some sweet device'—'C. L.']	
Effusion 12 ['Methinks how dainty sweet'—'C. L.']	
Effusion 13, written at Midnight ['C. L.']	
Effusion 14 ['Thou gentle Look']	23
Effusion 15 ['Pale Roamer thro' the night']	32
Effusion 16, to an Old Man ['Sweet Mercy!']	45
Effusion 17, to Genevieve	1
Effusion 18, to the Autumnal Moon	3
Effusion 19, to my own heart ['On a Discovery made too late']	34
Effusion 20, to Schiller [To the Author of 'The Robbers']	34
Effusion 21, on Brockley Coomb	46
Effusion 22, to a Friend with an unfinished Poem	37
Effusion 23, to the Nightingale	45
Effusion 24, in the manner of Spencer	46
Effusion 25, to Domestic Peace	33
Effusion 26, on a Kiss ['Kisses']	23
Effusion 27 ['The Rose']	23
Effusion 28 ['The Kiss']	30
Effusion 29, Imitated from Ossian	20
Effusion 30, Complaint of Ninathóma	20
Effusion 31, from the Welsh	33
Effusion 32, The Sigh	29
Effusion 33, to a Young Ass	35
Effusion 34, to an Infant	44
Effusion 35, written at Clevedon ['The Eolian Harp']	49
Effusion 36, written in Early Youth ['Lines on an Autumnal Evening']	24
Epistle 1, written at Shurton Bars	47
Epistle 2, to a Friend in answer to a Melancholy Letter	43
Epistle 3, written after a Walk	44
Epistle 4, to the Author of Poems published in Bristol [Cottle]	50
Epistle 5, from a Young Lady ['The Silver Thimble']	51
Religious Musings	53

At the end, 'Notes on Religious Musings' and 'Notes' [on the other poems].

III

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR: By S. T. Coleridge. [Motto from *Æschylus.*] Bristol: Printed by N. Biggs, and sold by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, London, 1796.
Quarto, 16 pp.

At the end were printed the *Lines addressed to a Young Man of Fortune who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless Melancholy* [Charles Lloyd].

IV

POEMS by S. T. Coleridge, Second Edition. To which are added POEMS by Charles Lamb, and Charles Lloyd.

Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas! *Groscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.*
Printed by N. Biggs, for J. Cottle, Bristol, and Messrs. Robinsons, LONDON, 1797.
Octavo, pp. xx.; 278.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

[This was reprinted in 1797 with the omission of the opening paragraph, and of all that follows the sentence ending 'to give an innocent pleasure.' The following passages were added—the first between the quotation 'Holy be the lay,' etc., and the paragraph beginning 'There is one species of egotism'; and the second at the end.

It is practically a reproduction of the omitted opening paragraph.—ED.]

I

IF I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting Poems are those in which the author developes his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona[1] never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the *Paradise Lost* without peculiar emotion. By a law of our Nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. *Quicquid amet valde amat.* Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

'Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
Would teach to others' bosoms what so charms
Their own.'—*Pleasures of Imagination.*

II

I SHALL only add that each of my readers will, I hope, remember that these poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind in which he happens to peruse it.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

I RETURN my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance, which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one third of the former Volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my 'Religious Musings' with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the 'Bard' of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's 'Ode on the poetical character,' claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries.* Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it: not that their poems are better understood at present than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet *sub judice*; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward': it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

There were inserted in my former Edition, a few Sonnets of my Friend and old School-fellow, CHARLES LAMB. He has now communicated to me a complete Collection of all his Poems; *quæ qui non*

[1] Ossian.

prorsus amet, illum omnes et Virtutes et Veneres odere. My friend CHARLES LLOYD has likewise joined me; and has contributed every poem of his, which he deemed worthy of preservation. With respect to my own share of the Volume, I have omitted a third of the former Edition, and added almost an equal number. The Poems thus added are marked in the Contents by Italics. S. T. C.

STOWEY, *May* 1797.

[This volume included a 'SUPPLEMENT,' to which was prefixed the following :—]

ADVERTISEMENT

I HAVE excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing that what most delighted me when I was 'young in *writing* poetry would probably best please those who are young in *reading* poetry: and a man must learn to be *pleased* with a subject, before he can yield that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste.' I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the press what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect, both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request and the reasoning would not, therefore, have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these verses, which I have thus endeavoured to *reprieve* from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed 'To the Author of Poems published anonymously, at Bristol.' A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed; and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems, without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a Man and a Christian.

The second is entitled 'An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening, written in early youth.' In a note to this poem I had asserted that the tale of Florio in Mr. Rogers' 'Pleasures of Memory' was to be found in the 'Lochleven' of Bruce. I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient one to justify my assertion. I feel it my duty, therefore, to apologize to the Author and the Public, for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly the *littleness* and futility of imagining plagiarisms in the works of men of Genius; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and my mind, at the time of writing that note, was sick and sore with anxiety, and weakened through much suffering. I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr. Rogers, except as a correct and elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by informing him that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction, by an unsolicited and self-originating apology.

Having from these motives re-admitted two, and those the longest of the poems I had omitted, I yielded a passport to the three others, which were recommended by the greatest number of votes. There are some lines too of Lloyd's and Lamb's in this Appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume, partly by accident; but I have reason to believe that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; and they are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

CONTENTS

[Coleridge's portion only. Titles of poems not in 1796 are printed in italics.]

POEMS by S. T. COLERIDGE	Page in present Edition.
Dedication [to the Rev. Geo. Coleridge]	81
Preface to the First Edition	539
Preface to the Second Edition	540
Ode to the New Year	78
Monody on Chatterton	61
Songs of the Pixies	21
The Rose	23
The Kiss	30
To a young Ass	35
Domestic Peace	33
The Sigh	29
Epitaph on an Infant	145

	Page in present Edition.
Lines on the 'Man of Ross'	33
—— to a beautiful Spring	24
—— on the Death of a Friend	35
To a Young Lady [with a poem on the French Revolution]	6
To a Friend, with an unfinished Poem	37
SONNETS	
Introduction to the Sonnets	542
To W. L. Bowles	41
On a Discovery made too late	34
On Hope ['Thou gentle Look']	23
To the River Otter	23
On Brockly Comb	46
To an Old Man ['Sweet Mercy!']	45
Sonnet ['Pale Roamer']	32
To Schiller [To the Author of 'The Robbers']	34
On the Birth of a Son ['Oft o'er my brain,' etc.]	66
On first seeing my Infant ['Charles! my slow heart,' etc.]	66
Ode to Sara [Written at Shurton Bars]	47
Composed at Clevedon ['The Eolian Harp']	49
On leaving a Place of Residence ['Low was our pretty Cot']	52
On an unfortunate Woman ['Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped']	32
On observing a Blossom	63
The Hour when we shall meet again	47
Lines to C. Lloyd	
Religious Musings	53
SUPPLEMENT[1]	
Advertisement	541
Lines to Joseph Cottle	50
On an Autumnal Evening	24
In the manner of Spencer	46
The Composition of a Kiss ['Kisses']	23
To an Infant	44
On the Christening of a Friend's Child	83
Among 'POEMS BY CHARLES LLOYD'	
Introductory Sonnet [to 'Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer'—the sonnet beginning 'The piteous sobs that choak the Virgin's breath']	68

[1] The 'Supplement' was an intention formed as early as November 1, 1796. In a letter of that date to Thomas Poole, Coleridge, after detailing the poems which would form his second edition, writes:—'Then another title-page with *Juvenilia* on it, and an advertisement signifying that the poems were retained by the desire of some friends, but that they are to be considered as being in the Author's own opinion of very inferior merit. In this sheet will be *Absence—*La Fayette—*Genevieve—*Kosciusko—*Autumnal Moon—*To the Nightingale—Imitation of Spenser—Poem written in Early Youth [An Autumnal Evening]. All the others will be finally and totally omitted.'—BIOG. LIT. *Biog. Supp.* (1847, ii. 377). It will be observed that the poems I have marked with an asterisk [*] were not inserted even in the 'Supplement,' and that they were replaced by four which had been condemned to death.

The 'SONNETS' in this volume were preceded by a half-title:—

SONNETS attempted in the manner of the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te IMITARI aveo. LUCRET.

and by the following:—

INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS

THE composition of the Sonnet has been regulated by Boileau in his Art of Poetry, and since Boileau, by William Preston, in the elegant preface to his Amatory Poems: the rules, which they would establish, are founded on the practice of Petrarch. I have never yet been able to discover sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems; they appear to me all one cold glitter of heavy conceits and metaphysical abstractions.[1] However, Petrarch, although not

[1] A piece of petulant presumption, of which I should be more ashamed if I did not flatter myself that it stands alone in my writings. The best of the joke is that at the time I wrote it, I did not understand a word of Italian, and could therefore judge of this divine Poet only by bald translations of some half-dozen of his Sonnets. (MS. Note by S. T. C. in a copy of the edition of 1797, now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Locker.) [Note in edition of 1877.]

the inventor of the Sonnet, was the first who made it popular; and his countrymen have taken *his* poems as the model. Charlotte Smith and Bowles are they who first made the Sonnet popular among the present English: I am justified therefore by analogy in deducing its laws from *their* compositions.

The Sonnet then is a small poem, in which some lonely feeling is developed. It is limited to a *particular* number of lines, in order that the reader's mind having expected the close at the place in which he finds it, may rest satisfied; and that so the poem may acquire, as it were, a *Totality*, —in plainer phrase, may become a *Whole*. It is confined to fourteen lines, because as some particular number is necessary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. When no reason can be adduced against a thing, Custom is a sufficient reason for it. Perhaps, if the Sonnet were comprised in less than fourteen lines, it would become a serious Epigram; if it extended to more, it would encroach on the province of the Elegy. Poems, in which no lonely feeling is developed, are not Sonnets because the Author has chosen to write them in fourteen lines: they should rather be entitled Odes, or Songs, or Inscriptions. The greater part of Warton's Sonnets are severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek *ἐπίγραμματα*.

In a Sonnet then we require a development of some lonely feeling, by whatever cause it may have been excited; but those Sonnets appear to me the most exquisite, in which moral Sentiments, Affections, or Feelings, are deduced from, and associated with, the Scenery of Nature. Such compositions generate a kind of thought highly favourable to delicacy of character. They create a sweet and indissoluble union between the intellectual and the material world. Easily remembered from their briefness, and interesting alike to the eye and the affections, these are the poems which we can 'lay up in our heart and our soul,' and repeat them 'when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up.' Hence the Sonnets of BOWLES derive their marked superiority over all other Sonnets; hence they domesticate with the heart, and become, as it were, a part of our identity.

Respecting the metre of a Sonnet, the Writer should consult his own convenience.—Rhymes, many or few, or no rhymes at all—whatever the chastity of his ear may prefer, whatever the rapid expression of his feelings will permit;—all these things are left at his own disposal. A sameness in the final sound of its words is the great and grievous defect of the Italian language. That rule, therefore, which the Italians have established, of exactly *four* different sounds in the Sonnet, seems to have arisen from their wish to have *as many*, not from any dread of finding *more*. But surely it is ridiculous to make the *defect* of a foreign language a reason for our not availing ourselves of one of the marked excellencies of our own. 'The Sonnet,' says Preston, 'will ever be cultivated by those who write on tender, pathetic subjects. It is peculiarly adapted to the state of a man violently agitated by a real passion, and wanting composure and vigor of mind to methodize his thought. It is fitted to express a momentary burst of passion,' etc. Now, if there be one species of composition more difficult and artificial than another, it is an English Sonnet on the Italian Model. Adapted to the agitations of a real passion! Express momentary bursts of feeling in it! I should sooner expect to write pathetic *Axes* or *pour forth Extempore Eggs and Altars!* But the best confutation of such idle rules is to be found in the Sonnets of those who have observed them, in their inverted sentences, their quaint phrases, and incongruous mixture of obsolete and Spenserian words: and when, at last, the thing is toiled and hammered into fit shape, it is in general racked and tortured Prose rather than any thing resembling Poetry.

The Sonnet has been ever a favourite species of composition with me; but I am conscious that I have not succeeded in it. From a large number I have retained such only as seemed not beneath mediocrity. Whatever more is said of them, *ponamus lucro.*

[This 'Introduction' (the last paragraph excepted) was originally prefixed to a pamphlet of sixteen pages printed and privately circulated by Coleridge in 1796. The only copy known to be extant is in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. It is bound up with a copy of Bowles's *Sonnets and other Poems* (Bath 1796). The volume had belonged to John Thelwall, both its parts having been presented to him by Coleridge in December 1796, as appears by a letter (recently in the collection of the late Mr. F. W. Cosens), in which Coleridge describes the pamphlet as 'a sheet of Sonnets collected by me for the use of a few friends, who payed the printing. There you will see my opinion of Sonnets.' In reprinting the 'Introduction,' Coleridge omitted the opening and the closing paragraphs, which ran as follows :—

'I have selected the following SONNETS from various Authors for the purpose of binding them up with the Sonnets of the Rev. W. L. BOWLES.'

* * * *

[After '*resembling Poetry*' :—] Miss Seward, who has, perhaps, succeeded the best in these laborious trifles, and who most dogmatically insists on what she calls 'the sonnet claim,' has written a very ingenious altho' unintentional burlesque on her own system in the following lines prefixed to the Poems of a Mr. Carey[1]—

'Praised be the Poet, who the Sonnet claim,
Severest of the orders that belong
Distinct and separate to the Delphic song,
Shall reverence, nor its appropriate name
Lawless assume : peculiar is its frame—
From him derived, who spurn'd the City-throng,
Lonely Vaucluse ! and that heir of Fame
Our greater Milton, hath in many a lay
Woven on this arduous model, clearly shewn
That English verse may happily display
Those strict energic measures which alone
Deserve the name of Sonnet, and convey
A spirit, force, and grandeur, all their own !
'ANNE SEWARD.'

[1] Though Coleridge misspells the name, this was no doubt Miss Seward's youthful *protégé*, and his own friend of later years, H. F. Cary, whose translation of Dante he rescued from oblivion, and made an English classic.—ED.

'A spirit, force, and grandeur, all their own' ! ! EDITOR [*i.e.* S. T. C.]

[There are twenty-eight sonnets in the collection. It includes three of Bowles's, 'not in any edition since the first quarto pamphlet of the Sonnets' (MS. note by S. T. C.), and of Coleridge's own composition, the following : — *To the River Otter ; On a Discovery made too late ; 'Sweet Mercy ! how my very heart has bled' ;* and *To the Author of 'The Robbers.'* Some further interesting particulars regarding this volume which contains the privately printed pamphlet will be found in Coleridge's *P. and D. Works*, 1880, ii. 375 *et seq.*—ED.]

V

[Half-title, on outer leaf] FEARS IN SOLITUDE, written in 1798, during the alarm of an invasion. To which are added, FRANCE, an Ode ; and FROST AT MIDNIGHT. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

[Title] FEARS IN SOLITUDE, written in 1798, during the alarm of an invasion. To which are added, FRANCE, an Ode ; and FROST AT MIDNIGHT. By S. T. Coleridge. LONDON : Printed for J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1798.

Quarto, pp. 23.

[No PREFACE. 'Fears in Solitude' is dated at the end, 'Nether Stowey, April 20th, 1798.' Each of the other poems is dated at the end—'February 1798.'—ED.]

VI

[Half-title] Translated from a manuscript copy attested by the author. THE PICCOLOMINI, or the First Part of WALLENSTEIN. Printed by G. Woodfall, Paternoster-Row.

[Title-page] THE PICCOLOMINI, or the First Part of WALLENSTEIN, a Drama in five acts. Translated from the German of Frederich Schiller by S. T. Coleridge. LONDON : Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row. 1800.

Octavo, pp. iv. ; 214. At the end of the volume, a leaf of advertisements, comprising the following :—

'In the Press, and speedily will be published, from the German of Schiller, *The Death of Wallenstein*; also, *Wallenstein's Camp*, a Prelude of One Act to the two former Dramas; with an *Essay on the Genius of Schiller*. By S. T. Coleridge.'

[See *Preface of the Translator* to 'The Death of Wallenstein.']

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN. A Tragedy in five acts. Translated from the German of Frederich Schiller by S. T. Coleridge. LONDON: Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, By G. Woodfall, No. 22 Paternoster-Row. 1800.

[With this volume was issued the following as general title-page]:—

WALLENSTEIN. A Drama in Two Parts. Translated from the German of Frederich Schiller by S. T. Coleridge. LONDON: Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, By G. Woodfall, No. 22 Paternoster-Row. 1800.

Octavo, Titles; two unpaged leaves; and pp. 157: also, an engraved portrait of Wallenstein.

PREFACES

[These will be found with the Plays, in the text. They were reprinted *verbatim* in 1828 and 1829: in 1834 some trivial alterations were made, probably by H. N. Coleridge.]

VII

POEMS, by S. T. Coleridge. [Motto from *Statius* as in 1796.] Third Edition. LONDON: Printed by N. Biggs, Crane Court, Fleet Street, for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row. 1803.

Duodecimo, pp. xi.; 202.

[The 'Preface' is composed of the two prefixed to the volume of 1797—with these omissions, both being from the 'Preface to the Second Edition':—The first two sentences ('I return' to 'not faults of carelessness'); and the last paragraph ('There were inserted,' etc., to the end). Of course, the 'Advertisement' to the 'Supplement' of 1797 was not reprinted in 1803.]

In this volume were collected the poems (of Coleridge, only) which had been printed in the volumes of 1796 and 1797—without any addition, but with the following omissions:—

To the Rev. W. J. H. (1796).
Sonnet to Kosciusko (1796).
Written after a Walk (1796).
From a Young Lady ['The Silver Thimble'] (1796).
On the Christening of a Friend's Child (1797).
Introductory Sonnet to Lloyd's 'Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer' (1797).

The half-title prefixed to the 'Sonnets' in 1797 was omitted. Charles Lamb saw this volume through the press, Coleridge being at the time resident at Greta Hall, Keswick. (See Ainger's *Letters of C. Lamb*, i. 199.)

VIII

REMORSE, A Tragedy in five Acts. By S. T. Coleridge.

> Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows:
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
> Weeps only tears of poison!
>
> ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON: Printed for W. Pople, 67 Chancery Lane. 1813. Price Three Shillings.

Octavo, pp. xii.; 72.

PREFACE

THIS Tragedy[1] was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797; at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the Recommender, let me be permitted to relate: that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer[2] nor

[1] That is, *Osorio*, of which *Remorse* is a recast. See full text of *Osorio* in 'APPENDIX D.'

[2] As regards the answer at least, Coleridge's memory failed him. He received it after a delay of but six weeks. It was to the effect that the tragedy was rejected on account of the obscurity of the three last acts. As regards the MS. see 'Note 230.

the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the Work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

[1][As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the Person[2] who by a twice conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy: who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all Stage-tactics had promised that *he* would himself make the necessary alterations, if the Piece should be at all representable; who together with the copy of the Play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full developement[3] of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport, '*that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the Play; but that if beyond his hopes Mr. —— found in it any capability of being adapted to the Stage, it was delivered to him as if it had been his own Manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion; and that* (*if it were rejected*) *the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his Experience, which he should receive, if Mr. —— would point out to him the nature of its unfitness for public Representation*';— that this very Person returned me no answer, and, spite of repeated applications, retained my Manuscript when I was not conscious of any other Copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident); that he suffered this Manuscript to wander about the Town from his house, so that but ten days ago I saw the song in the third Act *printed* and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted (as I have been assured) that the Play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the Tragedy, as 'a *fair specimen*' of the *whole* of which he adduced a line:

'*Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping.*'

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore *had* commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words:

'Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops,'[1]

as far as I can at present recollect: for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate *tenacity*, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre, and every Actor and Actress, whom I have recently met in the Green Room, will repel the accusation: perhaps not without surprise.]

I thought it right to record these circumstances;[2] but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My Letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a Tale of Thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the

1 The long passage here placed within square brackets [ ] appeared in the first edition only.

2 Richard Brinsley Sheridan. See *Sonnet to Sheridan*, p. 42.

3 I need not say to Authors, that as to the *essentials* of a Poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition. [Note by S. T. C.]

1 Coleridge's memory is again at fault here: for the fourth act of the play in its original shape opened with the following lines:—

'Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.'—Ed.

2 'This circumstance.' Second edition.—Ed.

goodness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgements. Not merely as an *acting Play*, but as a dramatic *Poem*, the REMORSE has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the 'REMORSE' been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—Had I been his brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors: yet how can I abstain, feeling, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER'S[1] powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances[2] under which she consented to act Alhadra? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal, though different acknowledgement to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for her have hung heavy on the ears of a Theatrical Audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which (I fear) my hurry will hardly excuse, and which, as unworthy of her name, is here omitted, she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of Tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP'S judgement and full conception of Isidore; to Mr. POPE'S accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON'S energy in the character of ALVAR, and who in more than one instance *gave* it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprized me; and to Mr. RAE, to whose zeal, and unwearied study of his part I am not less indebted as a *Man*, than to his impassioned realization of ORDONIO, as an *Author*;——to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—THANKS!—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the Public, a public acknowledgement becomes appropriate, and a duty.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present State of the Metropolitan Theatres.[1]

From the necessity of hastening the Publication I was obliged to send the Manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in Italics.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[1] The caste was as follows:—*Marquis Valdez*, Mr. Pope; *Don Alvar*, Mr. Elliston; *Don Ordonio*, Mr. Rae; *Monviedro*, Mr. Powell; *Zulimez*, Mr. Crooke; *Isidore*, Mr. De Camp; *Naomi*, Mr. Wallack; *Donna Teresa*, Miss Smith; *Alhadra*, Mrs. Glover.—ED.

[2] Mrs. Glover had just lost her eldest child, and two of her younger children were dangerously ill.—ED.

PROLOGUE

BY C. LAMB

Spoken by Mr. CARR

THERE are, I am told, who sharply criticise
Our modern theatres' unwieldy size.
We players shall scarce plead guilty to that charge,
Who think a house can never be too large:
Griev'd when a rant, that's worth a nation's ear,
Shakes some prescrib'd Lyceum's petty sphere;
And pleased to mark the grin from space to space
Spread epidemic o'er a town's broad face.—
O might old Betterton or Booth return
To view our structures from their silent urn,
Could Quin come stalking from Elysian glades,
Or Garrick get a day-rule from the shades—

[1] This never appeared—probably was never written.—ED.

Where now, perhaps, in mirth which Spirits approve,
He imitates the ways of men above,
And apes the actions of our upper coast,
As in his days of flesh he play'd the ghost :—
How might they bless our ampler scope to please,
And hate their own old shrunk up audiences.—
Their houses yet were palaces to those,
Which Ben and Fletcher for their triumphs chose.
Shakspeare, who wish'd a kingdom for a stage,
Like giant pent in disproportion'd cage,
Mourn'd his contracted strengths and crippled rage.
He who could tame his vast ambition down
To please some scatter'd gleanings of a town,
And, if some hundred auditors supplied
Their meagre meed of claps, was satisfied,
How had he felt, when that dread curse of Lear's
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears,
While deep-struck wonder from applauding bands
Return'd the tribute of as many hands !
Rude were his guests ; he never made his bow
To such an audience as salutes us now.
He lack'd the balm of labor, female praise.
Few Ladies in his time frequented plays,
Or came to see a youth with aukward art
And shrill sharp pipe burlesque the woman's part.
The very use, since so essential grown,
Of painted scenes, was to his stage unknown.
The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest,
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein—
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.
Those scenic helps, denied to Shakspeare's page,
Our Author owes to a more liberal age.
Nor pomp nor circumstance are wanting here ;
'Tis for himself alone that he must fear.
Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride,
That (be the laurel granted or denied)
He first essay'd in this distinguish'd fane,
Severer muses and a tragic strain.

EPILOGUE

Written by the Author, and spoken by Miss SMITH *in the character of* TERESA.

[As printed in *The Morning Chronicle*, Jan 28, 1813.]

OH ! the procrastinating idle rogue,
The Poet has just sent his Epilogue ;
Ay, 'tis just like him !—and the *hand!*
[*Poring over the manuscript.*
The stick !
I could as soon decipher Arabic !
But, hark ! my wizard's own poetic elf
Bids me take courage, and make one myself !
An heiress, and with sighing swains in plenty
From blooming nineteen to full-blown five-and-twenty,
Life beating high, and youth upon the wing,
'A six years' absence was a heavy thing !'
Heavy !—nay, let's describe things as they are,
With sense and nature 'twas at open war—
Mere affectation to be singular.
Yet ere you overflow in condemnation,
Think first of poor Teresa's education ;
'Mid mountains wild, near billow-beaten rocks,
Where sea-gales play'd with her dishevel'd locks,
Bred in the spot where first to light she sprung,
With no Academies for ladies young—
Academies—(sweet phrase !) that well may claim
From Plato's sacred grove th' appropriate name !
No morning visits, no sweet waltzing dances—
And then for reading—what but huge romances,
With as stiff morals, leaving earth behind 'em,
As the brass-clasp'd, brass-corner'd boards that bind 'em.

Knights, chaste as brave, who strange adventures seek,
And faithful loves of ladies, fair as meek ;
Or saintly hermits' wonder-raising acts,
Instead of—novels founded upon facts !
Which, decently immoral, have the art
To spare the blush, and undersap the heart !
Oh, think of these, and hundreds worse than these,
Dire disimproving disadvantages,
And grounds for pity, not for blame, you'll see,
E'en in Teresa's six years' constancy.
[*Looking at the manuscript.*
But stop ! what's this?—Our Poet bids me say,
That he has woo'd your feelings in this Play
By no too real woes, that make you groan,
Recalling kindred griefs, perhaps your own,
Yet with no image compensate the mind,
Nor leave one joy for memory behind.
He'd wish no loud laugh, from the sly, shrewd sneer,
To unsettle from your eyes the quiet tear
That Pity had brought, and Wisdom would leave there.
Now calm he waits your judgment ! (win or miss),
By no loud plaudits saved, damn'd by no factious hiss.

REMORSE. A Tragedy, in five acts. By S. T. Coleridge. [Motto as in First Edition.] SECOND EDITION. London : Printed for W. Pople, 67 Chancery Lane. 1813. Price Three Shillings.

Octavo, pp. x.; 78.

[Although this 'second edition' would appear to have been issued immediately after the first, it presents many variations. As noted above, a large portion of the 'Preface' was omitted ; the text was considerably altered ; and the following additions made.]

APPENDIX

THE following Scene, as unfit for the Stage, was taken from the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the *Lyrical Ballads*. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this and my other Poems in that collection (the NIGHTINGALE, LOVE, and the ANCIENT MARINER) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it, as a Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth.

[Here followed *The Foster-Mother's Tale*, which will be found in this volume at p. 83 ; and also, of course, in its due place in OSORIO, in 'APPENDIX D.']

Note to the words 'You are a painter,' Scene ii. Act ii.

'The following lines,' etc.

[This will be found, as in a more convenient place, printed in this volume as a footnote to the passage in Act ii. Scene ii. p. 375.]

The 'Third Edition' of REMORSE appeared in the same year as the first and second—1813. Except for the statement on the title-page it seems to differ in no respect from the second edition.

When Coleridge reprinted REMORSE among his collected poems in 1828 and 1829, he omitted the Preface but retained the 'Appendix.' Sir G. Beaumont died in February 1827.

IX

CHRISTABEL : KUBLA KHAN, a Vision ; THE PAINS OF SLEEP. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. LONDON : Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, by William Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row, St. James's. 1816.

Octavo, pp. vii.; 64.

CHRISTABEL, etc. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Second Edition. LONDON : Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, by William Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row, St. James's. 1816.

[This 'second edition' differs from the first, only in respect of the title-page, of which the above is a *verbatim* copy. The 'Prefaces' to *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* are printed with the texts.—ED.]

X

SIBYLLINE LEAVES: a Collection of Poems. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. LONDON: Rest Fenner, 23 Paternoster Row. 1817.
Octavo, pp. xii.; 303.

PREFACE

THE following collection has been entitled SIBYLLINE LEAVES, in allusion to the fragmentary and widely-scattered state in which they have been long suffered to remain. It contains the whole of the author's poetical compositions, from 1793 to the present date, with the exception of a few works not yet finished, and those published in the first edition of his juvenile poems, over which he has no controul. [He forgets 'The Eolian Harp,' printed here from the Poems of 1796.] They may be divided into three classes: First, A selection from the Poems added to the second and third editions, together with those originally published in the LYRICAL BALLADS, which after having remained many years out of print, have been omitted by Mr. Wordsworth in the recent collection of all his minor poems, and of course revert to the author. Second, Poems published at very different periods, in various obscure or perishable journals, etc., some with, some without the writer's consent; many imperfect, all incorrect. The third and last class is formed of Poems which have hitherto remained in manuscript. The whole is now presented to the reader collectively, with considerable additions and alterations, and as perfect as the author's judgment and powers could render them.

In my Literary Life,[1] it has been mentioned that, with the exception of this preface, the SIBYLLINE LEAVES have been printed almost two years; and the necessity of troubling the reader with the list of errata [forty-seven in number] which follows this preface, alone induces me to refer again to the circumstances, at the risk of ungenial feelings, from the recollection of its worthless causes. A few corrections of later date have been added.—Henceforward the author must be occupied by studies of a very different kind.

> Ite hinc, CAMŒNÆ! Vos quoque ite, suaves,
> Dulces CAMŒNÆ! Nam (fatebimur verum)
> Dulces fuistis!—Et tamen meas chartas
> Revisitote: sed pudenter et raro!
>
> VIRGIL, *Catalect.* vii.

At the request of the friends of my youth, who still remain my friends, and who were pleased with the wildness of the compositions, I have added two school-boy poems—with a song modernized with some additions from one of our elder poets. Surely, malice itself will scarcely attribute their insertion to any other motive, than the wish to keep alive the recollections from early life.—I scarcely knew what title I should prefix to the first. By imaginary Time, I meant the state of a schoolboy's mind when, on his return to school, he projects his being in his day-dreams, and lives in his next holidays, six months hence: and this I contrasted with real Time.

The three poems mentioned in this Preface—and which were printed with it, and with the 'Errata,' as a preliminary sheet—are *Time, real and imaginary: an Allegory* (then first printed); *The Raven*; and *Mutual Passion*. The other contents of the volume (which was issued without a list) were as follows. Pieces taken from the volumes of 1796 or 1797 have an asterisk (*): the titles of those which (probably) had not been printed before, are *italicized*.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. (With, for the first time, the marginal notes, and the motto from T. Burnet.)
The Foster-Mother's Tale.
[Half-title] '*Poems occasioned by Political Events or feelings connected with them.*' [On the reverse of which is printed Wordsworth's sonnet beginning 'When I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations.']
*Ode to the Departing Year.
France: An Ode.
Fears in Solitude.
Recantation. Illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox.
Parliamentary Oscillators.

[1] See note at end of List of Contents.—ED.

Fire, Famine and Slaughter, a War Eclogue. *With an Apologetic Preface.* [The Ap. Pref. here first printed.]
[Half-title] '*Love-Poems.*' [On the reverse of which are printed eleven (Latin) lines from 'Petrarch.']
Love.
Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chant.
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution.
The Night-Scene: A Dramatic Fragment.
*To an Unfortunate Woman, whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence.
To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre.
Lines composed in a Concert-room.
The Keep-sake.
To a Lady, with Falconer's 'Shipwreck.'
To a Young Lady, on her recovery from a Fever.
Something childish, but very natural. Written in Germany.
Home-sick. Written in Germany.
Answer to a Child's Question.
The Visionary Hope.
The Happy Husband. A Fragment.
Recollections of Love.
On Re-visiting the sea-shore, after long absence, under strong medical recommendation not to bathe.
[Half-title] '*Meditative Poems in Blank Verse.*' [On the reverse of which are printed eight lines translated from 'Schiller.']
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouny.
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest.
*On observing a blossom on the 1st February, 1796.
*The Eolian Harp, composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire.
*Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.
*To the Rev. George Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon. With some Poems.
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath.
A Tombless Epitaph.
This Lime-tree bower my prison.
To a Friend who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry.
To a Gentleman. Composed on the night after his recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind.
The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem.
Frost at Midnight.

The Three Graves. A fragment of a Sexton's tale. [With a half-title.]

[Half-title] '*Odes and Miscellaneous Poems.*'
Dejection: An Ode.
Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, on the 24th stanza in her 'Passage over Mount Gothard.'
Ode to Tranquillity.
*To a Young Friend, on his proposing to Domesticate with the Author. Composed in 1796.
Lines to W. L., Esq., while he sang a song to Purcell's Music.
Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune who abandon'd himself to an indolent and causeless Melancholy.
*Sonnet to the River Otter.
*Sonnet. Composed on a journey homeward; the Author having received intelligence of the birth of a son, September 20, 1796.
*Sonnet, to a Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me.
The Virgin's Cradle-Hymn. Copied from the Print of the Virgin, in a Catholic village in Germany.
Epitaph, on an Infant. ['Its balmy lips the infant blest.']
Melancholy: A Fragment.
Tell's Birth-place. Imitated from Stolberg.
A Christmas Carol.
Human Life. On the Denial of Immortality. A Fragment.
An Ode to the Rain. Composed before daylight [etc.]
The Visit of the Gods. Imitated from Schiller.
[America to Great Britain. 'Written by an American gentleman'—who doubtless was Washington Allston, the Painter.]
Elegy, imitated from one of Akenside's Blank-verse Incriptions.
The Destiny of Nations. A Vision.

The printer's 'signature' on the sheet at which the regular pagination begins is 'Vol. II.—B.' This has attracted the notice of bibliographers, but it has never

been correctly explained. An examination of the printers' accounts enables me to say that Coleridge originally projected a work in two volumes, the first of which was to contain his 'Biographia Literaria,' and the second his collected 'Poems.' While the two were being printed concurrently, the 'Biographia' outgrew the capacity of a single volume, and the 'Poems' were thenceforward called in the accounts 'Vol. III.' When the whole of Vols. I. and III. and half of Vol. II. had been printed, the author and the printers quarrelled. Vol. II. was completed by another printer; and the two works were published separately by Rest Fenner in 1817—as 'Biographia Literaria' in two volumes; and 'Sibylline Leaves' in one. The mention of this muddle alluded to in the Preface to the latter occurs at page 182 of the second volume of the *B. Lit.* The statement opens, appropriately, with a bull. 'For more than eighteen months have the volume of Poems, entitled SIBYLLINE LEAVES, and the present volume *up to this page* been printed, and ready for publication.' Coleridge should have written 'up to page 128.'—ED.

XI

ZAPOLYA: a Christmas Tale, in Two Parts:—The Prelude, entitled 'The Usurper's Fortune'; and The Sequel, entitled 'The Usurper's Fate.' By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. LONDON: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster-Row. 1817.

Octavo, 4 unpaged preliminary leaves, and 128 pages of text.

ADVERTISEMENT

[This will be found prefixed to the piece.]

There was no 'second edition' of the original issue. When Coleridge reprinted *Zapolya* among his collected poems in 1828, he made a few unimportant changes in the text, and again, in 1829, a few more. The motto 'apud Athenæum' was first added in 1828.

XII

THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE, including the Dramas of *Wallenstein, Remorse*, and *Zapolya*. In three Volumes. London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXVIII.

Octavo, Vol. I. pp. x., 253; II. 370; III. 428.

PREFACE

[The Preface is (all but) a *verbatim* reprint of that of 1803. It is called 'Preface to the first and second Editions,'—which is true in the sense explained in 'VII.']

CONTENTS

[Almost the same as those of the 1829 edition detailed in 'XIII.'—The differences are as follows:—

Poems in 1828, *and not in* 1829.

Song: 'Tho' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath.'

*** Not in 1834, nor in 1877-1880. It will be found in this volume, under the title, *Love, A Sword*, at p. 195.

The Alienated Mistress: A Madrigal. From an unfinished Melodrama.

*** It will be found in the present volume, under its later title (*Amulet*, 1833) of *Love's Burial-place*, at p. 209.

Both these poems were placed in the division—'Prose in Rhyme,' etc.

In 1829, *and not in* 1828.

Allegoric Vision.

*** This will be found in 'APPENDIX J' of the present volume.

The Improvisatore; or 'John Anderson, my Jo, John' (p. 200 of this volume).

The Garden of Boccaccio (p. 204 of this volume).

Even in the case of poems included in both editions, the text is not always the same. For instance, the 'Monody on the Death of Chatterton' differs materially in the two editions.

XIII

THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE, including the Dramas of *Wallenstein, Remorse*, and *Zapolya*. In three Volumes. [The publisher's Aldine anchor and dolphin.] London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXIX.

Octavo, Vol. I. pp. x., 353; II. 394; III. 428.

PREFACE

[THE Preface is the same as that of 1803 and 1828, with addition of the following passage (quoted as a foot-note to the sentence—'I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction.')—'Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprize, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate, and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgement-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner—faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—LITERARY LIFE, i. 51. Published 1817.' (The text of the *Biographia Literaria* has been considerably modified.)]

CONTENTS

[As the present edition is founded on that of 1829, it seems desirable to give a full list of its contents, shewing at same time their arrangement under the various headings.—ED.]

JUVENILE POEMS	Page in present Edition.
Genevieve	1
Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon	3
Time, Real and Imaginary. An Allegory	187
Monody on the Death of Chatterton	61
Songs of the Pixies	21
The Raven. A Christmas Tale, told by a school-boy to his little brothers and sisters	18
Absence. A Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge	15
Lines on an Autumnal Evening	24
The Rose	23
The Kiss	30
To a Young Ass, its Mother being tethered near it	35
Domestic Peace	33
The Sigh	29
Epitaph on an Infant ['Ere sin could blight']	145
Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross, formerly the house of the 'Man of Ross'	33
Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village	24
Lines on a Friend who died of a Frenzy-fever induced by calumnious Reports	35
To a Young Lady with a Poem on the French Revolution	6
Sonnet I. [To Bowles]	41
,, II. [To Burke]	38
,, III. [To Priestley]	39
,, IV. [To Erskine]	38
,, V. [To Sheridan]	42
,, VI. [To Koskiusko]	39
,, VII. [To La Fayette]	39
,, VIII. ['Thou gentle Look']	23
,, IX. ['Pale Roamer thro' the night']	32
,, X. ['Sweet Mercy!']	45
,, XI. ['Thou bleedest, my poor Heart!'	34
,, XII. To the Author of 'The Robbers'	34
Lines composed while climbing the left ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May 1795	46
Lines in the manner of Spenser	46
Imitated from Ossian	20
The Complaint of Ninathóma	20
Imitated from the Welsh	33
To an Infant	44
Lines written at Shurton Bars, near Bridgewater, September 1795, in answer to a letter from Bristol	47
Lines to a Friend in answer to a melancholy Letter	43
Religious Musings; a desultory Poem, written on the Christmas Eve of 1794	53
The Destiny of Nations. A Vision	70
SIBYLLINE LEAVES	
I. Poems occasioned by political events or feelings connected with them.	

[Motto to this subdivision — Wordsworth's Sonnet beginning—'When I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations.']

Page in present Edition.

Ode to the Departing Year . . . 78
France: an Ode 124
Fears in Solitude 127
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter ['The Apologetic Preface' is printed at the end of the volume] . 111

II. Love Poems.

[Motto to this subdivision—Eleven lines of a Latin Poem by Petrarch, printed in Notes to *Love* in this volume.]

Love 135
Lewti, or the Circassian Love-chaunt 27
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution 162
The Night Scene 183
To an Unfortunate Woman . . 32
To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre 32
Lines composed in a Concert-Room 148
The Keepsake 154
To a Lady, with Falconer's 'Shipwreck' 185
To a Young Lady, on her recovery from a Fever 131
Something childish, but very natural 146
Home-sick 146
Answer to a Child's Question . . 170
The Visionary Hope 171
The Happy Husband 178
Recollections of Love 178
On revisiting the Sea-shore . . 159

III. Meditative Poems, in blank verse.

[Motto to this subdivision—Eight lines (translated) from Schiller.]

Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouny 165
Lines written at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest 145
On observing a Blossom 63
The Eolian Harp 49
Reflections on having left a place of Retirement 52
To the Rev. G. Coleridge . . . 81
Inscription for a Fountain . . 169
A Tombless Epitaph 180
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison . 92

To a Friend who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry 69
To a Gentleman [Wordsworth]. Composed on the night after his recitation of a Poem, etc. . 176
The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem 131
Frost at Midnight 126

The Three Graves 85

[*The Three Graves*, though placed here, has a separate half-title, and does not, of course, belong to the subdivision. Following *The Three Graves*, but without any distinguishing number, comes the subdivision:—]

Odes and Miscellaneous Poems.

Dejection: an Ode 159
Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire 149
Ode to Tranquillity 159
To a Young Friend on his proposing to domesticate with the Author 67
Lines to W. L[inley], Esq. . . . 155
Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune 68
Sonnet to the River Otter . . 23
Sonnet composed on the birth of a Son 66
Sonnet to a Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my infant to me . . 66
The Virgin's Cradle Hymn . . 181
Epitaph on an Infant. ['Its balmy lips the Infant blest'] . . 145
Melancholy 34
Tell's Birth-place 142
A Christmas Carol 150
Human Life 186
The Visit of the Gods 142
Elegy, imitated from Akenside . 31

Kubla Khan 94
The Pains of Sleep 170

[These poems seem to be detached from the subdivision by a half-title—'Kubla Khan: or, A Vision in a Dream.'

Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter' 'APPENDIX I,' 527

END OF VOL. I.

VOLUME II.

[This opens at once with the half-title 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. In Seven Parts'; and as nothing is said in the 'Contents' of 'Volume II.' about 'Sibylline Leaves,' that Division may be held to end with 'Volume I.' This is a little uncertain, however; but is not a matter of much importance.]

Page in present Edition.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner . . 95
Christabel 116

Prose in Rhyme: or Epigrams, Moralities, and things without a name.

[Mottoes:—

Ἔρως ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἑταῖρος

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal:
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.]

Duty surviving Self-love 197
Phantom or Fact? 207
Work without Hope 203
Youth and Age 191
A Day-dream ['My eyes make pictures,' etc.] 179
To a Lady, offended by a sportive observation [etc.]; with 'Reason for Love's Blindness' . . 181
Lines suggested by the last words of Berengarius 198
The Devil's Thoughts 147
Constancy to an ideal object . . 172
The Suicide's Argument 182
The Blossoming of the solitary Date-tree 173
Fancy *in nubibus* 190
The two Founts 196
The Wanderings of Cain [Prose, with the 'Prefatory Note' which includes the verses] . . . 112
Allegoric Vision [Prose] 'APPENDIX J' 534
The Improvisatore; or 'John Anderson, my Jo, John.' [Prose and verse. The entry in the 'Contents' is 'New thoughts on old subjects,' and this title is used for the head-lines to the pages] 200
The Garden of Boccaccio . . . 204

Remorse. A Tragedy. In five acts. [With 'Appendix' consisting of *The Foster-Mother's Tale*; and the omitted passage respecting Sir George Beaumont 360

Zapolya. A Christmas Tale. In two parts. [Motto from *Athenæus*; and Advertisement] . . 399

END OF VOL. II.

VOLUME III.

The Piccolomini, or the First Part of Wallenstein. A Drama, with Preface of the Translator . . 226
The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. In five acts, with Preface of the Translator . . 305

END OF VOL. III.

XIV

THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. [The Publisher's Aldine anchor and dolphin.] Vol. I. [II. III.] LONDON: William Pickering. 1834.

8vo. Vol. I. pp. xiv.; 288. Vol. II. pp. vi.; 338. Vol. III. pp. 331.

[Frequently reprinted.]

PREFACE

[Same as in 1829.]

CONTENTS

[All the pieces contained in the edition of 1829, with the addition of sixty-six pieces not previously collected. Of these sixty-six, forty-eight then appeared in print for the first time. There were also included (in the second volume) two pieces, not by Coleridge, introduced by the following note:—'Anxious to associate the name of a most dear and honored friend with my own, I solicited and obtained the permission of Professor J. H. GREEN to permit the insertion of the two following poems, by him composed. S. T. COLERIDGE.' These two poems—*Morning invitation to a child*, and *Consolations of a Maniac*—continued to be included

among Coleridge's poems in Moxon's editions down (at least) to that re-edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge in 1870.

There was also included, but by mistake, a fragment of six lines with the heading 'The Same' [as 'On seeing a youth affectionately welcomed by a sister']. These lines formed part of the poem *To a Friend* [Charles Lamb] *together with an unfinished Poem.*

In the Preface to the one-volume edition of Coleridge's poems 'edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge' (the poet's surviving son and daughter) in 1852, the edition of 1834 is thus described:—'That of 1834 . . . was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of his earliest Editor, H. N. Coleridge.']

XV

THE POEMS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. London: William Pickering. 1848.

Octavo, pp. xvi.; 372.

Issued without editor's name or any introduction save the old composite 'Preface,' as printed in 1829. The dramas are excluded. The 'Contents' include a few early and late pieces, omitted in 1834, and exclude most of the school-boy verses first printed in 1834. The German originals of several of Coleridge's translations and imitations were first given, or brought together, as 'Notes' at the end of this volume. It was doubtless edited by the poet's daughter.

XVI

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. A new Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852. [With Portrait of Coleridge at the age of twenty-six. In some later issues of the edition the Allston portrait of 1814 was substituted.]

Octavo, pp. xxxvii.; 388.

[Frequently reprinted.]

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS volume was prepared for the press by my lamented sister, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, and will have an additional interest to many readers as the last monument of her highly-gifted mind. At her earnest request, my name appears with hers on the title-page, but the assistance rendered by me has been, in fact, little more than mechanical. The preface, and the greater part of the notes, are her composition:—the selection and arrangement have been determined almost exclusively by her critical judgment, or from records in her possession. A few slight corrections and unimportant additions are all that have been found necessary, the first and last sheets not having had the benefit of her own revision. DERWENT COLERIDGE.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA,
May 1852.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION [1852]

As a chronological arrangement of Poetry in completed collections is now beginning to find general favour, pains have been taken to follow this method in the present Edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poetical and Dramatic Works, as far as circumstances permitted—that is to say, as far as the date of composition of each poem was ascertainable, and as far as the plan could be carried out without effacing the classes into which the Author had himself distributed his most important poetical publication, the 'Sibylline Leaves,' namely, POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM; LOVE POEMS; MEDITATIVE POEMS IN BLANK VERSE; ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. On account of these impediments, together with the fact, that many a poem, such as it appears in its ultimate form, is the growth of different periods, the agreement with chronology in this Edition is approximative rather than perfect: yet in the majority of instances the date of each piece has been made out, and its place fixed accordingly.

In another point of view also, the Poems have been distributed with relation to time: they are thrown into three broad groups, representing, first the Youth,—secondly, the Early Manhood and Middle Life,—thirdly, the Declining Age of the Poet; and it will be readily perceived that each

division has its own distinct tone and colour, corresponding to the period of life in which it was composed. It has been suggested, indeed, that Coleridge had four poetical epochs, more or less diversely characterised,—that there is a discernible difference betwixt the productions of his Early Manhood and of his Middle Age, the latter being distinguished from those of his Stowey life, which may be considered as his poetic prime, by a less buoyant spirit. Fire they have; but it is not the clear, bright, mounting fire of his earlier poetry, conceived and executed when 'he and youth were housemates still.' In the course of a very few years after three-and-twenty all his very finest poems were produced; his twenty-fifth year has been called his *annus mirabilis*. To be a 'Prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth! a Miser's pensioner,' is the lot of Man. In respect of poetry, Coleridge was a 'Prodigal's favourite,' more, perhaps, than ever Poet was before.

* * * *

[The poems] produced before the Author's twenty-fourth year [1796], devoted as he was to the 'soft strains' of Bowles, have more in common with the passionate lyrics of Collins and the picturesque wildness of the pretended Ossian, than with the well-tuned sentimentality of that Muse which the overgrateful poet has represented as his earliest inspirer. For the young they will ever retain a peculiar charm, because so fraught with the joyous spirit of youth; and in the minds of all readers that feeling which disposes men 'to set the bud above the rose full-blown' would secure them an interest, even if their intrinsic beauty and sweetness were less adequate to obtain it.

* * * . . . *

The present Editors have been guided in the general arrangement of this edition by those of 1817 and 1828, which may be held to represent the author's matured judgment upon the larger and more important part of his poetical productions. They have reason, indeed, to believe, that the edition of 1828[1] was the last upon which he was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834, the last year of his earthly sojourning, a period when his thoughts were wholly engrossed, so far as the decays of his frail outward part left them free for intellectual pursuits and speculations, by a grand scheme of Christian Philosophy, to the enunciation of which in a long projected work his chief thoughts and aspirations had for many years been directed, was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of his earliest Editor, H. N. Coleridge, who, not to mention the boon he has conferred on the public in preserving so valuable a record of his Uncle's conversation as is contained in the Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge, performed his task in editing *The Friend*, *The Literary Remains*, *The Church and State* and *Lay Sermons*, and *The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, in a manner which must ever procure him sentiments of gratitude from all who prize the writings of Coleridge. Such alterations only have been made in this final arrangement of the Poetical and Dramatic Works of S. T. Coleridge, by those into whose charge they have devolved, as they feel assured, both the Author himself and his earliest Editor would at this time find to be either necessary or desirable. The observations and experience of eighteen years, a period long enough to bring about many changes in literary opinion, have satisfied them that the immature essays of boyhood and adolescence, not marked with any such prophetic note of genius as certainly does belong to the four school-boy poems they have retained, tend to injure the general effect of a body of poetry. That a writer, especially a writer of verse, should keep out of sight his third-rate performances, is now become a maxim with critics; for they are not, at the worst, effectless: they have an effect, that of diluting and weakening, to the reader's feelings, the general power of the collection. Mr. Coleridge himself constantly, after 1796, rejected a certain portion of his earliest published *Juvenilia*: never printed any attempts of his boyhood, except those four with which the present publication commences;[1] and there can be

[1] The Editors seem (strangely enough) to have been ignorant of the existence of the severely revised edition of 1829.—ED.

[1] *First Advent of Love* [Love's first Hope, p. 193], *Genevieve*, *The Raven*, and *Time, Real and Imaginary*.—ED.

no doubt that his Editor of 1834 would ere now have come to the conclusion, that only such of the Author's early performances as were sealed by his own approval ought to form a permanent part of the body of his poetical works.

The 'Allegoric Vision,' as it cannot be considered poetry in the full sense of the word, and may be read with much more advantage in its proper place—the Introduction to the Author's second Lay Sermon, — the Editors have thought fit to withdraw from this collection.

* * * *

It must be added, that time has robbed of their charm certain sportive effusions of Mr. C.'s later years, which were given to the public, in the first gloss and glow of novelty in 1834, and has proved that, though not devoid of the quality of genius, they possess, upon the whole, not more than an ephemeral interest. These the Editors have not scrupled to omit on the same grounds and in the same confidence that has been already explained.

Four short pieces only have been added, the third and ninth Sonnets[1] (pages 37 and 40), from the edition of 1796, the 'Day-Dream' (page 196),[2] from the Appendix to Coleridge's 'Essays on his own Times,' and the 'Hymn' (page 281),[3] which is now printed for the first time.

* * * *

S. C.

CHESTER PLACE, REGENT'S PARK,
March 1852.

XVII

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Derwent Coleridge. A new Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852.
Octavo, pp. xvi.; 427.

[Frequently reprinted.]

PREFACE

THE dramatic works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, including the translation of the 'Wallenstein,' are now for the first time presented to the public as a separate whole, forming a companion volume to the new edition of the Poems, which has just appeared.

* * * *

[It is unnecessary to reproduce the whole of this Preface, some portions of which are quoted in the 'Notes.' It is dated 'St. Mark's College, Chelsea, July 1852.' —ED.]

CONTENTS

Remorse. A Tragedy in Five Acts.
Zapolya. A Christmas Tale. In two Parts. Part I.
Zapolya. Part II. The Sequel, entitled 'The Usurper's Fate.'
The Piccolomini; or the first part of 'Wallenstein.' A Drama. Translated from Schiller.
The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. In Five Acts.
Notes.

XVIII

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With an Appendix. A new and enlarged edition, with a brief Life of the author. London: E. Moxon and Co., 44 Dover Street. 1870.
Octavo, pp. lxvii.; 429.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE last *authorised* edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poems, published by Mr. Moxon in 1852, bears the names of Derwent and Sara Coleridge, as joint editors. . . . I shared in the responsibility, but cannot claim any share in the credit of the undertaking. This edition I propose to leave intact as it came from her own hands. I wish it to remain as one among other monuments of her fine taste, her solid judgment, and her scrupulous conscientiousness.

A few pieces of some interest appear, however, to have been overlooked. Two characteristic sonnets, not included in any former edition of the Poems, have been preserved in an anonymous work, entitled 'Letters, Recollections, and Conversations

[1] *Pitt*, p. 40; and *To Earl Stanhope*, p. 43.—ED.

[2] *The Day-Dream: from an Emigrant to his absent wife*, p. 146.—ED.

[3] *A Hymn*, p. 185.—ED.

of S. T. Coleridge.' These,[1] with a further selection from the omitted pieces, principally from the Juvenile Poems, have been added in an Appendix.[2] So placed, they will not at any rate interfere with the general effect of the collection, while they add to its completeness.

* * * *

[The 'brief Life of the Author' mentioned on the title-page, appears under the heading, 'INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,' and occupies pp. xxiii.-lix.]

XIX

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, founded on the Author's latest edition of 1834, with many additional pieces now first included, and a collection of various readings. In Four Volumes. Volume One [Two, Three, Four]. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1877.

Reissued, with additions, and with the imprint of:—'London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.'

[1] *To Nature*, p. 190, and *Farewell to Love*, p. 173. The first edition of the 'Letters,' etc., was anonymous, but when reprinted in 1864, the name of the author, Thomas Allsop, was given. —ED.

[2] '*I yet remain To mourn the hours of youth*'—(printed by mistake as Coleridge's—the lines are by Bowles); *Count Rumford*, p. 64; *Fragment from an unpublished Poem*, p. 64; *To the Rev. W. J. Hort*, p. 44; *To a Primrose*, p. 64; *On the Christening of a Friend's Child*, p. 83; *Mutual Passion*, p. 143; *The Silver Thimble*, p. 51; *Translation from Ottfried's Gospel*, p. 144; *Israel's Lament*, p. 187; and *The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, verbatim from the 'Lyrical Ballads' of 1798, which will also be found in 'APPENDIX E' of the present volume.—ED.

Octavo; Vol. I. Contents, etc., pp. viii.; Memoir of S. T. Coleridge [including bibliographical matter], pp. ix.-cxviii.; Poems, pp. 217; Appendix, pp. 218-224. Vol. II. Contents, etc., pp. xii.; Poems, pp. 352; Supplement, pp. 355*-364*; Appendix, pp. 353-381. Vol. III. 'Fall of Robespierre' and 'Wallenstein,' pp. 413. Vol. IV. 'Remorse' and 'Zapolya,' pp. 290.

XX

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited with Introduction and Notes by T. Ashe, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge. In two volumes. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. 1885. [With Portrait of Coleridge after Hancock, and a view of Greta Hall, Keswick.]

Octavo; Vol. I. Title, etc., pp. v.; Introduction, etc., pp. xv.-clxxxvi.; Poems, pp. 1-212. Vol. II. Contents, etc., pp. xiii.; Poems, pp. 1-409.

[This edition is described as belonging to 'The Aldine Edition of the British Poets.'—ED.]

An excellent edition of Coleridge's *Poetical and Dramatic Works* was published by Galignani of Paris in 1829, in a volume together with equally excellent editions of *Shelley* and *Keats*. Besides the whole of the Contents of the English edition of 1829, Galignani's contains *Recantation*; *Introduction to the Ballad of the Dark Ladie*, with the prose preface; *To a Friend, with an unfinished Poem*; *The Hour when we shall meet again*; the *Lines to Cottle*; *On the Christening of a Friend's Child*; *Fall of Robespierre*; *What is Life? The Exchange*; *Fancy in nubibus*; and several Epigrams. A *Memoir* of Coleridge is prefixed.

NOTES

1. *Genevieve*, p. 1.

This seems to be the earliest composition of Coleridge which has been preserved. He has dated it as early as 'æt. 14,' and in *Poems*, 1796, it has the note: 'This little poem was written when the author was a boy.' It was first printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for Nov. 1, 1794, with a text almost identical with the following from an early MS. :—

'Maid of my Love! sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light Thou glid'st along;
Thy Eye is like the star of eve,
Thy voice is soft as Seraph's song.
Yet not thy heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within thy soul a voice there lives!
It bids thee hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the suff'rer wan
Beholds no hand stretcht out to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen thy breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I thee, sweet Genevieve!'

There was a tradition in Christ's Hospital that *Genevieve* was addressed to the daughter of Coleridge's school 'nurse.' For the head boys to be in love with their nurses' daughters was an institution of long standing. The lines have frequently been set to music.

2. *Dura Navis*, p. 1.

Here printed for the first time from an early, probably contemporary, autograph copy which Coleridge annotated in 1823. The annotations are partially and incorrectly printed in Gillman's *Life*, p. 25.

3. *Nil pejus est cælibe vitâ*, p. 2.

Printed here for the first time from the book into which the headmaster of Christ's Hospital, James Boyer, caused his boys to transcribe their best poetical and prose exercises. It has been carefully preserved by his family, and it is by the courtesy of the headmaster's grandson and namesake that I am enabled to print these verses. This note and acknowledgment applies equally to *Julia*, p. 4; *Quæ nocent docent*, p. 4; *Progress of Vice*, p. 8; and *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* (first version), p. 8. The second and fourth are now printed for the first time.

4. *Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon*, p. 3.

Marked 'æt. 16' by Coleridge in an annotated copy of *Poems*, 1828. First printed in *Poems*, 1796, and excluded from *Poems*, 1797, in spite of Lamb's remonstrances. The text has never been altered.

5. *Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital*, p. 3.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. An early MS. exists, with the title, *Anthem written as if intended to have been sung by the Children of Christ's Hospital.* The differences in text are unimportant.

6. *Julia*, p. 4.

First printed in *A History of the Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital*, by the Rev. W. Trollope, M.A., 1834, p. 191. First collected in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80. Here printed *verbatim* from the original

copy written in a boyish hand and signed 'Sam. T. Coleridge, 1789.' See 'Note 3.'

7. *Quæ nocent docent*, p. 4.

Now first printed. See 'Note 3.'

8. *The Nose*, p. 5.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. Another version exists in MS. marked 'æt. 17.' It is entitled *The Nose: an Odaic Rhapsody*. There are a few differences in the text, and the blanks '———' are filled in partially, 'G——ll,' but the MS. lacks the last stanza. The third stanza was printed in the *Morning Post*, Jan. 2, 1798, headed 'To the Lord Mayor's Nose.'

9. *To the Muse*, p. 5.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. There is a MS. copy signed 'S. T. Coleridge,' but without date.

10. *Destruction of the Bastile*, p. 6.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. The text differs slightly from an early MS. copy, with the heading *An Ode on the Destruction of the Bastile*, and signed 'S. T. C.' In place of the asterisks is this note: '(Stanzas second and third are lost. We may gather from the context that they alluded to the Bastile and its inhabitants.)'

11. *To a Young Lady, with a Poem on the French Revolution*, p. 6.

This poem, though variously dated by Coleridge '1792' and '1794,' has been placed here because there is no other known poem but the one immediately preceding to which it could apply. Quite possibly the preceding poem may have been written in or about 1792. The lines *To a Young Lady* were written in 1792, and addressed to Miss F. Nesbitt, of whom see 'Notes 36, 37.' Coleridge did not meet 'Sara' until 1794. The concluding lines are an addition of 1794 or 1795, for a rough draft of them, much pulled about, exists among a number of *Watchman* (1796) MSS. The lines were printed in the first number of that paper. Southey's *Retrospect* was not published until 1795.

12. *Life*, p. 7.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834, but the text there differs slightly from each of two early MS. copies. To one of these the title is *Sonnet written just after the Author left the Country in Sept.* 1789, *ætat* 15. Coleridge was about 17 in 1789, but this error pervades these early family MS. The other MS. is headed *Sonnet, by S. T. C., written in September* 1789.

13. *Progress of Vice*, p. 8.

First published in *P. W.* 1834, but here first printed *verbatim* from Coleridge's copy in Boyer's book. See 'Note 3.'

14. *Monody on the Death of Chatterton.* '*First Version*, 1790,' p. 8. '*Latest Version*, 1829,' p. 61.

The 'First Version' is printed *verbatim* from Boyer's book (see 'Note 3') and is undoubtedly the earliest form of the poem. The text does not differ materially from that printed 'from a Note-book in the handwriting of the late Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the nephew of the poet, kept at Eton College in 1807,' given in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80 (ii. 355 *); nor from either of two other early MS. copies I have seen, one of them being in the handwriting of the poet, and sent from school to his brother George, along with the *Monody on a Tea-Kettle* (p. 12) and *An Invocation* (p. 10).

The poem next appeared, altered and enlarged, but anonymously, in Launcelot Sharpe's edition of Chatterton's Poems (Cambridge, 1794), where it is thus introduced:—

'The Editor thinks himself happy in the permission of an ingenious Friend to insert the following Monody.'

In *Poems*, 1796, the *Monody* took the first place, and (subject to a few verbal alterations) consisted of the 1794 version with the addition of ll. 119 to the end of

1829 text as printed here at p. 63. The poem had then taken, substantially, its final shape, and for that reason is here placed among the poems of 1796. In 1797 and 1803 many little changes were made, especially the shifting about of the six lines beginning 'Friend to the friendless' between the *Monody* and the *Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross* (see 'Note 53'). The *Monody* was not printed in *Sib. Leaves*; and in 1828 it was printed *verbatim* from 1796. In 1829 great changes were made, the principal one being the new opening—ll. 1-15. The lines 25-47, 72-118, are very slightly altered from 1794; and ll. 119 to the end are much the same as in 1796. Lines 48-57 are almost new on a foundation of 1794. Coleridge told Cottle in 1814 (*Rem.* p. 381) that the four opening lines, 'O, what a wonder is the fear of death,' etc., were written when he was 'a mere boy'; and to another friend, in 1819, he said they were written in his 'thirteenth year as a school exercise'; but we know of what different quality were his school exercises of even his sixteenth or seventeenth year. In 1834 the text of 1829 was reproduced with the addition, between ll. 102, 103, of ll. 80 to the end of the Christ Hospital version.

There was no 'note' printed in 1796, but one was prepared and suppressed. See the amusing history of it in Cottle's *E.R.* i. 34, or *Rem.* p. 24.

In a note to the *Poems*, 1852, the editor quotes from Southey's *Life and Correspondence* (i. 224) a letter of Oct. 19, 1794, in which Southey gives a 'sonnet on the subject of our emigration, by Favell.' It contains ll. 129-136 (p. 63) of the *Monody*; the editor accuses her father of 'borrowing' them. But there must have been some misapprehension on Southey's part; for Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has a letter from Coleridge to Southey in which the former quotes the whole of the sonnet *as his own*, and apologises for the badness of the poetry. Even more convincing is the 11th line, 'From precipices of distempered sleep.'

Lamb greatly admired the *Monody*, and much interesting and valuable criticism of it will be found in his letters to Coleridge in 1796 and 1797.

15. *Inside the Coach—Devonshire Roads—Music*, p. 10.

I have seen no MSS. of these verses, which were all first printed in 1834. They belong doubtless to a holiday visit to Ottery in 1790.

16. *An Invocation*, p. 10.

Printed here for the first time from the autograph copy which accompanied the *Monody* on Chatterton (p. 8) and *Monody on a Tea-Kettle* (p. 12).

17. *Anna and Harland*, p. 11.

First printed from MS. in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80. Coleridge never printed the verses except in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for Oct. 25, 1794, and there the text is not quite the same.

Compare the two closing lines with the corresponding lines of *The Gentle Look* (p. 23) and of *Recollection* in 'Note 39.'

18. *To the Evening Star*, p. 11.

First printed, from MS., in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80.

19. *Pain*, p. 11.

First printed in 1834. In one early MS. it is headed *Pain: a Sonnet*; in another, *Sonnet composed in Sickness*; but neither is dated.

20. *On a Lady Weeping*, p. 12.

Printed here for the first time from a MS. believed to belong to 1790.

21. *Monody on a Tea-Kettle*, p. 12.

First printed in 1834, but I have preferred to give the original text of the MS. sent or taken home by Coleridge from Christ's in 1790. The allusion in the first line of the last stanza is to the poet's favourite brother George. Being written on the same sheet with the *Monody* on Chatterton, it is headed 'Monody the Second, occasioned by a very recent Calamity.' The lines I have called *An Invocation* (p. 10) are on the same sheet.

22. *On receiving an Account that his only Sister's Death was inevitable*, p. 13.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. The allusion in the first line is to his brother Luke, who died in 1790. The 'only sister' was Ann, called 'Nancy' at home, who came next but one (older) in the family to himself. She died early in 1791 in her twenty-fifth year.

23. *On seeing a Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister*, p. 13.

Though probably written about 1792, I have thought it best to group this with the preceding poem, with which it is intimately connected. See also 'Note 63.'

24. *A Mathematical Problem*, p. 13.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. The more accurate contemporary copy from which I print is headed 'Prospectus and Specimen of a Translation of Euclid, in a series of Pindaric Odes, communicated in a Letter by the Author to his Brother.'

25. *Sonnet on quitting School for College*, p. 15.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. An early MS. copy is headed *Sonnet on leaving Christ's Hospital*, but the text is identical.

26. *Absence, a Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge*, p. 15.

First printed with a text slightly differing from any other, in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for October 11, 1794, where the title is merely *Absence*. The verses were printed in *Poems*, 1796; but, in spite of Lamb's protest (Dec. 2, 1796), omitted from the volume of 1797.

27. *Philedon*, p. 16.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834, without title, but indexed as *Honor*. I have not seen any MS. of this poem, but it must belong to Cambridge. I cannot explain the allusions to 'Brookes's' and 'Hackett's'

28. *On Imitation*, p. 17.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. I have not seen any MS. of this, and date conjecturally. If written in 1791, as is probable, this earliest extant specimen of Coleridge's epigrammatic style is better than a good many later ones.

29. *Happiness*, p. 17.

Since placing this poem, which was first published in *P. W.* 1834, I have seen an early, perhaps an earlier, MS. copy with the title *Upon the Author's leaving School and entering into Life*. It should therefore have been grouped with the *Sonnet on quitting School* (p. 15) and *Absence* (p. 15). The MS. text does not differ much from that printed, but there is one very interesting variant. The printed lines 91, 92 are not in the MS. where the passage reads thus :—

'Ah! doubly blest, if love supply
Lustre to this now heavy eye,
And with unwonted Spirit grace
That fat[1] vacuity of face,
Or if e'en Love, the mighty Love
Shall find this change his powers above;
Some lovely maid perchance thou'lt find
To read thy visage in thy mind.'

30. *The Raven*, p. 18.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, March 10, 1798 (see 'APPENDIX A'); then in the *Ann. Anth.* (1800), with many alterations; next in *Sib. Leaves* (1817), with further alterations and a note in the 'Preface' (see 'APPENDIX K').

The two closing lines were printed only in *Sib. Leaves*, and were the occasion of Coleridge's writing the following curious Note in the margin of a copy now in the possession of Mr. Stuart M. Samuel, by whose courtesy I am enabled to print it :—

'Added thro' cowardly fear of the Goody! What a Hollow, where the Heart of Faith ought to be, does it not betray—this alarm concerning Christian morality, that will not permit even a

[1] 'The Author was at this time *æt.* 17 [read 19.—ED.], remarkable for a plump face.' [Transcriber's footnote.]

Raven to be a Raven, nor a Fox a Fox, but demands conventicular justice to be inflicted on their unchristian conduct, or at least an antidote to be annexed.'

The original title of the poem appears to have been *Dream*. 'Your *Dream*' Lamb calls it in his letter of Jan. 5, 1797 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 59; see also i. 130).

In *Sibylline Leaves* there is this footnote to line 17 :—

'Travelled he * with wandering wings.'

* 'Seventeen or eighteen years ago an artist of some celebrity was so pleased with this doggerel that he amused himself with the thought of making a Child's Picture-Book of it; but he could not hit on a picture for these four lines. I suggested a *round-about* with four seats, and the four seasons, as children with Time for the shew-man.'

31. *A Wish—An Ode in the Manner of Anacreon*, p. 19. *A Lover's Complaint*, p. 20.

Here first printed from a letter written by Coleridge from Cambridge to Mary Evans. This letter, with several others to Mrs. Evans, and to her daughters Mary and Anne, are now in the great collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison of Fonthill, to whose courtesy I owe my first acquaintance with them, and the permission to print anything of interest I might find.

32. *With Fielding's 'Amelia,'* p. 20.

I am much disposed to adopt Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's suggestion that this was addressed to Mrs. Evans, the mother of Mary. Note line 9 :—

'And sure the *Parent of a race so sweet.*'

33 *Imitated from Ossian*, p. 20.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, with the original passage from OSSIAN as a 'note.'

It was probably composed at the same time as *The Complaint of Ninathóma*, omitted from 1797, but restored by Lamb in 1803.

34. *The Complaint of Ninathóma*, p. 20.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, with the original passage from OSSIAN. The lines were sent from Cambridge to Mary Evans in a letter of Feb. 7, 1793, now in Mr. Morrison's collection. See 'Note 31.' They included the following (between the second and third stanzas), which have not hitherto been printed :—

'By my Friends, by my Lovers discarded,
Like the Flower of the Rock now I waste,
That left its fair head unregarded,
And scatters its leaves in the blast.'

35. *Songs of the Pixies*, p. 21.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796. Many changes were made in the text from time to time.

36. *The Rose*, p. 23.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796. The following Note in *Poems*, 1852, refers to this poem and to *Kisses* (p. 23). In the MS. l. 12 reads : 'On lovely Nesbitt's breast.'

'This *Effusion* and *The Rose* were originally addressed to a Miss F. Nesbitt, at Plymouth, whither the author accompanied his eldest brother, to whom he was paying a visit, when he was twenty-one years of age. Both poems are written in pencil on the blank pages of a copy of Langhorne's *Collins*. *Kisses* is entitled *Cupid turned Chymist*; is signed S. T. Coleridge, and dated Friday evening, [July] 1793.

'*The Rose* has this heading : "On presenting a Moss Rose to Miss F. Nesbitt." In both poems the name of Nesbitt appears instead of Sara, afterwards substituted.' See 'Note 11.'

37. *Kisses*, p. 23.

See preceding Note. In *Poems*, 1796, 1797, and 1803, Coleridge gave the following in a note to the poem, and in the proof-sheets of 1797 wrote : 'Carmina Quadragesimalia, vol. ii. To the copy in the Bristol Library there is a manuscript signature of "W. Thomas" to this beautiful composition :

'Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem,
Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manu.
Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,
Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.
Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim
Non impune favis surripuisset Amor.
Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores,
Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis :
Addit et illecebras, et mille et mille lepores
Et quot Acidalius gaudia Cestus habet.
Ex his composuit Dea basia ; et omnia libans
Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloës.
Carm. Quad. vol. ii.'

The MS. text differs considerably from that printed. Lines 9-12 read thus :

'Fond Hopes, the blameless parasites of woe,
And Dreams whose tints with beamy brightness glow.
With joy he view'd the chymic process rise,
The charming cauldron bubbled up in sighs.'

The last line ran—

'And breath'd on lovely Nesbitt's lovely lips the rest.'

After 1803 the poem was not again printed until 1852.

38. *The Gentle Look*, p. 23.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796. Lines 13, 14 compare with ll. 13, 14 of *Anna and Harland*, p. 11, and with ll. 27, 28 of *Recollection* in 'Note 39.'

39. *Sonnet to the River Otter*, p. 23.

First printed as a separate poem in *Poems*, 1797. All but the first and the three closing lines come from the following poem (ll. 17-26), which was printed in the *Watchman*, No. V. April 2, 1796 :

RECOLLECTION.

As the tir'd savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge and white lightning's glare,
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hours of sleep !
So tost by storms along life's wild'ring way
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While HOPE with kisses nurs'd the infant LOVE !

Dear native brook ! like peace so placidly
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek—
Dear native brook ! where first young POESY
Star'd wildly eager in her noon-tide dream ;
Where blameless Pleasures dimpled Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies *ripple* thy slow stream !
How many various-fated years have past,
What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast
Numb'ring its light leaps ! Yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But strait, with all their tints, thy waters rise,
The crossing plank, and margin's willowy maze,
And bedded sand, that, vein'd with various dyes,
Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze—
Ah ! fair tho' faint those forms of memory seem,
Like Heaven's bright bow on thy smooth evening stream.

Although a kind of cento put together by Coleridge from his own verses, *Recollection* is worth reprinting, for it is a coherent poem. It is made up of what now appears (allowing for verbal difference) as *Lines on an Autumnal Evening* (p. 24),

ll. 71-86; *To the River Otter*, ll. 2-11; *The Gentle Look* (p. 23), ll, 13, 14, the two lines being also found in *Anna and Harland* (p. 11). Compare also the address to 'Dear native brook,' ll. 81 *et seq.* with the *Sonnet to the River Otter*.

40. *Lines to a Beautiful Spring in a Village*, p. 24.

This no doubt belongs to Ottery and the Otter, and to the same period as the two poems which precede and follow it respectively.

41. *Lines on an Autumnal Evening*, p. 24.

First printed, *Poems*, 1796, with the title *Written in early youth; the time, an autumnal Evening*; and the following Note to line 57 :—

'I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality: as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams. The lines in this poem from the 27th to the 36th I have been told are a palpable imitation of the passage from the 355th to the 370th line of the "Pleasures of Memory," part 3. I do not perceive so striking a similarity between the two passages; at all events, I had written the Effusion several years before I had seen Mr. Rogers' poem.

'It may be proper to remark that the tale of Florio in the "Pleasures of Memory" is to be found in "Lochleven," a poem of great merit by Michael Bruce. In Mr. Rogers' poem the names are FLORIO and JULIA; in the "Lochleven," Lomond and Levina—and this is all the difference. We seize the opportunity of transcribing from the "Lochleven" of Bruce the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart :—

'"Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side"'

[and so on, for ten lines].

For Coleridge's quaint apology to Rogers, see *Advertisement* to 'SUPPLEMENT' to *Poems*, 1797, in 'APPENDIX K,' p. 541.

In this *Supplement* may also be read Coleridge's reasons for 'reprieving' this poem 'from immediate oblivion.'

In the undergraduate diary of Christopher Wordsworth (afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge) the poem is alluded to as having been read by Coleridge at a college party on Nov. 7, 1793. (*Social Life at the English Universities*, by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Peter House, Camb. 1874. *Appendix.*)

ll. 17-20 may have been inspired by felicitations received from Mary Evans on the winning of the 'Browne' gold medal in 1792.

Lamb persuaded Coleridge to allow the poem to take its proper place in 1803. It was excluded from the *Sibylline Leaves*, but readmitted in 1828 and 1829.

42. *To Fortune*, p. 27.

Now first collected, from the *Morning Chronicle*. I was enabled to find it there by an entry in Christopher Wordsworth's diary (see preceding Note), and printed it in the *Anti-Jacobin* for Aug. 22, 1891. I think it probable that this was Coleridge's first appearance in print. It is not at all unlikely that the poet had sought relief from financial embarrassment by taking a ticket in the Irish Lottery, the drawings of which began five days after the appearance of these verses, and closed about a fortnight later — on the 26th November 1793, just a week before he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons.

43. *Lewti*, p. 27.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, April 13, 1798 (not '1795' as mis-stated in *Sib. Leaves*), with the following editorial introduction, now first reprinted :—

'ORIGINAL POETRY.

'It is not amongst the least pleasing of our recollections, that we have been the means of gratifying the public taste with some exquisite pieces of Original Poetry. For many of them we have been indebted to the Author of the *Circassian's Love Chant*. Amidst images of war and woe, amidst scenes of carnage and horror, of devastation and dismay, it may afford the mind a temporary relief to wander to the magic haunts of the Muses, to bowers and

fountains which the despoiling powers of the war has never visited, and where the lover pours forth his complaint, or receives the recompense of his constancy. The whole of the subsequent Love Chant is in a warm and impassioned strain. The fifth and last stanzas are, we think, the best.'

The poem was signed *Nicias Erythræus*, and included the following verses, never again printed by Coleridge.

Between ll. 14 *and* 15, p. 27—

'I saw the white waves, o'er and o'er,
Break against the distant shore.
All at once upon the sight,
All at once they broke in light:
I heard no murmur of their roar,
Nor ever I beheld them flowing,
Neither coming, neither going;
But only saw them, o'er and o'er,
Break against the curved shore;
Now disappearing from the sight,
Now twinkling regular and white;
And Lewti's smiling mouth can show
As white and regular a row.
Nay, treach'rous image! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.'

Between ll. 52 *and* 53, p. 28—

'This hand should make his life-blood flow
That ever scorn'd my Lewti so!

'I cannot chuse but fix my sight
On that small vapour, thin and white!
So thin, it scarcely, I protest,
Bedims the star that shines behind it;
And pity dwells in Lewti's breast,
Alas! if I knew how to find it.
And O! how sweet it were, I wist,
To see my Lewti's eyes to-morrow
Shine brightly through as thin a mist
Of pity and repentant sorrow!
Nay, treach'rous image! leave my mind—
Ah, Lewti! why art thou unkind?'

Allowing for the omission of these stanzas, subsequent changes have been unimportant, except in one instance, prompted as usual by Lamb. He said the original epithet in line 69,

'Had I the *enviable* power,'

would damn the finest poem, and it disappeared. In a copy of the *Ann. Anth.* annotated by Coleridge he alters the line

'Had I the enviable power,'

into

'O beating heart! had I the power'—

and between ll. 8, 9 he wrote: 'Two lines expressing the wetness of the rock.' This remark may have been a memorandum for something new to be added, but much more probably was inspired by a recollection of what is perhaps the earliest form of the poem, the MS. of which is now in the British Museum. It opens thus:—

'High o'er the silver rocks I roved
To forget the form I loved;
In hopes fond fancy would be kind
And steal my Mary from my mind.
'Twas twilight, and the lunar beam
Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream
As down its sides the water strayed.
Bright on a rock the moonbeam play'd,
It shone half-sheltered from the view,
By pendent boughs of tressy yew.'

I take this to be the earliest version, because it speaks of 'Mary'—Mary Evans, no doubt. There is another early MS. in which 'Sara' holds the place of 'Mary,' but here the poet's pen has crossed out 'Sara' and substituted 'Lewti.'

When the *Lyrical Ballads* were first put together in 1798, *Lewti* was included, but at the last moment the sheet was cancelled and *The Nightingale, a Conversational Poem* substituted. Nothing is recorded of the reason for this sudden change, and the fact might never have been known, but for the circumstance that Southey bound up the cancelled sheet in his copy, which is now in the British Museum.

44. *Ad Lyram*, p. 28.

Printed in the *Watchman*, No. II. March 9, 1796, and never again by Coleridge. Thus introduced:—

'If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know not of any Latin Poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The ODES of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about one hundred and fifty years ago by a Thomas Hill, I think.[1] I never

1 *The Odes of Casimire*, translated by G. H. (G. Hils). Lond. 1646.—ED.

saw the translation. A few of the ODES have been translated in a very animated manner by Watts. I have subjoined the third Ode of the second book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In the imitation attempted I am sensible that I have destroyed *the effect of suddenness*, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.'

The original poem then followed; and a request for a more worthy translation of it, and of Casimir's *Mater Neronis, ad Neronem*.

That Coleridge's high opinion of Casimir's poetical faculty and of his Latinity was no mere boyish fancy, see *Biog. Lit.* chap. xxiv.

This 'Imitation' was doubtless intended to take a place in the work advertised by Coleridge in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for June 14 and July 26, 1794. (The advertisement, a little abbreviated, was printed at the end of *The Fall of Robespierre*, published about the same time.) I omit the somewhat lengthy 'Design':—

'Proposals for publishing by subscription *Imitations from the Modern Latin Poets, with a Critical and Biographical Essay on the Restoration of Literature.* By S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge.

'The work will consist of two volumes, large octavo, elegantly printed on superfine paper: Price to Subscribers, 14s. in boards; to be paid on delivery.

* * * *

'In the course of the Work will be introduced a copious Selection from the Lyrics of Casimir, and a new Translation of the Basia of Secundus.

'The Volumes will be ready for delivery shortly after next Christmas.

'*Cambridge, June* 10, 1794.'

Nothing more was heard of the project.

45. *To Lesbia, and the three pieces following* (pp. 28, 29)

were first printed in the *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 254-256. They come from the *Commonplace Book*, from which many extracts are printed in the ADDENDA, pp. 443-470.

46. *The Sigh*, p. 29.

First published in *Poems*, 1796. An undated copy in Coleridge's hand is among the letters to the Evans family now in Mr. Alfred Morrison's collection (see 'Note 31')—the 'dedication copy' doubtless. It is headed 'Song'—the title *The Sigh* was evidently an after-thought. See Lamb to Coleridge, June 10, 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 15). Coleridge affixed the date 'June 1794' to the lines in *Poems*, 1796. He saw Mary Evans and avoided meeting her in passing through Wrexham early in July 1794. *The Sigh* has been frequently set to music.

47. *The Kiss*, p. 30.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, as 'Effusion XXVIII.' In 1797 it was called *The Kiss*, but Lamb objected that this confused the piece with *Kisses*, and in 1803 it was called *To Sara*. In 1828 *et seq.* the old title was revived, the other piece being omitted. There is reason for supposing that these verses were originally addressed, and not merely transferred, 'To Sara.'

48. *Translation of Wrangham's Hendecasyllables*, p. 30; and *To Miss Brunton*, p. 31.

First collected in *P. and D. W.* 1880, from '*Poems*, by Francis Wrangham, M.A.' [afterwards Archdeacon]. London, 1795.

Wrangham's verses were addressed to *Ann* Brunton, afterwards Mrs. Merry; Coleridge's to her younger sister, *Elizabeth*, also a popular actress. Mrs. Merry appeared as Euphrasia in *The Grecian Daughter* at Covent Garden in October 1785.

49. *Elegy, imitated from Akenside*, p. 31.

First printed in *Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 23, 1794, without signature, but with it appears the (first) *Epitaph on an Infant* (p. 145). Next printed, and again without signature, in the *Watchman*, No. III. March 17, 1796. Also in *Sib. Leaves*, and in 1828, 1829, and 1834. I mention these particulars because the poem was

excluded from *P. W.* 1852 on account of a doubt in the editor's mind as to whether it was Coleridge's. They were unaware of its appearance and companionship in the *Morning Chronicle*, facts now first noted. On each reprinting, Coleridge slightly altered the text.

50. *The Faded Flower*, p. 31.

Now collected for the first time from the *New Monthly Magazine* for August 1836, where it was printed along with the letter to the Rev. Mr. Martin (to whom the *Fall of Robespierre* was dedicated), dated July 22, 1794, reprinted in the Supplement to the *Biog. Lit.* ed. 1847 (ii. 338). It is in this letter that the encounter with Mary Evans at Wrexham is related, but *The Faded Flower* has manifestly nothing whatever to do with that young lady, and had probably no previous connection with the letter.

51. *An Unfortunate*, p. 32.

First printed as 'Effusion XV.' in *Poems*, 1796. In the preface it is stated that 'the first half of Effusion XV. was written by the author of *Joan of Arc*, an Epic poem' (Southey).

52. *To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre*, p. 32. *To an Unfortunate Woman whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence*, p. 32.

Although these two poems were placed widely apart by Coleridge in arranging his *Poetical Works* in 1828 and 1829, they were written at the same time, and printed next to one another in the *Sib. Leaves*. On account of their common subject, I have grouped them with the two preceding and earlier poems, but regret that through an oversight, detected when too late for correction in the text, they are also dated '? 1794' instead of '1797.' The MSS. of both were sent together to Cottle in March 1797, intended for the *Poems* of that year, then at press. (See Cottle's *Early Recollections*, i. 213; or his *Reminiscences*, p. 118.) Only the latter ('Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped') was printed in the volume; the other not until 1800, in the *Ann. Anth.* The titles originally given by Coleridge were as follows, and shew that the poems were intended to appear together:—'Maiden that with sullen brow,' etc., was headed *To an Unfortunate Woman whom I knew in the days of her innocence. Composed at the Theatre*; [*sic*, and not as given by Cottle]; the other lines, beginning 'Myrtle leaf that, ill besped,' were headed *Allegorical Lines on the same Subject.* See also Cottle, *E. R.* i. 223, 224, or *Rem.* pp. 125, 126, for a letter of Coleridge's on the text of these poems, which I receive with caution, as I have not seen the original. I have examined most of the original documents from which Cottle made up his books, and found that, in every instance, they have been impudently tampered with.

53. *Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross*, p. 33.

First printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for Sept. 27, 1794, within three months after the lines were written. Next by the poet's travelling companion, John Hucks, in his account of their tour (*A Pedestrian Tour through North Wales*, in a Series of Letters. . . . Cambridge, 1795). At page 15 Hucks writes ('Bala, North Wales, July 11, 1794'): 'We slept at the King's Arms, Ross. . . . I cannot omit sending you a few lines which my fellow-traveller scribbled upon a window-shutter, unlike the general style of composition which such places abound with'; and then he goes on to quote the lines almost exactly as they had appeared in the newspaper—possibly very nearly in the form in which they were scribbled on the shutter.

'LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE "MAN OF ROSS."

'Richer than Misers o'er their countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Traveller, hear,
Departed Merit claims the rev'rend tear.

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's heav'n-breath'd prayer of praise,
He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze;
And o'er the dowried virgin's snowy cheek
Bade bridal love suffuse its blushes meek.
If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass,
To higher zest shall Mem'ry wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, thro' life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been,
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in thought,
Here cheat thy cares—in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt!'

In *Poems*, 1796, the verses shrunk to ll. 1-4 and 11-20 of 1829 (p. 33), the other six having been returned to the *Monody* on Chatterton. Lamb objected, and in 1797 the eight lines were taken from Chatterton and six of them restored to the Man of Ross. In 1803 Lamb had changed his mind, and Coleridge turned the widows and orphans out of the 'King's Arms' but without giving them shelter with Chatterton; and by this time the dowried virgin had been forgotten by both. The poem was not considered good enough for *Sibylline Leaves*. In 1828, and since, the widows and orphans have been cared for both by the Man of Ross and by Chatterton. See *Man of Ross*, ll. 5-10, p. 33; and *Monody* ll. 58-65, p. 62.

There is one other copy of the verses which must not be left unmentioned. I found it in the most unlikely of places—among the Evans papers! (see 'Note 31'). It is written in Coleridge's neatest hand, at full length as in the *Camb. Intell.* and in Hucks's book, but with two variants—'dowried *maiden's*' and 'to the *poor* man's *Wealth*.'

See much interesting matter with regard to this poem in Lamb's letters to Coleridge, June 10, 1796; Jan. 5, 1797; March 20 and May 27, 1803. See also Cottle's *Rem.* p. 131; and 'Note 14' *supra*, p. 562.

54. *On Bala Hill*, p. 33.

Now first printed from the unique copy in Coleridge's autograph among the Evans papers (see 'Note 31'). The first 'letter' in Hucks's *Pedestrian Tour* (see 'Note 53') is dated 'Bala, North Wales, July 11, 1794.' The lines were probably written then or soon after, tho' the middle of July is early for 'falling leaves of many a faded hue'; but they were doubtless coloured for metaphorical purposes.

55. *Imitated from the Welsh*, p. 33.

Probably written on or soon after the Welsh tour of 1794. It has been printed in all editions (except *Sib. Leaves*) since 1796, and without change of title or text.

56. *Domestic Peace*, p. 33.

I print this charming song separately, among the 'Poems,' for the same reason which doubtless actuated Coleridge—the fear lest it should be lost sight of in *The Fall of Robespierre*, p. 215.

57. *On a Discovery made too late*, p. 34.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, as 'Effusion XIX.,' but in the 'Contents' it was called 'To my own heart.' An autograph copy is dated 'Oct. 21, 1794.' There is no room for doubt as to its application, for the last six lines are but a versification of a passage in an undated letter addressed to Mary Evans among the Evans papers (see 'Note 31'). Of this poem in the 1796 volume Lamb wrote to Coleridge, June 10 *et seq.* 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 14): 'After all, you *can*, [*sic in orig.*] nor ever will, write anything with which I shall be so delighted as what I have heard yourself repeat. You came to town [from Cambridge late in 1794] and I saw you at a time when your heart was bleeding with recent wounds. Like yourself, I was sore galled with disappointed hope. You had

——' many an holy lay
That, mourning, soothed the mourner on his way.'

I had ears of sympathy to drink them in, and they yet vibrate pleasant on the sense. When I read in your little volume, your nineteenth Effusion [*On a Discovery*, etc.], or the twenty-eighth [*The Kiss*, p. 30], or twenty-ninth [*Imitated from Ossian*, p. 20], or what you call *The Sigh* [p. 29], I think I hear *you* again. I image to myself the little smoky room at the *Salutation and Cat* where we have sat together through the winter nights beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.' He calls this poem 'the most exquisite and Bowles-like of all,' and wishes to end it with 'agony of care'; but did not get his way.

58. *To the Author of 'The Robbers,'* p. 34.

First printed with this title as 'Effusion XX.' in *Poems*, 1796—in 'Contents' '*To Schiller*'—and with following 'Note': —

'[One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers," a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—A winter midnight — the wind high — and "The Robbers" for the first time!—The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the *goblin* rout——even of Shakespeare.]'

In the privately printed *Selection* of Sonnets (see 'APPENDIX K,' p. 544) this sonnet was printed, but with the first four lines in reverse order (4, 3, 2, 1) and ll. 5 and 6 altered to :—

'That in no after moment aught less vast
Might stamp me human! A triumphant shout,' etc.

This change was doubtless an attempt to get rid of the 'bull' mentioned in the following extract from a letter to T. Poole, Nov. 1, 1796, quoted (but incorrectly) in the Biog. Supplement to *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 378: 'It is strange, that in the Sonnet to Schiller—I wish to die, that nothing may stamp me mortal :—this bull never struck me till Charles Lloyd mentioned it. The sense is evident enough, but the word is ridiculously ambiguous.'

Line 8 was transposed :—

'From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past,'

and for note there was only this :—

'Schiller introduces no supernatural Beings.'

In 1797 the Sonnet reappeared with the text of the *Selection*, except that the first four lines were restored to their original order, and that 'human' (l. 6) disappeared for ever, giving place to the original 'mortal.' In 1803 the text of 1797 was reprinted, but without any note except one explaining the allusion in l. 4, 'The Father of MOOR in the Play of the Robbers.' When Coleridge sent his 'Selection' to Thelwall in Nov. 1796, he wrote: 'I affirm, John Thelwall! that the six last lines of this "Sonnet to Schiller" are strong and fiery; and you are the only one who thinks otherwise — There is a spurt of author-like vanity for you.' Wordsworth inclined to side with Thelwall (whose opinion was worth nothing)—in 1833 at all events. Writing on Dec. 4 of that year, to Dyce, he said the Sonnet to Schiller was 'too much of a rant for his taste' (W. W., *Prose Works*, iii. 336).

In 1828 and 1829 Coleridge reverted to the text of *Poems*, 1796.

59. *Melancholy*, p. 34.

First collected in *Sib. Leaves*, 1817, where Coleridge appends the note:— 'First published in the *Morning Chronicle*, in the year 1794.' The concluding lines were cut out in 1828 and after—

'*Strange was the dream* that fill'd her soul,
Nor did not whispering spirits roll
A mystic tumult, and a fateful rhyme
Mixt with wild shapings of the unborn time.'

The footnote regarding the Adder's Tongue fern ran thus:—'A botanical mistake. The plant, I meant, is called the Hart's Tongue; but this would unluckily spoil the poetical effect. *Cedat ergo Botanice.*'

I have searched the *M. Ch.* of 1794 for the verses, but without success.

60. *Lines on a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever*, p. 35.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796; reprinted 1797 with date 'November 1794,' and again, with the date, in 1803; the text in all being substantially the same. A rough draft MS. I have examined is entitled *Lines on the Death of a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever induced by anxiety.* But Lamb had seen some other version or heard Coleridge recite one which differed. Writing to Coleridge (June 10, 1796, Ainger's *Letters*, i. 17) he says: 'In *Edmund*, "Frenzy, fierce-eyed child" is not so well as "frantic," though that is an epithet adding nothing to the meaning. Slander *couching* was better than *squatting*.' But Coleridge gave no heed. A line (30)—

'And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise'—

shews that 'log-rolling' was rife before it received its Western name, and that it was Coleridge's detestation. In an unpublished letter to Thelwall in May 1796, he writes: 'I detest the vile traffic of literary adulation.'

But the most remarkable passage in the poem is that beginning—

'To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
Energic Reason and a shaping mind'

[etc., ll. 39-46]. There is a very interesting commentary on this poem, and on his own character, in a letter written by Coleridge to Allsop in July 1822 (*Letters*, etc., 1836, ii., 135; 1864, p. 196).

61. *To a Young Ass*, p. 35.

First printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 30, 1794. The poem was first composed as a *jeu d'esprit*, and this version will be found in 'APPENDIX C,' p. 477, together with readings from the *M. Ch.* text. It appeared again in *Poems*, 1796, and when *Poems*, 1797, was being prepared Lamb suggested its omission (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 62): 'Don't you think your verses on a "Young Ass" too trivial a companion for the "Religious Musings"? "Scoundrel Monarch"—alter that.' And in 1797 the line became: 'The aching of pale FASHION'S vacant breast.' But Lamb never approved of the verses. See his letter to Southey (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 105). The poem is chiefly interesting for its references to Pantisocracy, by which Coleridge was severely bitten at the time (ll. 27-31). In the first version, Pantisocracy is named.

62. *Parliamentary Oscillators*, p. 36.

This was printed by Coleridge in *Sib. Leaves* with the date '1794.' His daughter printed it in *Essays on his own Times* (1850, p. 969) with a statement that it was there reprinted (with others) for the first time from the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*—forgetting (first) that it had appeared in *Sib. Leaves*, and (second) that Coleridge had not begun to contribute to the *M. Post* or *Courier* in 1794.

63. *To a Friend, together with an unfinished Poem*, p. 37.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796. The date 'December 1794' was added in 1797. It is almost certainly erroneous, for Coleridge was in London with Lamb until January 1795 (Letter of Southey in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 405). The poem was reprinted again in 1803, but, unaccountably, excluded from every collection which followed until that of 1852. It is of this poem, no doubt, that Lamb writes to Coleridge, June 10, 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 17): 'I was glad to meet with [in *Poems*, 1796] those lines you sent me when my sister was so ill [ll. 8 *et seq.*]: I had lost the copy, and I felt not a little proud at seeing my name [l. 19] in your verse.' I think there can be little doubt that the 'unfinished poem' was *Religious Musings*, 'elaborate and swelling.' In a letter (unprinted) from Jesus College, Wednesday night, 17th Sept. 1794, to 'Miss Edith' [Fricker, afterwards Mrs. Southey], Coleridge writes: 'I *had* a sister—an only Sister. Most tenderly did I love her! Yes, I have woke at midnight and wept—because *she was not*. There is no attachment under heaven so pure, so endearing,' etc. Lines 12-19 of this poem to Lamb are but a versification

of this; and it is to some extent the case with the verses *On seeing a Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister* (p. 13). The renunciatory footnote printed with the text (p. 38) was first added by Coleridge in 1797.

64. *Burke*, p. 38.

When this was printed in *Poems*, 1796, Coleridge added a lengthy note to the line:

'Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl.'

It began: 'When I composed this line I had not read the following paragraph in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* (of Saturday, November 21, 1795): "*When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry, he received a pension of £1200 a-year charged on the King's Privy Purse!* [Here follow many details of Burke's various pensions, concluding:—] He has thus retir'd from the trade of politics, with pensions to the amount of £3700 a-year."' When Coleridge was preparing the volume of 1797 he intended to include this sonnet, and to strengthen the 'Note' by the addition of his own comments on the above extract from the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. This appears by the proof-sheets of part of *Poems*, 1797 (now in the possession of Mr. R. A. Potts), in which the poet has transcribed the passage in the *Watchman*, No. I. p. 22, which begins: 'We feel not, however, for the Public in the present instance: we feel for the honor of Genius; and mourn to find one of her most richly-gifted Children associated with the Youngs, Wyndhams, and Reeveses of the day; "match'd in mouth" with

"Mastiff, bloodhound, mungril grim,
Cur, and spaniel, brache, and lym,
Bobtail tike and trundle-tail";

and the rest of that motley pack. . . . It is consoling to the lovers of human nature, to reflect that Edmund Burke, the only writer of that Faction "whose name would not sully the page of an opponent," learnt the discipline of genius in a different corps. . . . Peace be to his spirit when it departs from us: this is the severest punishment I wish him—that he may be appointed under-porter to St. Peter, and be obliged to open the gates of heaven to Brissot, Roland, Condorcet, Fayette, and Priestley!' All of which vividly recalls Browning's 'Lost Leader.' The political sonnets were excluded altogether from the volume of 1797, but they found their way back in 1803.

65. *Priestley*, p. 39.

Priestley was held in peculiar reverence by both Coleridge and Lamb. See *Rel. Musings*, ll. 371-376; and Lamb's letter (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 10), where he says he feels a transient superiority over Coleridge in having seen Priestley. 'I love to see his name repeated in your writings. I love and honour him almost profanely.'

66. *Koskiusko*, p. 39.

In *Poems*, 1796, the sonnet had a note: 'When *Kosciusko* was observed to fall, the Polish ranks set up a shriek.' Lamb objected strongly to the five last lines, and Coleridge did not reprint the sonnet until 1828. Kosciusko lived until 1817.

67. *Pitt*, p. 40.

Only one notable change was made in the text of this sonnet (which was entitled 'To Mercy,' in the *Watchman*, No. V. and in *Poems*, 1796); the eighth line originally ran:—

'Staining most foul, a god-like Father's name.'

68. *To Bowles* [Second Version], p. 41.

This had no note in *Poems*, 1796, but was No. I of the EFFUSIONS, which division had these lines for motto:—

'Content, as random Fancies might inspire,
If his weak harp at times, a lovely lyre,
He struck with desultory hand, and drew
Some soften'd tones to Nature not untrue.'
BOWLES.

Coleridge probably had intended to dedicate the *Poems*, 1797, to Bowles. Lamb writes, Nov. 14, 1796: 'Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles. Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it

was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping; shewed you the dark-green yew trees, and the willow shades.'

69. *Mrs. Siddons*, p. 41.

This being clearly a joint composition of Lamb and Coleridge, now properly finds a place in the works of each. It appeared as 'S. T. C.'s' in the *M. Ch.*; next as 'C. L.'s' in *Poems*, 1796; as 'Charles Lamb's' in *Poems*, 1797; as Coleridge's in 1803, which last volume was seen through the press by Lamb. After that, neither ever printed it again. It appears to have been originally Lamb's. See his letter to Coleridge, June 10, 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 18).

70. *To William Godwin*, p. 41.

This was not reprinted, Coleridge having changed his mind about Godwin and his principles before 1796. In that year, in the *Watchman* (No. III. March 17), he made a vigorous attack on 'Modern Patriots,' and by the broadest implication calls Godwin names. This provoked a letter from 'Caius Gracchus,' to which Coleridge made a long rejoinder in No. V., in which this passage occurs:—

'I do consider Mr. Godwin's Principles as vicious, and his book as a Pandar to Sensuality. Once I thought otherwise—nay, even addressed a complimentary sonnet to the Author in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which I confess with much moral and poetical contrition, that the lines and the subject were equally bad.'

Coleridge goes on to say he will shortly print an answer to Godwin's book in the *Watchman*, and his correspondence is full of this; but if the 'answer' were ever begun, no trace of it remains. The two philosophers became friends again in 1800. See *William Godwin*, by C. Kegan Paul, wherein many letters from Coleridge to Godwin are printed.

71. *To Robert Southey*, p. 42.

This was not reprinted. The brothers-in-law quarrelled over the abandonment of Pantisocracy. Southey had gone abroad, and the volume of *Poems*, 1796, was put together before the quarrel was made up.

72. *To R. B. Sheridan*, p. 42.

To the sonnet in *Poems*, 1796, there was attached the following 'Note':—

Hymettian Flow'rets. — Hymettus a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his Poetry. In Shakespeare's 'Lover's Complaint' there is a fine Stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan:—

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep:
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old.'

In the *M. Ch.* the opening lines ran thus:—

'Was it some Spirit, SHERIDAN, that breath'd
His *various* influence on thy natal hour?—
My Fancy bodies forth the Guardian Power
His temples with Hymettian flow'rets wreath'd.'

73. *To Lord Stanhope*, p. 42. *To Earl Stanhope*, p. 43.

There has been a great deal of romancing about this sonnet (for I consider the two as one) on the part of Coleridge and Cottle. In its form *To Earl Stanhope* it was printed in *Poems*, 1796. Cottle prints (*Early Recollections*, i. 201; *Reminiscences*, p. 109) a letter from Coleridge to Miss Cruikshanks (undated, but probably written in 1807) in which he expresses regret that she should have lent to Lady Elizabeth Percival a copy of the 1796 edition of his poems, because he fears the Sonnet to Earl Stanhope may do him a

disservice. 'Of any former errors, I should be no more ashamed (he writes) than of my change of body, natural to increase of age; but in that first edition, there was inserted without my consent a Sonnet to Lord Stanhope, in direct contradiction, equally to my then, as to my present principles—a Sonnet written by me in ridicule and mockery of the bloated style of French Jacobin declamation—and *inserted by the fool of a publisher* in order, forsooth, that he might send the book and a letter to Earl Stanhope; who (to prove that he is not *mad* in all things) treated both book and letter with silent contempt.'

But Cottle did not print the letter exactly as it was written; for in place of the words italicised, and which referred to himself, he substituted, *inserted by Biggs, the fool of a printer!*—poor 'Biggs' being his own partner. And besides this falsification Cottle added to the letter this statement: 'The wish to obtain the favourable opinion of Lady E. Percival, evidently obscured the recollection of Mr. C. in several parts of the preceding letter. The book (handsomely bound) and the letter were sent to Lord S. by Mr. C. himself.' This was giving the lie direct to Coleridge, but when reprinting the *Recollection* in the *Reminiscences*, Cottle *suppressed the note, retaining, however, the falsification.* I have no doubt whatever that Coleridge wrote and rewrote the Sonnet in all foolish sincerity, and becoming, naturally enough, ashamed of it, lacked the courage to confess.

74. *Lines to a Friend in Answer to a Melancholy Letter*, p. 43.

First printed in 1796; excluded from 1797; reprinted in 1803, 1828, etc. In the annotated volume of 1828 Coleridge remarks, that the poem is 'very like one of Horace's odes, *starched.*' Somebody told Mrs. H. N. Coleridge that her father was indebted to Casimir's thirteenth *Ode* for the general conception, but she could see no likeness worthy of mention.

75. *To an Infant*, p. 44.

As this was printed in the *Poems*, 1796, the infant could not have been his own, his first-born, David Hartley, having arrived some months after the publication of the volume. The child was probably his brother-in-law Lovell's.

76. *Written after a Walk before Supper*, p. 44.

When arranging for the contents of the 1797 volume, Coleridge wrote to Cottle (Oct. 18, 1796): 'I am not solicitous to have anything omitted [which was in *Poems*, 1796], except the Sonnet to Lord Stanhope and the ludicrous poem,' Cottle explaining that the latter was *Written*, etc. (*Early Rec.* i. 209; *Rem.* p. 116). Again, when the 1803 volume was being arranged, Lamb wrote to Coleridge: 'A few I positively rejected, such as . . . *Flicker and Flicker's Wife*,' by which we cannot doubt Lamb meant these verses (see Ainger's *Letters*, i. 199). The wonder is, that they should ever have been either written or printed at all.

77. *To the Rev. W. J. Hort*, p. 44.

Coleridge printed these lines in *Poems*, 1796, but never again. The Rev. W. J. Hort was, about 1794-95, one of the masters in the school kept by the famous Unitarian, Dr. Estlin, one of Coleridge's then friends and patrons. The verses are interesting mainly for the strongly accentuated reference to Pantisocracy in the third stanza.

78. *Charity*, p. 45.

First printed as 'Effusion XVI.' in *Poems*, 1796, with an acknowledgment in the 'Preface' that for the 'rough sketch' of it he was 'indebted to Mr. Favell.' It was reprinted in all subsequent collections, *except* SIB. LEAVES—even in the 'Selection' of Sonnets; yet, on Nov. 13, 1796, Coleridge wrote of it in a letter (unpublished) to Thelwall: 'I was glad to hear from Colson that you abhor the morality of my sonnet to Mercy—it is indeed detestable, and the poetry is not above mediocrity.'

79. *To the Nightingale*, p. 45.

Never printed by Coleridge except in *Poems*, 1796 and 1803. It contains one superlatively good line—that which de-

scribes the night-watchmen who infested the streets a century ago—

'Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of Time!'

The quotation and adoption here of Milton's 'most musical, most melancholy,' is notable when compared with its treatment in the other Nightingale Poem (p. 131).

80. *Lines in the Manner of Spenser*, p. 46.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, Lamb thinking it 'very sweet, especially at the close.' But in 1803 he wanted to exclude it, calling it 'that *not* in the manner of Spenser, which you yourself stigmatised.' But later on he writes: 'I have ordered *Imitation of Spenser* to be restored on Wordsworth's authority' (see Ainger's *Letters*, i. 199 and 206).

81. *The Hour when we shall meet again*, p. 47.

First printed in the *Watchman*, No. III. March 17, 1796; then in *Poems*, 1797 and 1803, and not again until 1834, when it was headed 'Darwiniana' because supposed (see note in ed. 1852) to have been written 'in half mockery of Darwin's style with its *dulcia vitia*.' (It was not in the Appendix of 1797, as stated in the same note, but in the body of the volume.)

It was included in some proof-sheets which were sent to Lamb in December 1796. These were also sent to Thelwall in the (unpublished) letter, which is the only evidence for their existence, as no copy appears to be extant. 'I have sent you' (writes Coleridge, Dec. 17, 1796) 'some loose sheets which Charles Lloyd and I printed together, intending to make a volume, but I gave it up and cancelled them.' These are the sheets which Lamb acknowledges in his letter of Dec. 10, 1796 (not 1797 as misprinted in all editions): 'I am sorry I cannot now relish your poetical present so thoroughly as I feel it deserves; but I do not the less thank you and Lloyd for it' (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 83). Talfourd omitted a great portion of this letter—the part which commented on the 'poetical present': but these passages were printed more or less accurately (but with an entire misconception of what Lamb was writing about, on the part of the contributor) in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February 1891. A full account of the new portions of this letter of Lamb will be found in the *Athenæum* for June 13, 1891. These 'proof-sheets' will have to be referred to more than once in these 'Notes.'

The two lines I have placed within [ ] were omitted after 1797.

82. *Lines written at Shurton Bars*, p. 47.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, as 'No. I.' of the Division 'Epistles.' The motto signed 'Anon' may be assumed to be of Coleridge's own composition, and to have been originally intended to belong to the 'Division.' In 1797 the verses were entitled *Ode to Sara, written*, etc., and a note was added: 'The first Stanza alludes to a Passage in the Letter.' The date 'September 1795' shews that the verses were composed just before Coleridge's marriage, which took place on the 4th October.

Coleridge did not quote the passage in Wordsworth's poem in which he found 'green radiance'—did not even name the poem. The lines were from *An Evening Walk* (1793)—the characters are a vagrant woman and her children—

'Oft has she taught them on her lap to play
Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray
Toss'd light from hand to hand; while on the ground
Small circles of green radiance gleam around.'

Coleridge's praise did not deter Wordsworth from altering the passage, and the 'green radiance' never shone but in the *Evening Walk* of 1793 and in Coleridge's note.

Mr. F. Locker-Lampson has a copy of the *Poems* of 1797 in which Coleridge has written under the 'Note': 'This note was written before I had ever seen Mr. Wordsworth, *atque utinam opera ejus tantum noveram*.'

In 1796 a very long and not very interesting note was attached to the second line of the last stanza, taken from the observations of a M. Haggern, a Swedish lecturer on Natural History, who saw flashes of light from various flowers—caused, Coleridge thinks, by electricity.

83. *The Eolian Harp*, p. 49.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, with the heading 'Effusion XXXV. Composed August 20th, 1795, at Clevedon, Somersetshire.' It cannot therefore be the honeymoon poem which the omission of this date has misled most readers into believing it to be, for Coleridge's marriage day was the 4th October of that year. It must have been inspired by a previous visit to the cottage and by anticipations.

In 1797 and 1803 the heading was simply 'Composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire'; it was in *Sib. Leaves* that the poem received its title—*The Eolian Harp*.

In 1796, 1797, and 1803 a quotation from '*Apel a l'impartiale postérité*, par la Citoyenne Roland, Tme. Partie, p. 67' was appended as a note to line 60. It is of no interest.

In 1803 some changes were made in the text. Lines 21-25 were omitted, and four lines now represented by ll. 30-33 substituted. Happily ll. 21-25 were restored in *Sib. Leaves*; ll. 30-33 were there printed in the text (1815) in a form but slightly modified from 1803, but in the *Errata* (1817) they were rewritten to the present text, and ll. 26-29 added for the first time. The poem of 1796 was simply that of 1829, minus ll. 26-33. Otherwise there is not even a verbal difference.

Coleridge (so the editor of 1877-80 informs us) wrote these words in a copy of the *Poems*, 1797: 'This I think the most perfect poem I ever wrote. Bad may be the best perhaps.' In a letter (unpublished) to Thelwall (Dec. 17, 1796) he describes it as 'my favourite of *my* poems.' Lamb thought the poem 'most exquisite'—'a charming poem throughout' (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 17). And who will gainsay him? The flame thickens toward the close, but through forty-three lines it burns clear. No one reading the poems in their chronological order can fail to observe that this poem marks an era in the development of Coleridge's powers of expression, both as regards melody and individuality.

84. *To Joseph Cottle*, p. 50.

First printed in *Poems*, 1796, and again (only) in the 'Supplement' of 1796 with the excuse: 'I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a Man, and a Christian.'

85. *The Silver Thimble*, p. 51.

Printed for the first (and only) time in *Poems*, 1796; with the heading '*The Production of a Young Lady*,' etc., and with the signature 'Sara.' In the 'Biog. Suppt.' to *Biog. Lit.* 1847 (ii. 411) Mrs. H. N. Coleridge informs us that her mother told her she 'wrote but little' of *The Silver Thimble*. 'Indeed it is not very like some simple affecting verses, which were wholly by herself, on the death of her beautiful infant, Berkeley, in 1799.'

86. *Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement*, p. 52.

First printed in the *Monthly Magazine* for October 1796, an Epilogue to the Clevedon honeymoon worthy of the Prologue, 'The Eolian Harp.' The motto 'Sermoni propriora' was added in 1797: a motto which (as we are told in the Table Talk, July 25, 1832) Charles Lamb translated 'Properer for a sermon.' In the *M. Mag.* the title ran :—REFLECTIONS ON ENTERING INTO ACTIVE LIFE. *A Poem, which affects not to be* POETRY. In 1797 the title was altered to *Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement*. Some interesting criticisms of Lamb's were made on the poem in the letter of Dec. 10, 1796—the part first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* (see 'Note 81' and *Athenæum*, June 13, 1891). Lamb wrote: ''Tis altogether the sweetest thing to me you ever wrote.'

87. *Religious Musings*, p. 53.

The statement that this poem was 'written on the Christmas Eve of 1794' may be true of some portion of it, but is very far from being applicable to the whole. Cottle's statements (*Early Recollections*, ii. 51-53) on this point are probably as correct as it was in the nature of Cottle to make any statement, for they are corroborated generally by independent evidence. He says Coleridge never mentioned the poem to him till '1806' (evidently a misprint for 1796), and that a great part of the poem was written at Bristol while the 1796 volume was being printed—a portion after everything in the volume preceding *Religious Musings* was in type. Coleridge left London for Bristol early in January 1795, and there is no reasonable doubt that the 'unfinished poem' (*v.* p. 37) sent to Lamb soon after, was *Religious Musings*. The date of 'Christmas Eve 1794' affixed to *Religious Musings* has exactly the same amount of truth in it as the date 'October 1794' given in 1797 to the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*. Some part of each poem was probably written on the date given to the whole. There is no authority for a statement made by Bowles that the poem was written "in a tap-room at Reading," while Coleridge was a dragoon.

Great alterations were made from time to time in the text of *Religious Musings*, and many notes appended and discarded. All that Coleridge preserved in 1829 are given with the text except the following, which was dropped from the edition of 1834, possibly at Coleridge's instance. It was a note of 1797 to l. 34 :—

Τὸ Νοητὸν διῃρήκασιν εἰς πολλῶν Θεῶν ἰδιότητας.

Damas. de Myst. Ægypt.

The following are discarded notes : —

l. 43. See this *demonstrated* by Hartley, vol. i. p. 114, and vol. ii. p. 329. See it likewise proved, and freed from the charge of Mysticism, by Pistorius in his Notes and Additions to part second of Hartley on Man. Addition the 18th, the 653rd page of the third Volume of Hartley, Octavo edition. [Note of 1797.]

l. 89. Our evil Passions, under the influence of Religion, become innocent, and may be made to animate our virtue—in the same manner as the thick mist melted by the sun, increases the light which it had before excluded. In the preceding paragraph, agreeably to this truth, we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of Fear into holy Awe. [Note of 1797.]

l. 132. If to make aught but the Supreme Reality the object of final pursuit, be Superstition ; if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do nor can possess, be Superstition; then Avarice and Ambition are Superstitions : and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of Superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican Deities, but to the plains of Flanders or the coast of Africa. Such is the sentiment conveyed in this and the subsequent lines. [Note of 1797.]

l. 175. That Despot who received the wages of an hireling that he might act the part of a swindler, and who skulked from his impotent attacks on the liberties of France to perpetrate more successful iniquity in the plains of *Poland*. [Note of 1796.]

l. 180. The father of the present Prince of Hesse-Cassell supported himself and his strumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American War for the flesh of his subjects. [Note of 1796.]

l. 215. I deem that the teaching of the gospel for hire is wrong ; because it gives the teacher an improper bias in favor of particular opinions on a subject where it is of the last importance that the mind should be perfectly unbiassed. Such is my private opinion ; but I mean not to censure all hired teachers, many among whom I know, and venerate as the best and wisest of men—God forbid that I should think of these, when I use the word PRIEST, a name, after which any other term of abhorrence would appear an anti-climax. By a PRIEST I mean a man who holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a bible (translated by

authority) in his left, doth necessarily cause the bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to Infidelity — Infidelity which judging of Revelation by the doctrines and practices of Established Churches honors God by rejecting Christ. See 'Address to the People,' Page 57, sold by Parsons, Paternoster Row. [Note of 1796.]

l. 234. Dr. Franklin. [Note of 1796.]

l. 269. In 1796 a long extract was given from *Bruce's Travels*, vol. iv. p. 557. In the proof-sheets of 1797 Coleridge proposed to add: 'The Simoom is here introduced as emblematical of the pomp and powers of Despotism,' but the note was omitted altogether.—ED.

l. 275. [Behemoth is] Used poetically for a very large quadruped; but in general it designates the Elephant. [Note of 1796.]

l. 304. See the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. [Here were quoted selections from vv. 8-15.] [Note of 1796.]

l. 315. In 1797 the note ran thus: 'This passage alludes to the French Revolution: And the subsequent paragraph to the downfall of Religious Establishments. I am convinced that the Babylon of the Apocalypse does not apply to Rome exclusively; but to the union of Religion with Power and Wealth, wherever it is found.'

l. 324. In 1796 the first and second verses of Rev. xvii. 1, 2, were quoted in a note. In the proof-sheets for 1797 Coleridge proposed to add: 'The seventeenth and thirteenth chapters of *Revelation* Scaliger deemed the only intelligible chapters of the whole Apocalypse. Scaligerianis, ii. pag. 14 and 15.' But the whole note was cancelled.—ED.

l. 359. The Millenium:—in which I suppose, that Man will continue to enjoy the highest glory, of which his human nature is capable.—That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former Life: and that the wicked will, during the same period, be suffering the remedics adapted to their several bad habits. I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this Earth, and by our entering the state of pure intellect; when all Creation shall rest from its labours. [Note of 1797.]

l. 396. This paragraph is intelligible to those who, like the Author, believe and feel the sublime system of Berkeley; and the doctrine of the final Happiness of all men. [Note of 1797.]

In 1796, 1797, and 1803 there was a Motto, said to be from 'Akenside':—

'What tho' first,
In years unseason'd, I attun'd the Lay
To idle Passion and unreal Woe?
Yet serious Truth her empire o'er my song
Hath now asserted: Falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, She at once
Excluded, and Fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause!'

Something externally like this may be found in *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, near the beginning of Book i. of the *second* version; but Akenside's words have been bent by Coleridge to his own purpose, after a frequent habit of his. See 'Adaptations' in the ADDENDA to this volume.

In 1796, 1797, and 1803 there appeared the following:—

ARGUMENT.

Introduction — Person of Christ — His Prayer on the Cross—The Process of His Doctrines on the Mind of the Individual—Character of the Elect — Superstition — Digression to the present War—Origin and Uses of Government and Property—The Present State of Society — French Revolution — Millenium — Universal Redemption—Conclusion.

Coleridge's admiration of *Religious Musings* was, at the period of composition and publication, extremely high. Writing to Thelwall in May 1796 (in an unpublished letter) he says: 'I build my poetic pretensions on the *Religious Musings*, which you will read with a *Poet's* eye, with the same unprejudicedness—I wish I could add the same pleasure—with which I read the Atheistic poem of Lucretius. A Necessitarian, I cannot possibly disesteem

a man for his religious or anti-religious opinions [Thelwall was at this time an 'Unbeliever' of some description]—and as an *Optimist*, I feel diminish'd concern. I have studied the subject deeply and widely —I cannot say without prejudice: for, when I commenced the examination, I was an Infidel.'

Coleridge was greatly encouraged in his admiration by the letters he received from Lamb in 1796-97. Lamb could see no faults in the poem: Coleridge's *Religious Musings* chimed in with, and stimulated his own at the time, and his critical vision was temporarily clouded—just as was Coleridge's own (see Ainger's *Letters*, i. 10, 57, 69).

88. *On observing a Blossom on the First of February* 1796, p. 63.

These verses appeared first in the *Watchman* (No. VI. April 11, 1796), and the blossom was seen no doubt by the poet while on his travels in search of subscribers to that publication. The verses are chiefly remarkable for the third line—

'This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month'—

which Lamb thought worthy of Burns.

89. *Count Rumford*, p. 64.

This sonnet was prefixed to an essay on Rumford in the *Watchman*, No. V. April 2, 1796. Neither sonnet nor essay bears any signature, and Coleridge never reprinted either. But there seems to be both internal evidence and probability in favour of attributing both to Coleridge. We know that he was a great admirer of Rumford, especially of his ingenious fireplaces. When about to take up his residence in the poor little Stowey cottage, his great ambition was to 'Rumfordize one of the chimneys.'

90. *Fragment from an Unpublished Poem*, p. 64.

These graceful lines were left by Coleridge as a waif in the *Watchman*, No. IV. March 25, 1796, whence they were rescued by H. N. Coleridge, and printed in the *Remains* (1836, i. 44). They were quoted 'from an unpublished Poem' in the course of an essay 'On the Slave Trade,' introduced by some general observations on the Divine purpose in permitting the existence of evil.

91. *To* ——, p. 64.

This perfect little poem was found in the 'Commonplace Book, c. 1795-97' (see ADDENDA), and printed by H. N. Coleridge as a 'Fragment' in the *Remains* (i. 280). Assuredly, there is nothing fragmentary about it.

92. *To a Primrose*, p. 64.

Rescued in the *Remains* (i. 47) from the *Watchman*, No. VIII. April 27, 1796, as presumably Coleridge's, though it has no signature.

93. *Verses addressed to J. Horne Tooke*, p. 65.

These were contained in a letter from Coleridge to the Rev. John Prior Estlin, a prominent Unitarian minister and schoolmaster in Bristol. The date is 'July 4th' [1796]. 'I shall finish with some verses which I addressed to Horne Tooke and the company who met in June 28th [at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Fleet Street] to celebrate his poll [in the Westminster election, when he polled the respectable minority of 2819 votes]. I begin by alluding to the small number which he polled at his first contest [1790] for Westminster. You must read the lines two abreast.' (*Unpublished Letters from S. T. C.* in Transactions of "Philobiblion Soc.") Lamb seems to have expected that the verses would be printed in the *Morning Chronicle* for 30th June (see Lamb to Coleridge in Ainger's *Letters*, i. 27), but they were not, nor any notice of them taken in the press reports of the banquet. Lines 31, 32 were repeated in the *Ode on the Departing Year* (Quarto, 1797 and 1803), between ll. 83, 84 at p. 80. Coleridge's belief in Horne Tooke did not last long.

94. *Sonnet on receiving a Letter informing me of the Birth of a Son*, p. 66.

First given in the 'Biographical Supplement' to the *Biographia Literaria* (1847, ii. 379), but printed with a bad blunder in the eighth line, now here first corrected from the original in Coleridge's letter to Poole of Nov. 1, 1796. Coleridge wrote 'And *shapeless* feelings'—this has hitherto been given as '*hopeless* feelings,' to the spoiling of the sense. In the letter, over against the sonnet, Coleridge writes: 'This sonnet puts in no claim to poetry (indeed, as a composition, I think so little of them[1] that I neglected to repeat them to you), but it is a most faithful picture of my feelings on a very interesting event. When I was with you they were, indeed, excepting the first, in a rude and undrest state.'

95. *Sonnet composed on a Journey Homeward, etc.*, p. 66.

First printed in *Poems*, 1797, then in 1803, *Sib. Leaves*, 1828 and 1829, with practically the same text. On Nov. 1, 1796, Coleridge sent the sonnet to Poole (see preceding 'Note'), the opening lines running thus:—

'Oft of some unknown Past such Fancies roll
Swift o'er my brain as make the present seem,
For a brief moment, like a most strange dream,
When, not unconscious that she dreamt, the soul
Questions herself in sleep! And some have said
We liv'd ere yet this fleshly robe we wore.
O my sweet Baby!' etc.

Over against the sonnet he wrote: 'Almost all the followers of Fenelon believe that men are degraded Intelligences who had all once existed together in a paradisiacal or perhaps heavenly state. The first four lines express a feeling which I have often had—the present has appeared like a vivid dream or exact similitude of some past circumstance.'

[1] He had also transcribed the two sonnets which follow this one on p. 66.—ED.

In 1797 the lines—

'And some have said
We lived ere yet the robe of flesh we wore,'

had this note—

Ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ εἶδει γενέσθαι. — PLAT. in *Phædon*.

(The exact reference is cap. xviii. p. 72 *e*. See an interesting passage on this Platonic idea in *Biog. Lit.* chap. xxii. 1817, ii. 167.)

96. *Sonnet to a Friend who asked how I felt, etc.*, p. 66.

First printed in *Poems*, 1797, and reprinted 1803, *Sib. Leaves*, 1828 and 1829, without important change in text. The sonnet seems to have been sent to Lamb early in November 1796. His remarks on it were written on the 8th (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 46):—

'I will keep my eyes open reluctantly a minute longer to tell you that I love you for those simple, tender, heart-flowing lines with which you conclude your last, and, in my eyes, best "Sonnet" (as you call 'em)—

"So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

'Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge; or, rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus.'

The sonnet is a mere versification of a passage in the letter to Poole of 24th Sept., printed in the 'Supplement' to *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 374.

Coleridge's 'Charleses' at this period are a little ambiguous, and this sonnet may have been addressed either to Charles Lloyd or to Charles Lamb.

97. *To a Young Friend* [C. Lloyd] *on his proposing to domesticate with the Author*, p. 67.

First printed in *Poems*, 1797. The five

concluding lines were omitted in 1803, owing to the breach between the friends which took place in 1797. It was forgotten by both rather than healed. The lines were restored in *Sib. Leaves*; and Lloyd wrote some affectionate lines about Coleridge in his *Desultory Thoughts in London* (1821, p. 31). The scenery of Coleridge's lines is that of the Quantocks, but they were written before Coleridge went to live at Stowey.

98. *Lines addressed to a Young Man of Fortune, etc.*, p. 68.

First printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, Dec. 17, 1796; next with the *Ode on the Departing Year* in the Quarto of Dec. 1796; and next in *Sib. Leaves*.

99. *Sonnet to Charles Lloyd*, p. 68.

First published in a magnificent folio pamphlet—'*Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer*, by her Grandson, Charles Lloyd. Bristol: Printed by N. Biggs, and sold by James Phillips, George Yard, Lombard Street, London. 1796.' It reappeared with the reprint of this set of Sonnets in the joint volume of 1797; again, in Lloyd's *Nugæ Canoræ*, 1819; and not afterwards until printed in *P. and D. W.* 1877-81, p. 217. The folio pamphlet (pp. 27) contained also Lamb's 'The Grandam' [*sic*]; and it is to this that Lamb is alluding in his letter to Coleridge of December 10, 1796 (misprinted '1797' in all the editions of his *Letters*): 'I cannot but smile to see my granny so gayly deck'd forth.'

In a copy of the *Nugæ Canoræ*, now in the British Museum, Coleridge has altered the penultimate line to—

'Comforts on his late *eve*, whose *youthful* breast.'

100. *To a Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry*, p. 69.

First published in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800. The lines had been printed in 1796 in a Bristol newspaper (Cottle, *Early Recoll.* i. 243) in aid of a subscription for Burns's family (Burns died July 21, 1796); the cutting is preserved in the volume of 'Selections' of Sonnets which belonged to Thelwall and which is now in the Dyce Collection at S. K. (see 'APPENDIX K,' p. 544). Lamb was the 'Friend'; see his renunciation in the sad letter, announcing his mother's tragic death, dated Sept. 27, 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 32). See also reference to this poem in the letter of Dec. 10, 1796 (i. 53 and 54). Again, in an unprinted portion of his letter of January 10, 1797, Lamb asks: 'Why is not your poem on Burns in the *Monthly Magazine*? I was much disappointed. I have a pleasurable but confused remembrance of it.' On January 16 he again expresses a hope of seeing the 'poem on Burns' in the magazine (i. 67); but it never appeared there.

Cottle, with his usual inaccuracy, says that Coleridge addressed the lines to Charles *Lloyd*.[1] He may be believed, however, when he adds that Coleridge used to read the bit about Burns with a 'rasping force' which was 'ininitable.'

l. 16. The following are the lines of Pindar referred to in Coleridge's note:—

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν.
Olymp. ii. 149, etc.

101. *On a late Connubial Rupture*, p. 69.

First printed in *Monthly Magazine* for Sept. 1796. It was sent to Lamb to be offered to the *Morning Chronicle*. See letter of Lamb to Coleridge, July 1-3, 1796 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 27). Coleridge sent the lines in a letter to Estlin (Coleridge Letters, Philobiblion Soc. p. 20) on July 4, with the heading 'To an Unfortunate Princess,' the last line reading:—

'Like two bright dew-drops bosom'd in a flower.'

The poem was next printed in *Poetical*

[1] To place the question beyond dispute I quote the following words from an unpublished letter of Coleridge to Thelwall (Dec. 18, 1796):—'[I send you] a poem of mine on Burns which was printed to be dispersed among friends. It was addressed to Charles Lamb.'—ED.

Register for 1806-1807 (1811) and never again until *P. and D. W.* i. 877-880; i. 187.

102. *The Destiny of Nations*, p. 70.

This fragmentary poem consists of Coleridge's contributions to 'Book II.' of Southey's *Joan of Arc* (Quarto Edition of 1796 only), together with some additions. The only one of importance (for it would be more confusing than interesting to go into minute details) is the passage consisting of ll. 123-270. This was written in the latter part of 1796, and intended, with the other passages, for publication in the volume of *Poems*, 1797, under the title of *Visions of the Maid of Orleans* (Letter to Poole, Dec. 13, 1796, in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 192). Four days later Coleridge tells Thelwall (in an unpublished letter) that he is printing his bits of *Joan of Arc* 'with very great alterations and an addition of 400 lines, so as to make it a complete and independent poem, entitled—"The Progress of Liberty, or the Visions of the Maid of Orleans."' Early in January 1797 Coleridge informs Cottle that he wishes to send the 'Visions of the Maid of Arc'[1] to Wordsworth and Lamb for their criticisms (Cottle, *Early Recoll.* i. 230; *Rem.* p. 130. The passage, which is garbled, belongs to the same letter printed at i. 188 and p. 100 of the respective books). Whether the poem was sent to Wordsworth we do not know, but the additions went to Lamb, and his opinion of them is given at great length in his letter to Coleridge of January 5, 1797 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 57, 58). It was so unfavourable that Coleridge told Cottle he 'had not the heart to finish the poem'; but in a later letter he attributes the abandonment of it to his 'anxieties and slothfulness, acting in a combined ratio' (*Early Recoll.* i. 230, 231; *Rem.* pp. 130, 131. Of these letters I have not seen the originals). Lamb, having succeeded in preventing the immediate publication of the poem, points out its beauties to Coleridge in a letter of Feb. 13 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 69).

[1] Yet another projected title I find in a list of poems in Coleridge's hand :—'The Vision of the Patriot Maiden.'—ED.

Nothing more was heard of the Maid of Orleans until she reappeared (practically in the dress familiar to us) in *Sib. Leaves.*

The following notes, all taken from *Joan of Arc*, appeared in *Sib. Leaves* and after. In *Joan of Arc* a very long note was attached to line 31. This I omit because Coleridge never reprinted it, but it will be found by the curious reproduced in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80. It is mainly an attack on Sir Isaac Newton's 'Æther,' and Hartley's application of it, and on 'Newton's Deity' who has 'delegated so much power' that he is 'dethroned by Vicegerent Second Causes.'

l. 70. Balda Zhiok—*i.e.* mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

l. 71. 'Solfar Kapper; capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliario spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duobus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.'—*Leemius de Lapponibus* [1767, 4to, pp. 171-4].

l. 73. The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.—'Miran dum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (*Gieed'k* ipsi vocant) quo pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.'—*Leemius de Lapponibus* [*v. supra*].

l. 94. Jaibme Aibmo.

l. 112. They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless female; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders an Angekok

or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss into the palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean. See *Crantz's History of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

l. 327. Revelation vi. 9, 11. 'And when he had opened the fifth seal I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.'

The Slaves in the West Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, of which the thoughts are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ὦ σκότω πύλας Θάνατε, προλείπων
Ἐς γένος στεύδοις ὑποξευχθὲν[1] Ἄτᾳ·
Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενύων σπαραγμοῖς
Οὐδ' ὀλοὐγμῳ,

Ἀλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροιτύποισι,
Κ' ἀσμάτων χαρᾷ· φοβερὸς μὲν ἐσσὶ
Ἀλλ' ὅμως Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνὲ Τύραννε!

Δασκίοις ἐπὶ πτερύγεσσι σῇσι
Ἄ! θαλασσιον καθορῶντες οἶδμα
Αἰθεροπλάγκτοις ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἀνείσι
Πατρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν.

Ἔνθα μὰν Ἔρασται Ἐρωμένῃσιν
Ἀμφὶ πηγῇσιν κιτρίνων ὑπ' ἀλσῶν,
Ὅσσ' ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἔπαθον βροτοὶ, τὰ
Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

'LITERAL TRANSLATION.

'Leaving the gates of darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a race yoked with misery! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of cheeks, nor with funeral ululation—but with circling dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with Liberty, stern Genius! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of fountains beneath citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being men, they had endured from men.'

The complete text of the Ode will be found in 'APPENDIX B.'

In the *North British Review* for January 1864 there is an article entitled 'Bibliomania,' in which is amusingly described a copy of the quarto edition of *Joan of Arc*, 'the identical copy mentioned in a note to the last edition of the *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 31' (says the reviewer). It is the copy mentioned in 'an unpublished letter' of Coleridge (to Wade), 'Bristol, July [really June] 16, 1814': 'I looked over the five first Books of the 1st (quarto) edition of *Joan of Arc* yesterday at Hood's request in order to mark the lines written by me. I was really astonished—1, at the schoolboy wretched allegoric machinery; 2, at the transmogrification of the fanatic Virago, into a modern novel-pawing proselyte of the Age of Reason, a Tom Paine in Petticoats, but so lovely! and in love more dear! "*On her rubied cheek hung pity's crystal gem*"; 3, at the utter want of all rhythm in the verse, the monotony and dead *plumb down* of the pauses, and the absence of all bone, muscle and sinew in the single lines.' Certainly most of Coleridge's scorn and satire is poured upon Southey's part, but he does not spare his own. For instance, on the margin of the passage which contains ll. 271-307 of *The Destiny of Nations* (p. 75) he writes: 'These are very fine lines, tho' I say it that should not: but, hang me, if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' of my own composition.' The following marginal note on ll. 454, 455 is interesting for another reason: 'Tho' these lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily and more naturally interpretable into a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *mongrels*—the Josephedites [Josephides = the Son of Joseph], a proper name of distinction from those who believe *in*, as well as believe,

[1] o before ς ought to have been made long—δοῖς ὑπὸς is an amphimacer, not (as the metre here requires) a dactyl.—S. T. C.
[MS. Marginal note of 1814.]

Christ, the only begotten son of the Living God, begotten before all time.'

ll. 166-168. It is amusing to find these lines repeated almost *verbatim* in *Remorse*, Act i. Sc. i. ll. 55-58. Coleridge used the phrases to describe Dorothy Wordsworth on her first visit to Stowey (Cottle, *Early Recoll.* i. 252).

In the annotated copy of *P. W.* 1828 Coleridge writes of *The Destiny of Nations* :—

'l. 377. A grievous defect here in the rhyme [? rhythm] recalling assonance of Pēace, swēet, evē, chēēk. Better thus :—

'Sweet are thy Songs, O Peace! lenient of care.'

ll. 381-386 he marks as 'Southeyan,' and suggests their omission.

l. 382 he calls 'a vile line,' marking 'foul' with a vicious pen-stroke.

l. 410. *Short* Peace, altered to *Brief*. And at the end he writes :—

'*N. B.*—Within 12 months after the writing of this Poem, my bold Optimism, and Necessitarianism, together with the Infra, seu plusquam-Socinianism, down to which, step by step, I had *un*believed, gave way to the day-break of a more genial and less shallow system. But I contemplate with pleasure these Phases of my Transition.—S. T. Coleridge.'

Many interesting comments on the *Joan of Arc* version of this poem will be found in Lamb's undated letter to Coleridge—'No. II.' of Canon Ainger's edition (it must have been written in June 1796) and in the three which immediately follow.

103. *Ode on the Departing Year*, p. 78.

First printed in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for Dec. 31, 1796, with the title, 'Ode for the last Day of the Year 1796,' and in a much abbreviated form. At the same time the full text was issued in a small quarto pamphlet (see 'Appendix K'), with the following letter of dedication :—

To Thomas Poole, of Stowey.

My dear Friend—

Soon after the commencement of this month, the editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer* (a newspaper conducted with so much ability, and such unmixed and fearless zeal for the interests of piety and freedom, that I cannot but think my poetry honoured by being permitted to appear in it) requested me, by letter, to furnish him with some lines for the last day of this year. I promised him that I would make the attempt; but almost immediately after, a rheumatic complaint seized on my head, and continued to prevent the possibility of poetic composition till within the last three days. So in the course of the last three days the following Ode was produced. In general, when an author informs the public that his production was struck off in a great hurry, he offers an insult, not an excuse. But I trust that the present case is an exception, and that the peculiar circumstances which obliged me to write with such unusual rapidity give a propriety to my professions of it : *nec nunc eam apud te jacto, sed et ceteris indico; ne quis asperiore limâ carmen examinet, et a confuso scriptum et quod frigidum erat ni statim traderem.* (I avail myself of the words of Statius, and hope that I shall likewise be able to say of any weightier publication, what *he* has declared of his Thebaid, that it had been tortured[1] with a laborious polish.

For me to discuss the *literary* merits of this hasty composition were idle and presumptuous. If it be found to possess that impetuosity of transition, and that precipitation of fancy and feeling, which are the *essential* excellencies of the sublimer Ode, its deficiency in less important respects will be easily pardoned by those from whom alone praise could give me pleasure : and whose minuter criticisms will be disarmed by the reflection, that these lines were conceived 'not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of Academic Groves, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.' I am more anxious lest the *moral* spirit of the Ode should be mistaken. You, I am sure, will not fail to recollect that among the ancients, the Bard and the Prophet were one and the same character; and you *know* that although I

[1] *Multâ cruciata limâ* [S. T. C.] [Silv. lib. iv. 7, 26.]

prophesy curses, I pray fervently for blessings. Farewell, Brother of my Soul!

—— O ever found the same,
And trusted and beloved![1]

Never without an emotion of honest pride do I subscribe myself

Your grateful and affectionate friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

BRISTOL, *December* 26, 1796.[2]

The 'Quarto' had no 'Argument' (that was added in 1797), and had 172 lines against the 110 of the *C. I.*, while even the passages common to both varied in text. The main differences between the Quarto and the poem of 1829 are these: Stanza 'I.' was called *Strophe I.*; Stanza 'II.' *Strophe II.*; Stanza 'III.' *Epode*; Stanza 'IV.' *Antistrophe I.*; Stanza 'V.' *Antistrophe II.*; and Stanza 'VI.' to the end, *Epode II.*

After l. 61 (p. 79) came the following passage:—

'When shall sceptred Slaughter cease?
Awhile he crouch'd, O Victor France!
Beneath the lightning of thy lance,
With treacherous dalliance wooing
Peace— (*)
But soon upspringing from his dastard trance
The boastful bloody Son of Pride
betray'd
His hatred of the blest and blessing
Maid.
One cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb
of Light,
And sure, he deem'd, that orb was
quench'd in night:
For still does Madness roam on Guilt's
black dizzy height!'

(*) With this footnote:—

'To juggle this easily-juggled people into better humour with the supplies (and themselves, perhaps, affrighted by the successes of the French) our ministry sent an ambassador to Paris to sue for Peace. The supplies are granted: and in the meantime the Archduke Charles turns the scale of victory on the Rhine, and Buonaparte is checked before Mantua. Straightways our courtly Messenger is commanded to *uncurl* his lips, and propose to the lofty Republic to *restore* all *its* conquests, and to suffer England to *retain* all *hers* (at least all her *important* ones), as the only terms of Peace, and the ultimatum of the negotiation!

Θρασύνει γὰρ αἰσχρόμητις
Τάλαινα ΠΑΡΑΚΟΠΑ πρωτοπήμων.
ÆSCHYL. *Ag.* 222-224.

The friends of Freedom in this country are idle. Some are timid; some are selfish; and many the torpedo touch of hopelessness has numbed into inactivity. We would fain hope that (if the above account be accurate—it is only the French account) this dreadful instance of infatuation in our ministry will rouse them to one effort more; and that at one and the same time in our different great towns the people will be called on to think solemnly, and declare their thoughts fearlessly by every method which the *remnant* of the constitution allows.

COLERIDGE'S 'NOTES.'

At the opening in 1797 (and after):—

'This Ode was written on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December 1796; and published separately on the last day of the year.'

l. 33. '*Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth.*' 'The Name of Liberty, which at the commencement of the French Revolution was both the occasion and the pretext of unnumbered crimes and horrors' (1803 only).

l. 40. '*Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay!*' 'A subsidiary Treaty had been just concluded; and Russia was to have furnished more effectual aid than that of pious manifestoes to the Powers combined against France. I rejoice—not over the deceased Woman (I never dared figure the Russian Sovereign to my imagination under the dear and venerable character of WOMAN—WOMAN, that complex term for Mother, Sister, Wife!) I rejoice, as at the disenshrining of a Dæmon! I rejoice, as at the extinction of the evil Principle impersonated! This very day, six years ago, the massacre of

[1] Akenside: *Pl. of Imagination* (Second Version), Book i.—ED.

[2] Coleridge took possession of his cottage at Nether-Stowey on the last day of this year.—ED.

Ismail was perpetrated. THIRTY THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, murdered in cold blood, for no other crime than that their garrison had defended the place with perseverance and bravery! Why should I recal the poisoning of her husband, her iniquities in Poland, or her late unmotived attack on Persia, the desolating ambition of her public life, or the libidinous excesses of her private hours! I have no wish to qualify myself for the office of Historiographer to the King of Hell ——! *December* 23, 1796.' (Quarto only).

l. 63. '*My soul beheld thy vision!*' *i.e.* Thy Image in a vision (Quarto only).

l. 135. '*Abandoned of Heaven,*' etc. The Poet, from having considered the peculiar advantages which this country has enjoyed, passes in rapid transition to the uses which we have made of these advantages. We have been preserved by our insular situation, from suffering the actual horrors of War ourselves, and we have shewn our gratitude to Providence for this immunity by our eagerness to spread those horrors over nations less happily situated. In the midst of plenty and safety we have raised or joined the yell for famine and blood. Of the one hundred and seven last years fifty have been years of war.— Such wickedness cannot pass unpunished. We have been proud and confident in our alliances and our fleets — but God has prepared the cankerworm, and will smite the *gourds* of our pride.' [Here followed Nahum iii. 8 to the end.] (1797 and 1803.)

In 1803 the 'Argument' was distributed as notes to the various divisions.

In 1829 there were no notes except the statement: 'This Ode was written,' etc. (see above).

The texts of 1797 and 1803 differ considerably from the Quarto, but not materially from that of *Sib. Leaves*, 1828 and 1829.

The title varied a good deal. First it was 'Ode for the last Day of the Year 1796,' and afterwards 'Ode *on*,' or 'to,' 'the Departing Year,' indifferently.

In a copy of the *Sib. Leaves* annotated by Coleridge, he wrote at the end of the *Ode to the Departing Year*: 'Let it not be forgotten during the perusal of this Ode that it was written many years before the abolition of the Slave Trade by the British Legislature, likewise before the invasion of Switzerland by the French Republic, which occasioned the Ode that follows [*France: an Ode*], a kind of Palinodia.'

104. *To the Rev. George Coleridge*, p. 81.

First printed in *Poems*, 1797, with this heading: DEDICATION— *To the Reverend* GEORGE COLERIDGE *of Ottery St. Mary, Devon*; and the motto from Horace. Reprinted in every edition since, with little change of text.

'In a copy of the 1797 edition, now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Coleridge has written underneath this Dedication as follows: "*N.B.*—If this volume should ever be delivered according to its direction, *i.e.* to Posterity, let it be known that the Reverend George Coleridge was displeased and thought his character endangered by this Dedication! —*S. T. Coleridge.*"' [Note in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80.] Coleridge would seem to have intended dedicating the 1797 volume to Bowles (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 46, Nov. 14, 1796).

l. 10. '*Thine and thy Brothers' favorable lot*' (1803 only).

l. 20. '*Chasing chance-started friendships.*' Coleridge's companion on the N. Welsh tour of 1794, John Hucks, addressed some lines to him in his *Poems* (Cambridge, 1798), in the course of which are these (p. 148):—

> 'Deem not the friendships of your earlier days
> False tho' "chance-started"; haply yet untried,
> They are judg'd hardly.'

l. 26. '*False and fair-foliaged as the Manchineel.*' Coleridge's life-long addiction to this rococo simile is curious, seeing that he tells us in *Biog. Lit.* chap. i. that it was on Boyer's list of 'interdictions.' In Sept. 1797 Lamb rallies him on the subject (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 83).

l. 32. '*Beside one friend.*' T. Poole.

ll. 47-49 date from *Sib. Leaves*, when

they were substituted for those in 1797 and 1803—

'Rebuk'd each fault and wept o'er all my woes,
Who counts the beating of the lonely heart
That Being knows,' etc.

ll. 63, 64 probably allude to the congratulatory verses addressed to S. T. C. on his winning the 'Browne Medal' in 1792. See 'Note 248.'

105. *On the Christening of a Friend's Child*, p. 83.

I know nothing of this set of verses but that it was printed in the 'Supplement' to *Poems*, 1797, and that it was never printed again by the poet.

106. *Translation of a Latin Inscription*, p. 83.

First printed in *Remains*, i. 50. In that place liberties were taken with the original Latin, which is here correctly given, with the name of the person commemorated, by the courtesy of the Vicar of Nether-Stowey.

107. *The Foster-Mother's Tale*, p. 83.

I have removed this poem from the *Appendix* to 'Remorse' to the text, lest it might be overlooked in the position assigned to it by Coleridge in 1829. It appeared in all the editions of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

108. *The Dungeon*, p. 85.

Believing that Coleridge judged wisely in giving this passage an individual existence as a poem, by printing it in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798 and 1800, I have reprinted it in the text.

109. *The Three Graves*, p. 85.

Parts III. and IV. were first printed in *The Friend*,[1] No. VI. Sept. 21, 1809. It was thus introduced :—

As I wish to commence the important Subject of—The *Principles* of political Justice with a separate number of THE FRIEND, and shall at the same time comply with the wishes communicated to me by one of my female Readers, who writes as the representative of many others, I shall conclude this Number with the following Fragment, as the third and fourth parts of a Tale consisting of six. The two last parts may be given hereafter, if the present should appear to have afforded pleasure, and to have answered the purpose of a relief and amusement to my Readers. The story as it is contained in the first and second parts is as follows: Edward, a young farmer. . . .'

[From this point the introduction was continued as in the *Sib. Leaves* (1817) and after. Here follows the 'Introduction' as in 1817, 1828, and 1829, in the exact text of 1829 :—]

'The Author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets [Wordsworth and Southey]. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows :—

'Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes

[1] The original manuscript 'copy' from which *The Friend* was printed at Penrith is now preserved in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. Much of it is the handwriting of Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Miss Sarah Hutchinson [not 'Miss Sarah Stoddart,' as stated in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80, ii. 380].—ED.

and intentions to Mary's mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the father died in their infancy), retaining for the greater part her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my daughter." From this time all their wooing passed under the mother's eye; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the Tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistook her increasing fondness for motherly affection; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion—"O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you." The Lover's eyes were now opened; and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of the guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a curse both on him and on her own child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh, and her mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran upstairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the Tale begins.

'I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago. [*i.e.* about 1797], I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination, from an idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effects of the *Obi* witchcraft on the Negroes in the West Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to); and I conceived the design of shewing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

'The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country church-yard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, "The Mercy of God is infinite."'

I do not know whether Parts V. and VI. were ever written, but Parts I. and II. were found among Coleridge's papers, and although they are somewhat fragmentary, I feel much gratified in being able to print them here from his autograph MS.

The existence of the poem long before its appearance in *The Friend* is vouched for by two letters of Southey to Coleridge of 1800 and 1801 respectively (*Life and Corr. of R. Southey*, ii. 65 and ii. 150. In both letters, 'Graces' is misprinted for *Graves*).

In his 'Introduction' Coleridge promises that if *The Three Graves* is welcomed, he may give the two last parts. It was admired, for on Oct. 9, 1809, he wrote thus to Poole: 'Strange! but the "Three Graves" is the *only* thing I have yet heard generally praised, and enquired after!!' But, as he explained in *Sib. Leaves*—'Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!'

In what Coleridge called the *rifacimento* of 'The Friend' (1818, ii. 267), he introduces the story of M. E. Schoning by this allusion to *The Three Graves*: 'In the homely Ballad of the THREE GRAVES (published in my SIBYLLINE LEAVES) I have attempted to exemplify the effect, which one painful idea vividly impressed on the mind under unusual circumstances, might have in producing an alienation of the understanding; and in the parts hitherto published, I have endeavoured to trace the progress to madness, step by step. But though the main incidents are facts, the detail of the circumstances is of my own invention, that is, not what I knew, but what I conceived likely to have been the case, or at least equivalent to it.'

The scenery as well as the period of *The Three Graves* is that of Stowey and Alfoxden. The hollies and the brook of lines 476 *et seq.* are doubtless the hollies and the brook of Alfoxden—those which are sung in 'Fragment 63,' p. 460 (which belongs, however, to *Recollections of Love*). The hollies are still there, one of the finest groups of the species in England, and the brook still sings to them.

110. *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison*, p. 92.

First printed in the *Annual Anthology* for 1800 with the heading 'THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON, A POEM, *addressed to* CHARLES LAMB *of the India House, London*'; and with the 'Advertisement'—'In the June of 1797,' etc. (see p. 92). (The words 'Addressed to Charles Lamb of the India House, London,' were never reprinted, and therefore should have appeared within square brackets at p. 92.)

The text printed in the *Ann. Anth.* was not the first form of the poem as composed in 1797. A contemporary copy transcribed by Coleridge in a letter to Charles Lloyd runs as follows:—

'Well they are gone, and here I must remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison! They, meantime,
My friends, whom I may never meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge
Delighted wander, and look down, perchance,
On that same rifted dell, where the wet ash
Twists its wild limbs above the ferny rocks
Whose plumey ferns for ever nod and drip
Spray'd by the waterfall. But chiefly thou,
My gentle-hearted Charles! thou who hast pin'd ———'

[From this point the text is practically the same as ll. 29-59 (p. 93). The close is as follows:—]

'Henceforth I shall know
'Tis well to be bereft of promis'd good,
That we may lift the Soul and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
My Sara and my friends! when the last Rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homeward, I bless'd it! deeming its black wing
Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated blaze
While you stood gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creeking o'er your heads, and had a charm
For you, my Sara and my friends, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of life!'

The text of the *Ann. Anthol.* differs hardly at all from that of 1829, but at some date unknown to me, Coleridge took a pen and, in his own copy, reduced the poem, practically, to its original version as sent to Lloyd.

When that original was revised for the

press, the most notable change was the substitution of 'My gentle-hearted Charles!' for 'My Sara and my friends!' near the end. The substitution did not altogether please Lamb; although there is no need to take the indignation he expressed very seriously (see letters to Coleridge of Aug. 6th and 14th, 1800). Whatever reality there may have been originally in Lamb's displeasure, soon evaporated, but both parties lost taste for the poem, and it was excluded from the 1803 volume. It was revived at full length in *Sib. Leaves* but without Lamb's name in the heading. The name was never restored, and to this circumstance, perhaps, we owe the touching marginal note written in a copy of the *P. W.* 1834 (not in a copy of *Sib. Leaves*, as Talfourd states in his *Final Memorials*, ii. 203), when the poet was on his death-bed. It is written over against the introductory note:—'*Ch. and Mary Lamb—dear to my heart, yea, as it were, my heart.—S. T. C. Æt. 63, 1834. 1797-1834 = 37 years!*' Thirty-seven years only measured the distance between the visit and the death-bed. The friendship, only once broken for a few months, and by no fault of either, had probably reached or passed its jubilee.

The following notes were printed with the poem in all editions:—

l. 17. '*Of long lank weeds.*' The *Asplenium scolopendrium*, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue; but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the *Ophioglossum* only.

l. 74. '*Flew creeking.*' 'Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. "When these Birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and webs upon one another creek as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea."

The memory of *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison* might have been lost between 1800 and 1817, but for its inclusion in Mylius's *Poetical Class-Book* (1810, and often reprinted).

III. *Kubla Khan*, p. 94.

First published in 1816, with the title 'KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM,' in the same pamphlet which contained *Christabel* and *The Pains of Sleep*, and preceded by the following note:—

OF THE FRAGMENT OF KUBLA KHAN.

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity [presumably Byron], and, as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage': 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.'[1] The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this

[1] 'In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteene miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant Springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the middest thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure.'—PURCHAS *his Pilgrimage: Lond. fol.* 1626, Bk. iv. chap. xiii. p. 418.—ED.

moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter!

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

[From *The Picture; or, the Lover's Resolution.*]

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Σάρμον[1] ἄδιον ἄσω: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.[2]

On the 26th of April 1816 Lamb wrote to Wordsworth: 'Coleridge is printing *Christabel* by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray, with what he calls a vision, *Kubla Khan*, which said vision he repeats so enchantingly that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour when he sings or says it; but there is an observation, "Never tell thy dreams," and I am almost afraid that *Kubla Khan* is an owl that will not bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered by the lantern of typography and clear reducting to letters no better than nonsense or no sense' (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 305).

Lamb's suspicions were justified to this extent that the *Edinburgh Review* made fun of *Kubla Khan*. But the reviewer (believed to be Hazlitt) did not think it quite so bad as *Christabel*, or 'mere raving' like *The Pains of Sleep*.

I believe no manuscript of *Kubla Khan* exists, but some changes must have been made in the draft before it was printed, for in her lines 'To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.,' Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita,' who died Dec. 28, 1800) writes:—

'I'll mark thy "sunny dome," and view
Thy "caves of ice," thy "*fields of dew*,"'

the phrase italicised not being found in the published text.

Frere was probably thinking more of *Kubla Khan* than of *Rasselas* when (in 'Whistlecraft') he wrote (1817):—

'He found a valley closed on every side
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,' etc.

And again:—

'The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground.'

112. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, p. 95.

First printed anonymously in the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, with the title, *The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere, in Seven Parts.* The text was much altered in the second edition of *L.B.* 1800. That of the first edition, with comparative readings from the second, will be found in 'APPENDIX E,' p. 512. Again reprinted in *L.B.* 1802 and 1805, without material change in text (1800), but with omission of the Argument. Its next appearance was in *Sib. Leaves*, with some changes of text and the addition of the marginal notes and the motto from Burnet. No alterations of importance were subsequently made.

The genesis of *The Ancient Mariner* was thus described to Miss Fenwick by Wordsworth:—

[1] Αὔριον, 1834.—ED.

[2] *The Pains of Sleep.*—ED.

'In the autumn of 1797 [really November] he (Coleridge), my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones, near to it. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of *The Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested: for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages* a day or two before that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

"And listen'd like a three years' child:
The Mariner had his will."

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog.'—*Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, London, 1851, vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

A further reminiscence of Wordsworth was communicated by the Rev. Alex. Dyce to H. N. Coleridge:—

'When my truly honoured friend Mr. Wordsworth was last in London, soon after the appearance of De Quincey's papers in *Tait's Magazine*, he dined with me in Gray's Inn, and made the following statement, which, I am quite sure, I give you correctly: "*The Ancient Mariner* was founded on a strange dream, which a friend of Coleridge had, who fancied he saw a skeleton ship, with figures in it. We had both determined to write some poetry for a monthly magazine, the profits of which were to defray the expenses of a little excursion we were to make together. *The Ancient Mariner* was intended for this periodical, but was too long. I had very little share in the composition of it, for I soon found that the style of Coleridge and myself would not assimilate. Besides the lines (in the fourth part)—

'And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand'—

I wrote the stanza (in the first part)—

'He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will'—

and four or five lines more in different parts of the poem, which I could not now point out. The idea of '*shooting an albatross' was mine; for I had been reading Shelvocke's Voyages, which probably Coleridge never saw.* I also suggested the reanimation of the dead bodies, to work the ship." ' [Note in *Poems* of S. T. C. ed. 1852.]

The following is Coleridge's account of the matter, as given in chap. xiv. of his *Biog. Lit.*—

'During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of

novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

'In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

'With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing, among other poems, the *Dark Ladie*, and the *Christabel*, in which I should have more nearly realised my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the *Lyrical Ballads* were published.'

In that curious thirteenth chapter of the *Biog. Lit.* which contains the 'very judicious letter' from Coleridge to himself—in which the correspondent advises the philosopher to 'withdraw' that essay 'On the Imagination, or Esemplastic Power,' which was never written—there is a kind of postscript concerning *The Ancient Mariner* which was suppressed by the editor of the 1847 edition of the *Biographia*:—

'Whatever more than this I shall think it fit to declare concerning the powers and privileges of the imagination in the present work,[1] will be found in the critical essay on the uses of the Supernatural in poetry and the principles that regulate its introduction: which the reader will find prefixed to the poem of THE ANCIENT MARINER.'—*Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 296.

As regards the hints from the outside which were made use of by Coleridge, we have Wordsworth's statements respecting the dream of their Stowey friend Cruikshank, the passage in *Shelvocke*, and the navigation of the ship by the dead men. Since Wordsworth's day a claim has been set up for Captain Thomas James's '*Strange and dangerous Voyage . . . in his intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea*: London, 1633,' as 'The Source of *The Ancient Mariner*.' In this little book (Cardiff: Owen, 1890) the author, Mr. Ivor James,[2]

[1] At the time this passage was written and printed (1815), the *B.L.* and the Poems (*Sib. Leaves*) were intended to have been published as one book in two volumes. The introduction to the *A.M.* was never printed—probably never written.—ED.

[2] Mr. Ivor James was not the first. In a pamphlet, which he omits to mention, by J.

pushes his theory very far, but he makes it at least probable that Coleridge had seen James's *Voyage*, and been inspired by a few phrases of the old Bristol navigator. One or two will be found in the 'Notes' below. Then, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1853, it is suggested that Coleridge took the idea of the angelic navigation of the ship from 'The Letter of Saint Paulinus to Macarius, in which he relates astounding wonders concerning the shipwreck of an old man,' a curious document to be found in La Bigne's *Magna Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*, 1618. The old man of this story of the fourth century was the sole survivor of a ship's crew; the ship was navigated by 'a crew of angels,' 'steered by the Pilot of the World' 'to the Lucanian shore'; the fishermen there saw a crew which they took for soldiers, and fled, until recalled by the old man, who shewed them he was alone; they then towed the ship into the harbour.

It is not at all unlikely that Coleridge had read the Epistle of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, and honoured it by accepting a hint or two: but all such hints are as dust in the balance. *The Ancient Mariner* is the one perfect, complete, and rounded poem of any length which Coleridge achieved, and, as he said to Allsop: '*The Ancient Mariner* cannot be imitated, nor the poem *Love*. They may be excelled: they are not imitable' (i. 95).

The Ancient Mariner was very badly received by the critics—even Southey, in the *Critical Review*, called it 'a Dutch attempt at German sublimity,' a remark which called forth a sharp rebuke from Lamb, although it was Southey and not Coleridge who was in favour with Lamb just at that time. Even to Wordsworth's eye *The Ancient Mariner* had grave defects, and he freely attributed the failure of the volume to what he considered the not altogether undeserved unpopularity of his friend's ballad. The report, no doubt, reached Coleridge, who naturally desired that his Jonah should be thrown overboard, but Wordsworth contented himself with printing this patronising 'Note' in the second edition (1800) of the *Lyrical Ballads*:—

'*Note to The Ancient Mariner.*—I cannot refuse myself the gratification of informing such Readers as may have been pleased with this Poem, or with any part of it, that they owe their pleasure in some sort to me; as the Author was himself very desirous that it should be suppressed. This wish had arisen from a consciousness of the defects of the Poem, and from a knowledge that many persons had been much displeased with it. The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects; first, that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession of Mariner, or as a human being who having been long under the controul of supernatural impressions might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural: secondly, that he does not act, but is continually acted upon: thirdly, that the events having no necessary connection do not produce each other; and lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated. Yet the Poem contains many delicate touches of passion, and indeed the passion is everywhere true to nature; a great number of the stanzas present beautiful images, and are expressed with unusual felicity of language; and the versification, tho' the metre is itself unfit for long poems, is harmonious and artfully varied, exhibiting the utmost powers of that metre, and every variety of which it is capable. It therefore appeared to me that these several merits (the first of which, namely, that of the passion, is of the highest kind) gave to the Poem a value which is not often possessed by better Poems. On this account I requested of my Friend to permit me to republish it.'

It is necessary to read this note to understand Lamb's remarks addressed to Wordsworth in a letter of January 1800 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 164) too long for quotation here. The whole passage is a

F. Nicholls, City Librarian of Bristol (*Bristol Biographies*, No. 2, Captain Thomas James, and George Thomas: Bristol, June 1870, p. 76) is the following passage: 'It is very likely indeed that S. T. Coleridge, who was a regular frequenter of our old City Library, derived his marrow-chilling scenes depicted in that unique and immortal poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, from Captain James's *Strange and dangerous Voyage*.'

rebutting criticism of Wordsworth's 'Note.' This has been overlooked by Lamb's editors, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the 'Note' was never reprinted.

In the same letter Lamb writes respecting the new sub-title: 'I am sorry that Coleridge has christened his *Ancient Mariner*, "A Poet's Reverie"; it is as bad as Bottom the Weaver's declaration that he is not a lion, but only the scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by this title, but one subversive of all credit — which the tale should force upon us — of its truth!' Coleridge no doubt saw the force of this criticism, and intended to abandon the sub-title in 1802, for it was carefully erased from the *heading*, in the corrected copy of 1800 sent to the printer for 1802, but its presence on the *half-title* was probably overlooked. 'A Poet's Reverie' reappeared in the same place in 1805, but at that time Coleridge was in Malta.

As to the 'probability' and 'morality' of the poem, about which some critics (of an order not yet extinct) were troubled, Coleridge made these pertinent remarks :—

'Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired *The Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.'—*Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.

The Ancient Mariner was translated into German by Ferdinand Freiligrath, the editor of the Tauchnitz edition of Coleridge's Poems.

Notes on the Text.

l. 32. During Coleridge's residence in Stowey his friend Poole reformed the church choir, and added a bassoon to its resources. Mrs. Sandford (*T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 247) happily suggests, that this 'was the very original and prototype of the "loud bassoon" whose sound moved the wedding-guest to beat his breast.'

ll. 41-44. *Marginal note thereto.* I have ventured to take the liberty of altering *drawn* into *driven*. As a matter of fact, the ship *was* driven, not 'drawn,' along. The line in *Sib. Leaves* reads—

'And *chased* us south along';

but in all the four preceding texts it was—

'Like chaff we *drove* along';

and the change in the word here makes no change in the sense. Coleridge, I have no doubt, wrote *driven*, but in very small characters on the narrow margin of the *Lyrical Ballads*; the word was misprinted *drawn*, and the mistake was overlooked then and after. The two words, written or printed, are not easily distinguishable.

ll. 51-70. *If* Coleridge read Captain James's 'North-west Passage' log, he probably noted the following entries. The references are to the edition of 1633. It is to be observed that most of Captain James's contemporaries measured icebergs by *fathoms*, and not, as he, by his *masts*.

'All day and all night, it snow'd hard' (p. 11); 'The nights are very cold; so that our rigging freezes' (p. 15); 'It prooved very thicke foule weather, and the next day, by two a Clocke in the morning, we found ourselves incompassed about with Ice' (p. 6); 'We had Ice not farre off about us, and some pieces as high as our Top-mast-head' (p. 7); 'The seventeenth . . . we heard . . . the rutt against a banke of Ice that lay on the Shoare. It made a hollow and hideous noyse, like an over-fall of water, which made us to reason amongst our selves concerning it, for we were not able to see about us, it being darke night and foggie' (p. 8); 'The Ice . . . crackt all over the Bay, with a fearfull noyse' (p. 77); 'These great pieces that came a grounde began to

breake with a most terrible thundering noyse' (p. 12); 'This morning . . . we unfastened our Ship, and came to saile, steering betwixt great pieces of Ice that were a grounde in 40 fad., and twice as high as our Top-mast-head' (p. 14).

I am indebted for this collection of parallels to a review of Mr. Ivor James's *The Source of 'The Ancient Mariner,'* in the *Athenæum*, March 15, 1890. The reviewer adds: '*Per contra*, while Coleridge's mariner saw his ice "green as emerald," Capt. James saw it blue—"some of the sharpe *blue* corners [of the great pieces of ice] did reach quite under us" (p. 6).'

l. 104. In *Sib. Leaves* the line was printed—

'The furrow stream'd off free.'

And Coleridge put this footnote:—

'In the former edition the line was—

"The furrow follow'd free";

but I had not been long on board a ship before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the *Wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern.'

But in 1828 and after, the old line was restored.

l. 164. 'I took the thought of "*grinning for joy*," from my companion's [Berdmore of Jesus Coll. Cambridge] remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me: "You grinned like an idiot!" He had done the same.'—*Table-Talk*, May 31, 1830. (Second edition.)

ll. 185-189.

'Are those *her* ribs which fleck'd the Sun
Like bars of a dungeon grate?
Are these two all, all of the crew,
That woman and her mate?'

MS. Correction by S. T. C. of the corresponding stanza of ed. 1798. [Given by the Editor of 1877-80.]

'This ship it was a plankless thing
A bare Anatomy!
A plankless Spectre—and it mov'd
Like a being of the Sea!
The woman and a fleshless man
Therein sate merrily.'

'This stanza was found added in the handwriting of the Poet, on the margin of a copy of the Bristol [1798] edition of *Lyrical Ballads*. It is here printed for the first time.—[Ed. of 1877-80].

ll. 201-210. Among some papers of Coleridge dated variously from 1806, 1807, and 1810, there exists, undated, the following recast of these lines:—

'With never a whisper on the main
Off shot the spectre ship:
And stifled words and groans of pain
Mix'd on each murmuring / trembling lip.

'And we look'd round, and we look'd up,
And fear at our hearts, as at a cup,
The Life-blood seem'd to sip—
The sky was dull, and dark the night,
The helmsman's face by his lamp gleam'd bright,
From the sails the dews did drip—
Till clomb above the Eastern Bar,
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within its nether tip.'

l. 210. 'It is a common superstition among sailors that something evil is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon' (MS. Note by S. T. C. now first printed). [Note of Ed. 1877-80.] But no sailor ever saw a star within the nether tip of a horned moon.

l. 372. Here came in the four stanzas (ll. 362-377) printed only in 1798. See 'Appendix E,' p. 517.

ll. 414-417. Borrowed half from Coleridge's own *Osorio*—

'Oh woman!
I have stood silent like a slave before thee'
(*Dying speech of Osorio*)

and half from Sir John Davies:—

'For lo the *sea* that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great chrystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast.'
Orchestra; or, A Poem on Dancing.
St. xlix. ed. 1773, p. 155.

ll. 422-429 and the marginal note thereto. 'Oddly enough, the most significant passage in the *Voyage* has been overlooked by Mr. James :—

"What hath been long agoe fabled by some *Portingales*, that should have comne this way out of the South Sea : the meere shaddowes of whose mistaken Relations have comne to us : I leave to be confuted by their owne vanitie. These hopes have stirred up, from time to time, the more active spirits of this our Kingdome, to research that meerely imaginary passage. For mine owne part, I give no credit to them at all ; and as little to the vicious, and abusive wits of later *Portingals* and *Spaniards* : who never speake of any difficulties : as shoalde water, Ice, nor sight of land : but *as if they had been brought home in a dreame or engine*" (p. 107).

'The last clause is not italicised by Capt. James, but it would not escape the eye of Coleridge, and it may well have inspired "Part VI." of *The Ancient Mariner*, afterwards elucidated in the gloss : "The Mariner hath been cast into a trance : for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.'"—*Athenæum*, March 15, 1890. Review of Mr. Ivor James's *The Source of 'The Ancient Mariner'* [i.e. Capt. Thos. James's *Strange and dangerous Voyage*. 1633].

l. 475. Here came in the five stanzas (ll. 481-502) printed only in 1798. See 'APPENDIX E,' p. 518.

l. 503. Here came in the stanza (ll. 531-536) printed only in 1798 (p. 519). But the Editor of 1877-80 says that in a copy of 1798 Coleridge put his pen through the stanza and wrote on the margin :—

'Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,
The spirits of the air,
No souls of mortal men were they,
But spirits bright and fair.'

113. *Sonnets attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers*, p. 110.

First printed in the *Monthly Magazine* for Nov. 1797. Cottle prints (*E.R.* i. 288 : *Rem.* 160) a letter from Coleridge (undated, but allusions in it shew that it must have been written in Nov. 1797), in which he says :—

'I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* three mock Sonnets in ridicule of my own Poems, and Charles Lloyd's, and Charles Lamb's, etc. etc., exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in commonplace epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, etc. etc. The instances were all taken from myself and Lloyd and Lamb. I signed them "Nehemiah Higginbottom." I think they may do good to our young Bards.'

In *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 26-28) Coleridge gave what he was then willing to believe were his reasons for writing these parodies :—

'Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess, that itself will need reforming. The reader will excuse me for noticing that I myself was the first to expose *risu honesto* the three sins of poetry, one or the other of which is the most likely to beset a young writer. So long ago as the publication of the second number of the *Monthly Magazine*, under the name of Nehemiah Higginbottom I contributed three sonnets, the first of which had for its object to excite a good-natured laugh at the spirit of doleful egotism, and at the recurrence of favourite phrases, with the double defect of being at once trite and licentious. The second on low, creeping language and thoughts, under the pretence of simplicity. And the third, the phrases of which were borrowed entirely from my own poems, on the indiscriminate use of elaborate and swelling language and imagery. The reader will find them in the note below, and will I trust regard them as reprinted for biographical purposes, and not for their poetic merits.'

Like some later editors of Coleridge's poems, Cottle is careful to extract the *italics* in which lay so much of the sting of these satires ; and, in his usual blundering fashion, he attempts to shew that they were the cause of the quarrel between Lamb and Coleridge, provoking the bitter letter in which the former enclosed the *Theses quædam Theologicæ*. It is all

nonsense. The sonnets were printed in Nov. 1797; one of Lamb's most affectionate letters was written in the middle (not '28th,' as printed in all editions) of January 1798, while the *Theses* were sent in the following July, prompted by Lamb's too ready belief of some 'tattle' of Lloyd's —calumnious tattle, only to be explained and excused by his mental condition. See 'Note 116,' p. 607.

114. *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, p. 111.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Jan. 8, 1798; reprinted in *Ann. Anthol.* for 1800; next in *Sib. Leaves* (1817) with an 'Apologetic Preface'; again in 1828, 1829, and 1834, always with the Apol. Preface. This document is so lengthy, and has so little to do with the squib out of which it grew, that I have relegated it to the Appendix ['APPENDIX I,' p. 527]. It originated in an incident at a dinner-party at Sotheby's (translator of *Oberon*), when Coleridge was quizzed as to the authorship of *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. Coleridge took it all very seriously, and wrote this very serious and largely irrelevant 'preface.' He never 'smoked' (to adopt a favourite expression of his) the jest which had been played on him, and in a copy of the 1829 edition of his poems presented by him to a connection, he wrote :—

'Braving the cry, O the vanity and self-dotage of Authors! I yet, — after a re-perusal of the preceding Apol. Pref., now some twenty [12] years since its first publication, —dare deliver it as my own judgement, that both in style and thought it is a work creditable to the head and heart of the Author, tho' he happen to have been the same person,—only a few stone lighter, and with chesnut instead of silver hair, with his critic and eulogist.— S. T. COLERIDGE. May 1829.'

In *Sib. Leaves* (only) there is prefixed to the *Apol. Pref.* the following mottoes :—

'Me dolor incautum, me lubrica duxerit ætas,
Me timor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor :
Me tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere telis.
En adsum : veniam, confessus crimina, posco.'

CLAUD. *Epist. ad Had.*

'There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?'— Ecclesiasticus xix. 16.

The only notable difference between the text of the verses as printed in the *M.P.* and in 1829 is in the closing passage. In the *M.P.* the ending is as follows :—

Fire. O thankless Beldams and untrue!
And is this all that you can do
For him that did so much for you?
[To *Slaughter*.
For you he turn'd the dust to mud,
With his fellow-creatures' blood!
[To *Famine*.
And hunger scorch'd as many more,
To make your cup of joy run o'er!
[To *Both*.
Full ninety moons he, by my troth,
Hath richly catered for you both,
And in an hour you would repay
An eight years' debt? Away! away!
I alone am faithful, I
Cling to him everlastingly!
[Signed] LABERIUS.

115. *The Wanderings of Cain*, p. 112.

The *verses* were first printed in a note to the 'Conclusion' of *Aids to Reflection* (1825, p. 383), thus introduced :—

'We will return to the harmless species —the enthusiastic Mystics. . . . Let us imagine a poor Pilgrim benighted in a wilderness or desart, and pursuing his way in the starless dark with a lanthorn in his hand. Chance or his happy genius leads him to an Oasis or natural Garden, such as in the creations of my youthful fancy I supposed Enos the Child of Cain to have found. [Footnote]. — Will the Reader forgive me if I attempt at once to illustrate and relieve the subject by annexing the first stanza of the Poem, composed in the same year in which I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and the first Book of *Christabel*?'

[Here follow the verses.]

The *prose* was first printed (without the verses or 'Prefatory Note') in the *Bijou* for 1828.

The prose and poetry, with the 'Prefatory Note,' were first printed together in the *P. W.* 1828, and reprinted in 1829 and 1834; but in 1834 the portion of the 'Prefatory Note' which follows the verses was omitted.

116. *Christabel*, p. 116.

Erratum, p. 124, end of 'Part the Second.' *For* '1801' *read* '1800.'

First printed in a pamphlet (along with *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*), published by John Murray, 1816, with the following

'PREFACE.

'THE first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year.

'It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:—

'"Tis mine and it is likewise your's;
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

'I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.'

When this Preface came to be reprinted in the *Poetical Works* in 1828 (and again in the revised edition of 1829), although Coleridge called it the 'Preface to the edition of 1816,' the confident anticipation then expressed in the closing words of the first paragraph had to be modified, the sentence ending thus: 'I trust I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.'

In 1834 the Preface was still described as that of 1816, but the passage beginning, '*Since the latter date*' . . . down to '*three parts yet to come*,' was omitted altogether.

It was intended that *Christabel* should be included in the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and the MS. (or part of it) sent to the printers (Biggs and Cottle, Bristol). But some difficulty occurred, for on the 15th Sept. 1800 Wordsworth countermanded the printing of *Christabel*, '*for the present*'; other poems of his own being then forwarded to go on with. On the 20th the MS. of the Preface was sent. It contained the following paragraph:

'For the sake of variety, and from a consciousness of my own weakness, I have again requested the assistance of a friend who contributed largely to the first volume,* and who has now furnished me with the [*long and beautiful*—these words erased] Poem of CHRISTABEL, without which I should not yet have ventured to present a second volume to the public.'

* 'The poems [*furnished*] supplied by my Friend are The Antient Mariner, The Foster-Mother's Tale, The Nightingale, The Dungeon, and the Poem entitled Love.' [Intended footnote to the above cancelled passage.]

Apparently three weeks passed without any fresh 'copy' being forwarded to the printers, and at last on the 10th of October it is decided that *Christabel* cannot be ready. The printers are told to cancel the above paragraph and substitute another, which is to tell the reader that the 'Friend' who supplied *The Ancient Mariner*, etc., 'has also furnished me with a few of those poems in the second volume which are classed under the title of "Poems on the Naming of Places." If any sheets of *Christabel* have been printed, they are to be cancelled; other poems will be forwarded, and henceforth the printers may depend on a constant supply of "copy."'

What poems of Coleridge's were meant for substitutes does not appear; we only know that nothing new of his appeared in the first, and nothing at all in the second volume of any of the editions of the *Lyrical Ballads*.[1]

[1] For these new facts I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. T. Norton Longman, grandson and successor of the publisher of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Mr. Longman possesses the MSS. and proof-sheets of these, and of other volumes of Wordsworth's Poems, which he kindly allowed me to examine, with permission to print anything of interest I might find in the documents. Other notes in this volume are enriched from the same source. Coleridge wrote most of the instructions to the printer, but signed them all with Wordsworth's name, and much of the transcription of poems is in the hand of Dorothy Wordsworth. In some cases all three hands appear in the same document. Coleridge was a frequent visitor at Dove Cottage at this period, as we learn from Dorothy's 'Grasmere Journals.'—ED.

On the 9th October 1800, Coleridge wrote thus to H. Davy: 'The *Christabel* was running up to 1300 lines, and was so much admired by Wordsworth that he thought it indelicate to print two volumes with his name in which so much of another man's was included; and, which was of more consequence, the poem was in direct opposition to the very purpose for which the *Lyrical Ballads* were published, viz. our experiment to see how far those passions which alone give any value to extraordinary incidents were capable of interesting in and for themselves in the incidents of common life. We mean to publish the *Christabel*, therefore, with a long blank-verse poem of Wordsworth's entitled *The Pedlar*. I assure you I feel very differently [? indifferently] of *Christabel*. I would rather have written Ruth, and Nature's Lady, than a million such poems.'—*Fragmentary Rem. of Sir H. Davy*, p. 82.

Five days later Coleridge wrote to Poole: 'The truth is, the endeavour to finish *Christabel* (which has swelled into a poem of 1400 lines) for the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads* threw my business terribly back, and now I am sweating for it' (*Unpublished Letter*).

On the 1st November 1800 Coleridge wrote thus to Josiah Wedgwood (Cottle's *Rem.* 439): 'Immediately on my arrival in this country [Lake country] I undertook to finish a poem which I had begun, entitled *Christabel*, for a second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*. I tried to perform my promise, but the deep unutterable disgust which I had suffered in the translation of the accursed *Wallenstein* seemed to have stricken me with barrenness; for I tried and tried, and nothing would come of it. I desisted with a deeper dejection than I am willing to remember. The wind from the Skiddaw and Borrowdale was often as loud as wind need be, and many a walk in the clouds in the mountains did I take; but all would not do, till one day I dined out at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and somehow or other drank so much wine, that I found some effort and dexterity requisite to balance myself on the hither edge of sobriety. The next day my verse-making faculties returned to me, and I proceeded success

fully, till my poem grew so long, and in Wordsworth's opinion so impressive, that he rejected it from his volume as disproportionate both in size and merit, and as discordant in character.'

I am entirely at a loss to understand the twice-repeated statement in these letters that *Christabel* grew to 1300 or 1400 lines, for the printed *Christabel*, even including the 'Conclusion to Part II.,' makes only 677 lines, or about half the alleged quantity, and no unprinted portion has so far been found among Coleridge's papers.

We next hear of *Christabel* in a letter of January 1801 to Poole. It is to be published 'by itself' as soon as some task-work (undescribed) is off his hands. Next, in a letter to Poole of March 16. It is to be got ready for the press, and 'published immediately' with two essays annexed 'On the Preternatural' and 'On Metre.' Next, in a letter from Wordsworth to Poole (April 9): '*Christabel* is to be printed at the Bulmerian Press, with vignettes, etc. etc. I long to have the book in my hands, it will be such a beauty!' (Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, i. 216).

But nothing came of it all. The will or the power to complete *Christabel* failed, and the MS. fragment was left to flutter about the 'literary circles,' fascinating all ears by its melody. Scott heard it recited by John Stoddart in 1801, and 'the music in his heart he bore,' reproducing it as best he could in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* of 1805 (Lockhart's *Memoirs*, 1837, ii. 23; and Scott's Preface to 1830 ed. of the *Lay*). Next, Byron meeting Coleridge at Rogers's in 1811 heard *Christabel*, and a few years afterwards gained Moore's hearty contempt by executing a variation on the air, in an abandoned opening of *The Siege of Corinth* (*Life*, 1866, p. 290). But Byron did something much better, for in 1815 he recommended Murray to publish the fragment. Such a recommendation was equivalent to a command, and when Coleridge arrived on his long visit to the Gillmans on the 15th April 1816, he carried in his hand the proof-sheets of *Christabel*.

Its reception—especially by the *Edinburgh Review*, which declared it to be utterly destitute of value, exhibiting from beginning to end not one ray of genius—disappointed Coleridge and some of his friends. Justly or unjustly, Coleridge believed the reviewer to be Hazlitt—an accusation too grave to be lightly accepted. His own views will be found in the last chapter of the *Biog. Lit.* It is reported that Lamb 'says *Christabel* ought never to have been published; that no one understood it, and [that?] *Kubla Khan* . . . is nonsense' (Fanny Godwin to Mary Shelley, July 20, 1816—Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, ii. 41); but as regards *Christabel* there is no confirmation of this in any published letter of Lamb's. He *feared* the effect of type on *Kubla Khan* (see 'Note 111' on that poem), and he may have thought the same of 'Christabel' *unfinished*. His own admiration of the fragment was unbounded. After it had been published, Frere 'strenuously advised' Coleridge to finish *Christabel* (unprinted letter of S. T. C. to Poole, July 22, 1817), and for years the poet was haunted by the sense of his duty to complete what he had so gloriously begun. But still the resolution or the inspiration failed. He was accustomed to plead the latter privation. It was probably about 1820 that he said to Allsop (i. 94): 'If I should finish *Christabel* I shall certainly extend it and give it new characters and a greater number of incidents. This the "reading public" require, and this is the reason that Sir W. Scott's poems tho' so loosely written are pleasing, and interest us by their picturesqueness. If a genial recurrence of the ray divine should occur for a few weeks, I shall certainly attempt it. I had the whole of the two cantos in my mind before I began it; certainly the first canto is more perfect, has more of the true wild weird spirit than the last. I laughed heartily at the continuation in *Blackwood* [June 1819], which I have been told is by Maginn: it is in appearance and appearance only, a good imitation. I do not doubt but it gave more pleasure and to a greater number, than a continuation by myself in the *spirit* of the two first cantos.' In a letter of Allsop [i. 156] of January 1821, Coleridge says much the same: 'Of my Poetic works, I would fain finish *Christabel*.'

Gillman (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 283) says that Coleridge 'explained the story of *Christabel* to his friends'; and that the story is 'partly founded on the notion that the virtuous of the world save the wicked.' Further, that certain incidents illustrate something which is 'the main object of the tale.' One suspects, and hopes, this was mere quizzing on the part of Coleridge, indulged in to relieve the pressure of prosaic curiosity, but as there is no other completing scheme extant it may be worth while to preserve the following from Gillman's *Life* (pp. 301-303), which is no doubt faithfully reported:—

'The following relation was to have occupied a third and fourth canto, and to have closed the tale. Over the mountains, the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, hastes with his disciple; but in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the castle once stood is discovered—the edifice itself being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldine being acquainted with all that is passing, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, vanishes. Reappearing, however, she awaits the return of the Bard, exciting in the meantime, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the Baron's breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldine, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, but changes her appearance to that of the accepted though absent lover of Christabel. Now ensues a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who feels, she knows not why, great disgust for her once favoured knight. This coldness is very painful to the Baron, who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor. The real lover returning, enters at this moment, and produces the ring which she had once given him in sign of her betrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural being Geraldine disappears. As predicted, the castle bell tolls, the mother's voice is heard, and to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place, after which follows a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter.'

When Coleridge's nephew, the late Mr. Justice Coleridge, visited Wordsworth in 1836, the latter communicated some reminiscences respecting *Christabel*:—

'He said he had no idea how "Christabelle" was to have been finished, and he did not think my uncle had ever conceived, in his own mind, any definite plan for it; that the poem had been composed while they were in habits of daily intercourse, and almost in his presence, and when there was the most unreserved intercourse between them as to all their literary projects and productions, and he had never heard from him any plan for finishing it. Not that he doubted my uncle's sincerity in his subsequent assertions to the contrary; because, he said, schemes of this sort passed rapidly and vividly through his mind, and so impressed him, that he often fancied he had arranged things, which really, and upon trial, proved to be mere embryos. I omitted to ask him, what seems obvious enough now, whether in conversing about it, he had never asked my uncle how it would end. The answer would have settled the question.'—*Wordsworth's Prose Works*, iii. 427.

The baffled poet's final utterance seems to be the following, as reported in *Table Talk* for 'July 6, 1833':—

'I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonising my thoughts, and in animating and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one.* Besides, after this continuation of *Faust*, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except *Don Quixote*, however, although the second part of that transcendant work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.'

* 'The thing attempted in *Christabel* is

the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight—and the success is complete.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. p. 29. [Note of Ed. of *T. T.*]

Some of the following textual notes are from three MS. copies—one given by Coleridge to Miss Stoddart (afterwards the wife of Hazlitt); another lent by Coleridge to J. Payne Collier; and a third given by Coleridge to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Miss Sarah Hutchinson. My knowledge of the first two comes from the Preface to J. P. Collier's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge*, 1856. For the readings from the third I am indebted to the kindness of the poet's grand-daughter, Miss Edith Coleridge. In the references below, these three MSS. are indicated as 'MS. I.,' 'MS. II.,' and 'MS. III.' respectively. The two references to Dorothy Wordsworth's Alfoxden Journals (printed in Prof. Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*) were given by Prof. Dowden in the *Fortnightly Review*, Sept. 1889, Art. 'Coleridge as a Poet.'

ll. 16-20. Cf. D. Wordsworth's Alfoxden Journal, Jan. 31, 1798, Knight's *Life of W. W.* i. 134: 'Set forward to Stowey at half-past five. When we left home the moon immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her.'

l. 32—

'The breezes they were still also.
MS. I., MS. III. and in 1816.

'The breezes they were whispering low.'
MS. II.

'The sighs she heaved were soft and low.'
1828 and after.

ll. 49-52. Cf. the following entry from the D. W. Journals (*Life*, i. 141): 'March, 7, 1798. William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky. Observed nothing particularly interesting—the distant prospect obscured. One only leaf upon the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.'

ll. 58-65. The passage in 1816 ran thus:—

'There she sees a damsel bright
Drest in a silken robe of white;
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels disordered in her hair.'

It was the same in MS. I. and MS. III.; the last line had 'tumbled' for 'disordered,' but S. T. C. told J. P. C. this was a mistranscription for 'tangled'—a mistake not likely to happen twice.

l. 81. Five *ruffians*, etc., MS. I. and MS. III.

The version of *Christabel* recited to Scott by Stoddart (*v. supra*) was doubtless MS. I. Scott prefixed the following lines as Motto to chap. xi. of *The Black Dwarf* (1818):—

'Three ruffians seized me yestermorn,
Alas! a maiden most forlorn:
They choked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white:
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,
I cannot tell what men they be.
'*Christabelle.*'

A remarkable effort of memory, no doubt; but it is odd that Scott should not have preferred to quote from the printed *Christabel*, published two years before.

l. 88. And *twice* we cross'd the shade of night, MS. III.

ll. 104-122. The passage in 1816 ran thus:—

'Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine,
Saying, that she should command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And straight be convoy'd, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's hall.

'So up she rose, and forth they pass'd,
With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast;
Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said—
All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awaken'd be;
So to my room we'll creep in stealth,
And you to-night must sleep with me.'

The text of 1816 follows MS. I. and MS. III.; but MS. II. has instead of *Her lucky stars*, etc.

'Her *smiling* stars the lady blest;
And thus bespake sweet Christabel:
All our household *is* at rest,
The hall is silent as *a* cell.'

ll. 166-168. In 1816, and in MS. III.: -

'Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
And they are creeping up the stairs.'

The beautiful line

'And jealous of the listening air'

was added in 1828.

ll. 190-193. In 1816 the text was as here; but in MS. I.:—

'O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this *spicy* wine.
Nay, drink it up; I pray you, do:
Believe me, it will comfort you';

and in MS. III.:—

'O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this *spicy* wine;
It is a wine of virtuous powers,
My mother made it of wild flowers—
Nay, drink it up; I pray you, do!
Believe me, it will comfort you.'

In MS. II. the text was as here, except that the unfortunate change ('cordial' for 'spicy') had not been made.

ll. 219, 220. In MS. I. and MS. III.—one hardly likes to record it—

'The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said "*I'm better now.*"'

ll. 248-262. In 1816:—

'She unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
And she is to sleep by Christabel.

'She took two paces, and a stride,
And lay down by the maiden's side.

Of this passage Mr. Payne Collier gives no readings from either of his MSS.: but in MS. III. ll. 248-251 follow the text of 1828-29; then comes:—

'Behold her bosom and half her side
Are lean and old and foul of hue,
And she is to sleep by Christabel!

'She took two paces, and a stride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side.
Ah wel-a-day!
And with *sad* voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the Touch of *my* Bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
The mark of my shame, *the* seal of my sorrow'

[and so on, as in 1828-29, to—]

'And did'st bring her home with thee *with* Love and *with* Charity
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

In the review of *Christabel* in the *Examiner* for June 2, 1816, it is stated that in a MS. copy which the reviewer had seen, in place of the published line

'A sight to dream of, not to tell!'

is this—

'Hideous, deformed, and pale of hue.'

And the reviewer adds, that the line is the keystone, and that is why Coleridge left it out. The sneer is so like many other sneers in Hazlitt's criticism of Coleridge, that I am disposed to attribute the review to him, though it is not mentioned in the list of his writings prefixed to the *Memoirs* by his grandson.

ll. 317, 318. Cf. *The Nightingale*, p. 133, ll. 101-103.

Part II. In some notes of conversations with Coleridge in May 1821, Allsop (1836, i. 195; 1864, p. 104) gives this, following on a long quotation from Crashaw's *Hymn to St. Theresa*, which Coleridge has described as the poet's finest lines:—

'These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem.'

The quotation begins with:—

'Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel to a Martyrdome.

No home for her, confesses she,
But where she may a Martyr be';

and ends with :—

'Farewel House, and Farewel Home—
She's for the Moors and Martyrdome.'

ll. 408-425. These lines, perhaps because they bring us out of the surrounding fairyland, are the most famous in *Christabel*; even the *Edinburgh* reviewer could see they were fine : 'We defy any man to point out a passage of poetical merit in any of the three pieces which it [the *Christabel* pamphlet of 1816] contains except, perhaps, the following lines in p. 32 [ll. 408-413], and even these are not very brilliant; nor is the leading thought original.'

There had been alienation between Coleridge and Thomas Poole in connection with *The Friend*, and no communication after 1810, until in January 1813 Poole sent his congratulations on the success of *Remorse*. Coleridge replied : 'Dear Poole, Love so deep and so domesticated with the whole being as mine was to you, can never cease *to be*. To quote the best and sweetest lines I ever wrote'—and he quotes the whole passage, then unpublished, with but two or three unimportant variations from the text of 1828-29. Two worth noting occur in the closing lines :—

'But neither *frost nor heat*, nor thunder,
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

Charles Lloyd published some affectionate verses about Coleridge and Lamb in his *Desultory Thoughts on London* (1820). Lamb wrote to Coleridge, June 20, 1820, (Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 32) : 'I admire some of Lloyd's lines on you, and I admire your postponing reading them. He is a sad tattler; but this is under the rose. Twenty years ago he estranged one friend from me quite. . . . He almost alienated you also from me, or me from you, I don't know which. But that breach is closed. The "dreary sea" is filled up. . . . I suspect he saps Manning's faith in me. . . . Still I like his writing verses about you.' *See* 'Note 113,' p. 600.

My friend Dr. Garnett informs me that in *Uber Hein. Heine*, by Schmidt (Weissenfels, Berlin, 1857), which has some inedited verses by H. H., there appears a translation by him of the greater part of this passage.

l. 453. In MS. I. and MS. III. this line read :—

'The vision foul of fear and pain.'

l. 463. In MS. I. this line read :—

'The pang the sight was past away';

and in MS. III. :—

'The pang, the sight had pass'd away.'

In 1816 the line was as in 1828-29.

l. 582. When *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared, Southey wrote to Wynn, March 5, 1805 (*Life and Corr.* ii. 316) : 'The beginning of the story is too like Coleridge's *Christobell*, which he [Scott] had seen; the very line "Jesu Maria, shield her well!" is caught from it. . . . I do not think [he copied anything] designedly, but the echo was in his ear, not for emulation, but *propter amorem*. This only refers to the beginning.'

The Conclusion to Part II. This does not occur in any one of the three MSS. I have numbered 'I.' 'II.' and 'III.,' and I know of the existence of no other. I think it highly improbable that the lines were composed for *Christabel*. They were sent to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1801, and were therefore probably written about that time.

117. *France: an Ode*, p. 124.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, April 16, 1798, under the title of *The Recantation: an Ode*, and with the following editorial introduction now reprinted for the first time :—

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following excellent Ode will be in unison with the feelings of every friend to Liberty and foe to Oppression; of all who, admiring the French Revolution, detest and deplore the conduct of France towards Switzerland. It is very satisfactory to find so zealous and steady an Advocate for Freedom as Mr. COLERIDGE concur with us in condemning the conduct of France towards the Swiss Cantons. Indeed his concurrence is not singular; we know of no Friend to Liberty who is not of his opinion. What we most admire is

the *avowal* of his sentiments, and public censure of the unprincipled and atrocious conduct of France. The Poem itself is written with great energy. The second, third and fourth Stanzas contain some of the most vigorous lines we have ever read. The lines in the fourth Stanza :— .

> ' To scatter rage and trait'rous guilt
> Where Peace her jealous home had built,'

to the end of the Stanza, are particularly expressive and beautiful.

The poem was next published in a quarto pamphlet. See ' APPENDIX K.' Next, again in the *Morning Post*, Oct. 14. 1802, with the title *France : an Ode*, and preceded by the following

' ARGUMENT.

'*First Stanza.* An invocation to those objects in Nature the contemplation of which had inspired the Poet with a devotional love of Liberty. *Second Stanza.* The exultation of the Poet at the commencement of the French Revolution, and his unqualified abhorrence of the Alliance against the Republic. . *Third Stanza.* The blasphemies and horrors during the domination of the Terrorists regarded by the Poet as a transient storm, and as the natural consequence of the former despotism and of the foul superstition of Popery. Reason, indeed, began to suggest many apprehensions ; yet still the Poet struggled to retain the hope that France would make conquests by no other means than by presenting to the observation of Europe a people more happy and better instructed than under other forms of Government. *Fourth Stanza.* Switzerland, and the Poet's recantation. *Fifth Stanza.* An address to Liberty, in which the Poet expresses his conviction that those feelings and that grand *ideal* of Freedom which the mind attains by its contemplation of its individual nature, and of the sublime surrounding objects (see stanza the first) do not belong to men as a society, nor can possibly be either gratified or realised under any form of human government ; but belong to the individual man, so far as he is pure, and inflamed with the love and adoration of God in Nature.'

The poem again appeared (with a few unimportant changes in text), ' by the kind permission of Mr. Coleridge,' in the *Poetical Register* for 1808-1809 (1812), and next in *Sib. Leaves* (1817) ; then in 1828 and 1829.

In a MS. note to the *Ode to the Departing Year* (see end of ' Note 103,' p. 588) Coleridge states that *France : an Ode* was occasioned by invasion of Switzerland by the French Republic, and describes it as ' a kind of Palinodia.'

ll. 53, 54—

> ' When insupportably advancing,
> *Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp.*'

A very unfortunate line. Up to and in *Sib. Leaves* it was correctly printed, but in 1828 *tramp* was substituted for *ramp*, by a printer's error no doubt, and remained uncorrected in every edition until that of 1877-80. Then, in *Tait's Magazine* (Sept. 1834) De Quincey accused Coleridge of not merely taking it from *Samson Agonistes* (which was venial, even without quotation marks), but of *denying the obligation.* As is pointed out by H. N. Coleridge in his Preface to *Table Talk* (1835, i. xlviii.), De Quincey's accusation is absurd. In *Samson Agonistes* (ll. 135-139) Milton wrote :—

> ' But safest he who stood aloof,
> When *insupportably* his foot *advanced*,
> In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
> Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
> Fled from his lion *ramp*.'

In all versions of his Ode, Coleridge wrote :—

> ' When *insupportably* advancing,'

except in that of 1802, when ' *insupportably*' was altered to ' *irresistibly*.'

In the annotated copy of *Sib. Leaves* he wrote against the line: '*Samson Agonistes*, but never published the acknowledgment.' It was too obvious either for acknowledgment or denial.

l. 84. In the first *Morning Post* version (April 16, 1798), after St. ' IV.' comes the following :—

* * * *
* * * *

'The Fifth Stanza, which alluded to the African Slave-trade, as conducted by this country, and to the present Ministry and their supporters, has been omitted; and would have been omitted without any remark, if the commencing lines of the Sixth Stanza had not referred to it.

VI

'Shall I with *these* my patriot zeal combine?
No, Afric, no! They stand before my ken,
Loathed as th' Hyænas, that in murky den
Whine o'er their prey, and mangle while they whine!
Divinest Liberty! with vain endeavour,
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour,'
etc.

The lines which now begin this stanza ('V.') first appeared in the Quarto; where there was no mention of any omission.

ll. 86-88. In the '*Commonplace Book*, 1795-97' (see ADDENDA), is this entry: 'At Genoa the word "Liberty" is engraved on the chains of the galley-slaves and the doors of prisons.'

ll. 95-98. These are quoted (with variants) in chap. x. of the *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 194) as from 'FRANCE, *a Palinodia*.'

Date.—The Ode was correctly dated 'February 1798' in the Quarto, in the *Poetical Register*, and in *Sib. Leaves*, but the error of '1797' crept into *P. W.* 1828, and remained uncorrected until 1877-80.

118. *Frost at Midnight*, p. 126.

First printed in the same Quarto as the preceding. Reprinted in the *Poetical Register* for 1808-1809 (1812), with the following note by the Editor: 'This poem, which was first published with *Fears in Solitude* and *France: an Ode*, has been since enlarged and corrected, and, with the other poems, is now inserted in the *Poetical Register* by the kind permission of Mr. Coleridge.'[1]

ll. 20-23. These lines first appeared in the 1829 edition. But the changes made from time to time in this part of the poem are so important that it will be worth while noting them:—

In the Quarto we read:—
l. 19.
'*Making it a companionable form*
With which I can hold commune. Idle thought!
But still the living spirit in our frame,
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses into all its own delights,
Its own volition, sometimes with deep faith,
And sometimes with fantastic playfulness.
Ah me! amused by no such curious toys
Of the self-watching subtilising mind,
How often in my early school-boy days,
With most believing superstitious wish
Presageful have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch the *stranger* there! and oft belike,' etc.

In the *Poetical Register*:—
'Making it a companionable form,
With which I can hold commune: haply hence,
That still the living spirit in our frame,
Which loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses into all things its own Will,
And its own pleasures; sometimes with deep faith,
And sometimes with a wilful playfulness,
That stealing pardon from our common sense
Smiles, as self-scornful, to disarm the scorn
For these wild reliques of our childish Thought,
That flit about, oft go, and oft return
Not uninvited.
Ah! there was a time
When oft, amused by no such subtle toys
Of the self-watching Mind, a child at school
With most believing superstitious wish
Presageful, have I gaz'd upon the bars,
To watch the *stranger* there! and oft belike,
With unclos'd lids,' etc.

[1] A few copies of the three poems were struck off separately from the *P.R.* type. I possess one, and there is another bound up in a volume of pamphlets, which came from Southey's library, in the Forster Collection at S. Kensington. This has a few pen corrections in Coleridge's hand.

l. 22. Cf. Wordsworth's line in *Gipsies* —edd. 1807-1820 (only)—

'The silent Heavens have goings-on.'

ll. 44 *et seq.* When Coleridge wrote and published these lines he had no prospect of living in the Lake country. They must have been inspired by a purely prophetic vision. Cf. letter to Godwin, Greta Hall, Sept. 22, 1800 (Kegan Paul's *William Godwin*, ii. 9): 'I look at my doted-on Hartley—he moves, he lives, he finds impulses from within and from without, he is the darling of the sun and of the breeze. Nature seems to bless him as a thing of her own. He looks at the clouds, the mountains, the living beings of the earth, and vaults and jubilates!'

l. 74. In all versions, except the Quarto, the poem ends here. In the Quarto it continued :—

'Like those, my babe! which ere to-
morrow's warmth
Have capp'd their sharp keen points with
pendulous drops,
Will catch thine eye, and with their novelty
Suspend thy little soul; then make thee
shout,
And stretch and flutter from thy mother's
arms
As thou would'st fly for very eagerness.'

119. *Fears in Solitude*, p. 127.

First printed in the Quarto of 1798 (see 'Note 117') with the date 'Nether-Stowey, April 20th, 1798.' In an autograph copy lent me by Professor Dowden (to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses) the heading is: 'Written in April 1798 during the Alarm of the Invasion—The Scene the Hill, near Stowey.'[1]

(When 'France: an Ode' was reprinted in the *Morning Post* (1802) long extracts from 'Fears in Solitude' were given in the same issue.)

It was next printed in the *Poetical Register*, 1808-1809 (1812). See the two preceding Notes. In *The Friend*, No. II. (June 8, 1809) Coleridge gives a long extract (ll. 129-197) from the poem (quoted as 'Fears *of* Solitude'). The lengthy note which introduces the extract is very interesting biographically, but not quite ingenuous, for he defends himself from the charge of 'sedition,' by pointing to a very incomplete list of his 'works'—'if indeed one obscure volume of juvenile poems, and one slight verse pamphlet of twenty pages, can without irony be entitled *works*.'

'The poem was written during the first alarm of invasion, and left in the Press on my leaving my country for Germany. So few copies were printed, and of these so few sold, that to the great majority of my readers they will be anything rather than a citation from a known publication—but my heart bears me witness, that I am aiming wholly at the moral confidence of my Readers in my principles, as a man, not at their praises of me, as a Poet; to which character, in its higher sense, I have already resigned all pretensions.'

l. 33. In the Quarto, *P.R.*, and *Sib. Leaves* :—

'It *is indeed a melancholy thing*
And weighs upon the heart,' etc.

The words italicised are struck out by Coleridge in the annot. *Sib. Leaves*, and are omitted in subsequent editions.

ll. 44-60. In Prof. Dowden's MS. (which seems to have been written by a not always successful effort of memory) :—

'The groan of accusation pleads against us.
* * * *
Desunt aliqua
. . . Meanwhile, at home
We have been drinking with a riotous
thirst
Pollutions from the brimming Cup of
Wealth.'

l. 48. Cf. *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 415, 416 (p. 77) :—

'A vapour sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pesti-
lence.'

ll. 54-58 first inserted in *Sib. Leaves*.

l. 98. *No speculation* on *contingency*. In all versions up to *Sib. Leaves*, 'on'; in 1828 and after 'or'—an obvious misprint.

[1] This MS. is not dated, but it is initialled 'S. T. C.'; and at foot this note: '*N.B.*—The above is perhaps not Poetry,—but rather a sort of middle thing between Poetry and Oratory—sermoni propriora.—Some parts are, I am conscious, too tame even for animated prose.'

l. 140. 'The most light, unthinking, sensual and profligate of the European nations; a nation the very phrases of whose language are so composed, that they can scarcely speak without lying.'—*The Friend*, 1818, i. 93.

ll. 161, 162. Thus quoted by Coleridge in *The Friend* (1809) :—

'Restless in enmity, have thought all change
Involv'd in change of constituted power.'

ll. 196, 197. See ADDENDA, 'Fragment 45.'

ll. 222, 223. Thomas Poole was the 'friend.' The elms survived until about 1870.

l. 225. The 'lowly cottage' is lowlier than ever: it is a public-house, with the sign of 'Coleridge Cottage.' A memorial tablet is about to be affixed (Oct. 1892). Dove Cottage has been rescued and consecrated. The Stowey cottage is not less worthy. Alfoxden is probably safe, but the cottage, as it stands, is too frail a shrine for the memories of Coleridge and Wordsworth in their *annus mirabilis*—1797-1798.

120. *To a Young Lady*, p. 131.

First printed in the *Annual Anthology*, 1800. The young lady was Miss Lavinia Poole, a cousin of Thomas Poole. She afterwards became Mrs. Draper.

121. *The Nightingale. A Conversation Poem*, p. 131.

First printed in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, inserted at the last moment to replace *Lewti*, withdrawn, for reasons unrecorded (see 'Note 43'). The title in 1798 was, *The Nightingale: a Conversational Poem, written in April* 1798. In *L.B.* 1800, 1802, and 1805 the second title was omitted; and in *Sib. Leaves* (1817) was restored, in the modified form of *A Conversation Poem*, and this has always since been the heading until 1877-80, when the editor restored the earlier word.

l. 13. '*Most musical, most melancholy.*' 'This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description: it is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a *dramatic* propriety. The author makes this remark to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton, a charge than which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible.' [Note of S. T. C., 1798; repeated in all editions.]

Coleridge is quoting—

'Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.'
Il Penseroso, ll. 61, 62.

Milton's nightingales are not all 'melancholy'—they are more often 'lulling,' 'solemn,' 'amorous'—and his own especial bird, 'with fresh hope the lover's heart does fill.' Indeed the only sad notes are sung in *Il Penseroso* and in *Comus*.

It was doubtless with reference to this passage that Wordsworth wrote to Wilson ('Ch. North'): 'What false notions have prevailed, from generation to generation, of the true character of the Nightingale. As far as my Friend's Poem, in the *Lyrical Ballads*, is read, it will contribute greatly to rectify these' (*Prose Works* of W. W. ii. 211). He repeats Coleridge's lesson in *Enterprise* (1820) :—

'She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me.'

l. 40:
'My Friend, and my Friend's Sister!'
Lyrical Ballads, all editions.

ll. 43-49. This exquisite passage is found in the 'Commonplace Book, c. 1795-97' (see ADDENDA, 'Fragment 43'). It is there word for word, as printed in 1798 and ever after.

ll. 64-69. *On moonlight bushes* to *Light: up her love-torch.* These lines were omitted in all editions of *Lyrical Ballads* after 1798, and restored in *Sib. Leaves.*

ll. 97-105. The *facts* are noted in the 'Commonplace Book, c. 1795-97' (see ADDENDA, 'Fragment 38'). Coleridge was probably thinking of the same incident when he wrote in *Christabel* (ll. 315-318):—

'———and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!

And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light.'

It seems hardly necessary to say that the scenery of the poem is that of the foot of the Quantocks about Stowey and Alfoxden; that 'My Friend, and thou, our Sister!' are William and Dorothy Wordsworth; that, though not 'hard by' Alfoxden, the 'castle huge' is probably the ruined castle overhanging N. Stowey; and that the 'most gentle maid' is Dorothy Wordsworth.

122. *Recantation*, p. 133.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, July 30, 1798. As it is a squib, I have thought it preferable to reprint the original, rather than either of the revised versions published in the *Ann. Anthol.* (1800) or in *Sib. Leaves* (1817). In Coleridge's own copy of the *Ann. Anthol.* he has written the following (the binder's plough has carried away the words within [ ] — perhaps more): 'Written when fears were entertained of an Invasion, and Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Tierney were absurdly represented as having *recanted* because, to the [French Revolution (?)] in its origin, they [having been favourable, changed their opinion when the Revolutionists became unfaithful to their principles (?)].'

ll. 63-66. Coleridge quotes these lines to illustrate the dictum that 'Experience informs us that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.'—*Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 30.

123. *Love*, p. 135.

First published in its present form in the first volume of the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800).

But it had appeared a year before (the *L.B.*, though dated 1800, were issued in January 1801) in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799—under the title of 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié,' and with the following introductory letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MORNING POST*.

SIR,

The following Poem is the Introduction to a somewhat longer one, for which I shall solicit insertion on your next open day. The use of the old Ballad word *Ladie*, for Lady, is the only piece of obsoleteness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of antient times, I trust that 'the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity' (as Cambden says) will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the Author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties *explode* around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old-fashioned love; and five years ago, I own, I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But, alas! explosion has succeeded explosion so rapidly that novelty itself ceases to appear new; and it is possible that now, even a simple story wholly unspiced with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of Revolutions, as to those who have remained a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

O leave the lily on its stem;
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens! hark, it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear the cruel wrongs,
Befell the dark Ladie!

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

Then came *Love* as we know it, but for the following differences:—The fifth of the stanzas above took its place as the fifth of *Love*.

The following stanza in the *M.P.* was omitted; it came between the 11th and 12th of *Love*:

'And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;
How bows rebounding scourg'd his limbs,
And low stubs gor'd his feet.'[1]

This also, which came between the 20th and 21st of *Love*:—

'I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not choose but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.'

The next stanza began thus:—

'Her wet cheek glow'd: she stept aside—
As conscious,' etc.

After the last stanza of *Love* came these:—

'And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing;
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

'When last I sang the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lonely [*sic*] knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

'I promis'd thee a sister tale
Of Man's perfidious cruelty:
Come then and hear what cruel wrong
Befel the Dark Ladie.'
End of the Introduction.

Among Mr. Longman's MSS. (see 'Note 116') is a complete copy of *Love*, made by Coleridge for the printer of *L.B.* 1800. It contains the stanza above which begins

'I saw her bosom heave and swell,'

but Coleridge ran his pen through it. He also made the alteration in the first line (*M.P.*) of the stanza following.

There is a much-tortured draft of *Love* in the British Museum, of which (and of several other curiosities of the kind) I have printed a type fac-simile. The little volume only awaits a preface and notes. The draft is entitled *The Dark Ladié*.

[1] See the germ in 'Fragment 41' (p. 456). Coleridge frequently 'gored his feet' in getting through hedges and over stiles. The trouble and its cause reappear in *The Picture*:—

'If in sullen mood
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
His dainty feet' (ll. 28-30).

ll. 13-16. In the first draft this stanza ran thus:—

'Against a grey Stone rudely carv'd,
The Statue of an armed Knight,
She lean'd, in melancholy mood,
And watch'd the lingering Light.'

And the abortive attempt was made:—

'She lean'd against a tall chissel'd Stone
The statue of a———'

Then:—

'She lean'd against an armed man,
The statue of an armed Knight,
She stood and listen'd to my Harp
Amid the lingering Light.'

I am indebted to Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge for the suggestion that the poem may have been written in November 1799, at Sockburn, when, after returning from Germany, Coleridge visited the Wordsworths, themselves the guests of their connections the Hutchinsons. There is no 'ruin'd tower' at Sockburn, but there is an ancient church with a recumbent statue of an 'armed knight' (of the Conyers family), and in a field adjoining a famous 'Grey Stone' (so called in the County Histories), which tradition says commemorates the slaying by the Knight of a monstrous wyverne, or 'worme.' Here is surely material and suggestion enough for the stanzas in *Love*. There is no 'mount' in Sockburn parish, but it occupies a peninsula about which the Tees winds.

ll. 9, 10. 'We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path; the moon above us blending with the evening lights, and every now and then a nightingale would invite the others to sing.'—*Coleridge's letter to his wife, May 17, 1799, describing his ascent of the Brocken.* Printed in *New Monthly Magazine*, Oct. 1835, and less completely in *Amulet* 1829, and in Gillman's *Life*, p. 125.

Coleridge said to Allsop (probably about 1820): '*The Ancient Mariner* cannot be imitated, nor the poem *Love*. They may be excelled; they are not imitable' (*Letters*, etc. 1864, p. 51). Again (p. 128), that a copy of the *L.B.* of 1800 having been sent to C. J. Fox, that great man had pronounced *Love* to be 'the most

beautiful poem in the language.' Doubtless Allsop misunderstood, for Fox's words (addressed to Wordsworth) were: 'Of the poems which you state not to be yours, that entitled *Love* appears to me to be the best' (*Prose Works* of W. W. ii. 206).

In *Sib. Leaves*, and in 1828 and 1829, *Love* begins the section called 'Love Poems' to which the following serves as Motto:—

'Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo,
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor:
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud sonat—
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret, relegensque alium putat ista locutum.' PETRARCH.

See the passage quoted in 'Note 182' in a different connection.

124. *The Ballad of the Dark Ladié*, p. 136.

First printed in the *Poems*, 1834, without note or comment. It was the Ballad to which *Love* was originally intended to be an Introduction (see preceding 'Note'). In a manuscript list (undated) of his poems drawn up by Coleridge appear these items together: '*Love*, 96 lines [exactly the number printed]. *The Black Ladié*, 190 lines.' The Black Ladié doubtless was '*The Dark* Ladié,' so that the asterisks stand for about two-thirds of the whole.

125. *Hexameters*, p. 137.

First printed in the Rev. Ch. Wordsworth's *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, 1851, i. 139; and again in Prof. Knight's *Life*, i. 185. The lines are now first collected as a whole. The seven beginning, 'O what a life is the eye!' were printed by H. N. Coleridge in 1834 (see 'Note 127'); also by Cottle (*E.R.* i. 226) from a MS. given to him by Coleridge along with a note on the Hexameter. This MS. was lent me by my friend the late Mr. F. W. Cosens, and on comparing it with Cottle's print, I found that, as usual, he had garbled it, going even so far as to 'correct' the *Him's* which begin three lines in *O, what a life* into *He's*! besides altering the text in two places.

126. *Ad Vilmum Axiologum*, p. 138.

This Latinisation of 'Wordsworth' is not original. Wordsworth's first printed verses were a *Sonnet on seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams weep at a tale of distress*, published in the 'European Magazine' for March 1787 and signed 'Axiologus.' He never reprinted them, and Professor Knight has excluded them from his edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*.

127. *Hymn to the Earth*, p. 138.

First printed in *Friendship's Offering*, 1834, along with other pieces. They were all grouped under this heading:—'*Fragments from the wreck of Memory; or Portions of Poems composed in early manhood: by S. T. Coleridge*'; and the following Note was prefixed:—

[NOTE.—It may not be without use or interest to youthful, and especially to intelligent female readers of poetry, to observe, that in the attempt to adapt the Greek metres to the English language, we must begin by substituting *quality* of sound for *quantity*—that is, accentuated or comparatively emphasised syllables, for what, in the Greek and Latin verse, are named long, and of which the prosodial mark is –; and *vice versâ*, unaccentuated syllables for short, marked ˘. Now the hexameter verse consists of two sorts of *feet*, the spondee, composed of two long syllables, and the dactyl, composed of one long syllable followed by two short. The following verse from the Psalms is a rare instance of a *perfect* hexameter (*i.e.* line of six feet) in the English language:—

Göd came | up with a | shout: our | Lörd
with the | sound of a | trumpet.

But so few are the truly *spondaic* words in our language, such as Ĕgÿpt, ūprōar, tūrmōil, etc., that we are compelled to substitute, in most instances, the trochee, or – ˘, *i.e.* such words as mērrў, lĭghtlў, etc. for the proper spondee. It need only be added, that in the hexameter the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee, or trochee. I will end this note with two hexameter lines, likewise from the Psalms.

Thēre ĭs ă | rīvĕr thĕ | flōwĭng whĕre | ōf shāll | glādděn thĕ | cītў,
Hāllē | lūjăh thĕ | cītў ŏf | Gōd jē | hōvăh!
hăth | blēst hĕr.[1] S. T. C.]

Then followed 'I. Hymn to the Earth; II. English Hexameters, written during a temporary blindness ['O! what a life is the eye!' down to 'Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only its language' in *Hexameters*, p. 138]; III. The Homeric Hexameter, described and exemplified [p. 140]; IV. The Ovidian Elegiac Metre, described and exemplified [p. 140]; V. A versified Reflection' [A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland, p. 175].

It will be observed that no hint is given that Nos. I. III. and IV. were translations. That the *Hymn to the Earth* is 'an extract from F. L. Stolberg's *Hymne an die Erde*' was first pointed out by F. Freiligrath in his 'Biographical Memoir' of Coleridge prefixed to the Tauchnitz reprint of *Poems*, 1852. Coleridge has translated and somewhat expanded the opening of the 'Hymne':—

HYMNE AN DIE ERDE.

Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme!
Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gesegnet im Feiergesange!
Sieh, O Mutter, hier lieg' ich an deinen schwellenden Brüsten!
Lieg', O Grüngelockte, von deinem wallenden Haupthaar
Sanft umsäuselt und sanft geküsst von thauenden Lüften!
Ach, du säuselst Wonne mir zu, und thauest mir Wehmuth
In das Herz, dass Wehmuth und Wonn' aus schmelzender Seele,
Sich in Thränen und Dank und heiligen Liedern ergiessen!
Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme!
Schwester der allerfreuenden Sonne, des freundlichen Mondes,
Und der strahlenden Stern', und flammenbeschweiften Kometen,
Eine der jüngsten Töchter der allgebärenden Schöpfung,
Immer blühendes Weib des Segenträufelnden Himmels!
Sprich, O Erde, wie war dir als du am ersten der Tage
Deinen heiligen Schooss dem buhlenden Himmel enthülltest?
Dein Erröthen war die erste der Morgenröthen,
Als er im blendenden Bette von weichen schwellenden Wolken,
Deine gürtende Binde mit siegende Stärke dir löste!
Schauer durchbebten die stille Natur und tausend und tausend
Leben keimten empor aus der mächtigen Liebesumarmung.
Freudig begrüssten die Fluthen des Meeres neuer Bewohner
Mannigfaltige Schaaren; es staunte der werdende Wallfisch
Ueber die steigenden Ströme die seiner Nasen entbrausten;
Junges Leben durchbrüllte die Auen; die Wälde; die Berge,
Irrte blöckend im Thal, und sang in blühenden Stauden.

[1] In a copy of *F.O.* kindly lent me by Mr. E. H. Coleridge, Coleridge has written under this note: — 'To make any considerable number of Hexameters feasible in our monosyllabic trochee-iambic language, there must I fear be other licenses granted—in the *first* foot, at least —ex. gr. A superfluous ˘ prefixed in cases of particles such as "of," "and," and the like: likewise – ˘ – where the stronger accent is on the first syllable.—S. T. C.'

128. *Mahomet*, p. 139.

Southey and Coleridge visited Ottery at the beginning of September 1799, soon after Coleridge's return from Germany. They agreed to write a poem on Mahomet in Hexameters, each contributing half.

On Dec. 8, 1799, Southey sent to Wm. Taylor of Norwich a 'specimen' of 109 lines, but seems never to have got any further. These lines by Coleridge, first printed in *Poems*, 1834, probably represent his accomplishment. See *Memoir* of W. Taylor, 1843, i. 294, 309, 325; and *Life and Corr.* of Southey, ii. 76.

129. *Catullian Hendecasyllables*, p. 140.

First printed in *Poems*, 1834, as if original. In 1852 the fact that it was a free translation from Matthisson's *Milesisches Mährchen* was acknowledged, and the original appended :—

'Ein milesisches Mährchen, Adonide!
Unter heiligen Lorbeerwipfeln glänzte
Hoch auf rauschendem Vorgebirg ein Tempel.
Aus den Fluthen erhub, von Pan gesegnet,
Im Gedüfte der Ferne sich ein Eiland.
Oft, in mondlicher Dämmrung, schwebt' ein Nachen
Vom Gestade des heerdenreichen Eilands,
Zur umwaldeten Bucht, wo sich ein Steinpfad
Zwischen Mirthen zum Tempelhain emporwand.
Dort im Rosengebüsch, der Huldgöttinnen
Marmorgruppe geheiligt, fleht' oft einsam
Eine Priesterinn, reizend wie Apelles
Seine Grazien malt, zum Sohn Cytherens,
Ihren Kallias freundlich zu umschweben
Und durch Wogen und Dunkel ihn zu leiten,
Bis der nächtliche Schiffer, wonneschauernd,
An den Busen ihr sank.'

The title, of course, is a misnomer, as by having a dactyl in the first place, instead of a spondee, iambus, or trochee, the lines consist of twelve, and not of eleven syllables. The German original is metrically in accord with the title, which cannot have been given by Coleridge to his translation. His beautiful lines were probably an experiment in metre.

The poem has been unfortunate in having been hitherto printed with two bad blunders, now corrected :—

l. 5. For *plac'd* has been substituted *blest* (gesegnet).

l. 6. For *bleak resounding* has been substituted *bleat-resounding* (heerdenreichen).

Until 1852 the penultimate line was disfigured by having 'mighty' printed for 'nightly.'

130. *The Homeric Hexameter — The Ovidian Elegiac Metre*, p. 140.

First printed in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834 (1833). See 'Note 127.' The fact that these were translated from Schiller's

Der epische Hexameter
Schwindelnd trägt er dich fort auf rastlos strömenden Wogen;
Hinter dir siehst du, du siehst vor dir nur Himmel und Meer.

Das Distichon
Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule;
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.

was not acknowledged until 1847, when the one volume edition of the *Poems*, dated '1848,' was published. The originals were printed in the 'Notes,' but without comment. In the same year, however, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, in the 'Introduction' to her edition of the *Biog. Lit.*, endeavoured to explain the charges of plagiarism which had been made, especially in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1840. The charges mainly affected Coleridge's philosophical writings, but the writer in *Blackwood* mentioned also that Coleridge had borrowed these two couplets from Schiller, and the *Lines on a Cataract* from Stolberg, and had endeavoured to conceal the facts. Mrs. H. N. Coleridge replies (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. xxxvi.) : 'Now the metre, language, and thoughts of Stolberg's poem are all in Coleridge's expansion of it, but those of the latter are not all contained in the former, any more than the budding rose contains all the riches of the rose full blown. . . . That which is most exquisite in the *Lines on a Cataract* is Coleridge's own : though some may even prefer Stolberg's striking original. These and the

verses from Schiller were added to the poetical works of Mr. Coleridge by his late Editor. Had the author himself superintended the edition [1834] into which they were first inserted, he would, perhaps, have made references to Schiller and Stolberg in these instances as he had done in others; if he neglected to do so, it could not have been in any expectation of keeping to himself what he had borrowed from them.' (Remarks of the same tenor on other borrowed poems are made in a 'Note' at pp. xliii.-xliv.)

This, of course, is an apology—not an explanation. Coleridge omitted acknowledgment in at least ten similar instances. Mere carelessness, no doubt, accounts for some; pardonable light-hearted vanity for a few more, perhaps; but there is a residue.

In the MS. given to Cottle (see 'Note 125') were written these translations from Schiller, but without mention of any originals (printed incorrectly in *E.R.* i. 226) :—

SPECIMEN DESCRIBING THE HEXAMETER IN HEXAMETERS.

Strongly it tilts us along, o'er leaping and limitless Billows,
Nothing before, and nothing behind, but the Sky and the Ocean.

SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH ELEGIACS.

In the Hexameter rises the Fountain's silvery column,
In the Pentameter still falling melödĭoŭs down.

131. *Metrical Feet*, p. 140.

The lesson was originally written for Hartley about 1803, and the version of the lines here printed (first in *P. W.* 1834) was one adapted for Derwent in 1807.

132. *The British Stripling's War-Song*, p. 141.

The editors of 1877-80 and of the 'Aldine' (1885) say this was printed in the *Morning Post*, August 24, 1799. I have not been able to see a copy of this newspaper. The poem was printed in the *Ann. Anth.*, and this is the version these editors give, without any readings from the *M.P.* The first draft is in the British Museum, and it was this version which was printed in the *Lit. Remains*, 1836 (i. 276), but with two very unnecessary editorial emendations, and one very bad blunder. Coleridge headed his draft, '*The Stripling's War-Song*, Imitated from Stolberg,' but when he published the verses in the *Ann. Anthol.* he made some alteration on the text, called it 'The *British* Stripling's War-Song,' and omitted the reference to Stolberg. He never reprinted it, and it seems to have been forgotten, for some one communicated it to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1848 (N.S. xxix. p. 60), stating that it 'had appeared in the *Bath Herald*.' In his own copy of the *Ann. Anthol.* Coleridge with his pen restored the 13th line from

'My own shout of onset, when the armies advance,'

to its original form in the draft, and this emendation I have adopted.

The following is Count F. L. Stolberg's poem (written in 1774), taken from *Gesammelte Werke der Brüder Ch. und F. L. Grafen zu Stolberg*. Hamburg, 1827, i. 42 :—

LIED EINES DEUTSCHEN KNABEN.

Mein Arm wird stark und gross mein Muth,
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut;
Ich bin der Väter werth!

Ich finde fürder keine Ruh
Im weichen Knabenstand!
Ich stürb', O Vater, stolz, wie du,
Den Tod für's Vaterland!

Schon früh in meiner Kindheit war
Mein täglich Spiel der Krieg!
Im Bette träumt' ich nur Gefahr
Und Wunden nur und Sieg.

Mein Feldgeschrei erweckte mich
Aus mancher Türkenschlacht;
Noch jüngst ein Faustschlag, welchen ich
Dem Bassa zugedacht!

Da neulich unsrer Krieger Schaar
Auf dieser Strasse zog,
Und, wie ein Vogel, der Husar
Das Haus vorüberflog.

Da gaffte starr, und freute sich
Der Knaben froher Schwarm :
Ich aber, Vater, härmte mich,
Und prüfte meinen Arm !

Mein Arm ist stark und gross mein Muth !
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert !
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut ;
Ich bin der Väter werth !

133. *On a Cataract*, p. 141.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. See 'Notes 127' and '130.' The following are Stolberg's lines, on which Coleridge's poem is founded :—

'Unsterblicher Jüngling !
Du strömest hervor
Aus der Felsenkluft.
Kein Sterblicher sah
Die Wiege des Starken ;
Es hörte kein Ohr
Das Lallen des Edlen im sprudelnden Quell.

'Dich kleidet die Sonne
In Strahlen des Ruhmes !
Sie malet mit Farben des himmlischen Bogens
Die schwebenden Wolken der stäubenden Fluth.'

In *Poems*, 1848 and 1852, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge entitled *On a Cataract*, 'Improved from Stolberg' ; and in the 'Introduction' to *Biog. Lit.* 1847 it was called 'an expansion' of Stolberg's lines.

In a manuscript copy in Coleridge's handwriting occur these various readings :—

ll. 2, 3.

'Thou streamest from forth
The cleft of thy ceaseless Nativity !'

ll. 8-12.

'The murmuring songs of the Son of the Rock,
When he feeds evermore at the slumberless Fountain,
There abideth a Cloud,
At the Portal a Veil.
At the shrine of thy self-renewing
It embodies the Visions of Dawn,
It entangles,' etc.

l. 20.

'Below thee the cliff inaccessible.'

ll. 22, 23.

'Flockest in thy Joyance,
Wheelest, shatter'st, start'st.'

134. *Tell's Birth-place*, p. 142.

First printed in *Sib. Leaves* (1817), with the acknowledgment, 'Imitated from Stolberg.' In the list of poems drawn up by Coleridge, to which allusion is made in other of these 'Notes,' are these entries : 'W. Tell, 28 lines' ; 'On the Same, 40 lines.' This second seems to indicate some poem yet undiscovered, for the Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire forms a separate entry in the list. The following is Stolberg's poem :—

BEI WILHELM TELLS GEBURTSSTATTE IM KANTON URI.

Seht diese heilige Kapell !
Hier ward geboren Wilhelm Tell,
Hier wo der Altar Gottes steht
Stand seiner Eltern Ehebett !

Mit Mutterfreuden freute sich
Die liebe Mutter inniglich,
Da gedachte nicht an ihren Schmerz
Und hielt das Knäblein an ihr Herz.

Sie flehte Gott : er sei dein Knecht,
Sei stark und muthig und gerecht.
Gott aber dachte: ich thu' mehr
Durch ihn als durch ein ganzes Heer.

Er gab dem Knaben warmes Blut,
Des Rosses Kraft, des Adlers Muth,
Im Felsennacken freien Sinn,
Des Falken Aug' und Feuer drin !

Dem Worte sein' und der Natur
Vertraute Gott das Knäblein nur ;
Wo sich der Felsenstrom ergeusst
Erhub sich früh des Helden Geist.

Das Ruder und die Gemsenjagd
Hat' seine Glieder stark gemacht ;
Er scherzte früh mit der Gefahr,
Und wusste nicht wie gross er war.

Er wusste nicht dass seine Hand,
Durch Gott gestärkt, sein Vaterland

Erretten würde von der Schmach
Der Knechtschaft, deren Joch er brach.

FRIEDREICH LEOPOLD
GRAF ZU STOLBERG,
1775.

135. *The Visit of the Gods*, p. 142.

First printed in *Sib. Leaves* (1817), with the acknowledgment, 'Imitated from Schiller.' In editions 1828 and 1829 this poem was entered in the 'Contents' as '*The Vision* of the Gods'; but in the text it is called '*The Visit* of the Gods.'

The following is Schiller's original :—

DITHYRAMBE.

Nimmer, das glaubt mir,
Erscheinen die Götter,
Nimmer allein.
Kaum dasz ich Bacchus, den Lustigen, habe,
Kommt auch schon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe.
Phöbus, der Herrliche, findet sich ein!
Sie nahen, sie kommen—
Die Himmlischen alle,
Mit Göttern erfüllt sich
Die irdische Halle.

Sagt, wie bewirth' ich,
Der Erdegeborne,
Himmlischen Chor?
Schenket mir euer unsterbliches Leben,
Götter! Was kann euch der Sterbliche geben?
Hebet zu eurem Olymp mich empor.
Die Freude, sie wohnt nur
In Jupiters Saale;
O füllet mit Nektar,
O reicht mir die Schale!

Reich' ihm die Schale!
Schenke dem Dichter,
Hebe, nur ein!
Netz' ihm die Augen mit himmlischem Thaue,
Dasz er den Styx, den verhaszten, nicht schaue,
Einer der Unsern sich dünke zu seyn.
Sie rauschet, sie perlet,
Die himmlische Quelle:
Der Busen wird ruhig,
Das Auge wird helle,

136. *From the German*, p. 143.

This translation of part of Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister* was first printed in *P. W.* 1834. It was omitted, probably by an accident, from *P. and D. W.* 1877-80. The editor of the Aldine edition (1885) remarks, correctly, I believe: 'This fragment is the only trace of Goethe to be found in Coleridge's Poems.'

137. *Mutual Passion*, p. 143.

First printed in the supplementary sheet prefixed to *Sib. Leaves* (1817) as 'a song modernised, with some additions from one of our elder poets' ('Preface'), and in the heading as 'altered and modernised from an old Poet.' The former characterisation would lead the reader to suppose an English poet, but Prof. Brandl (*Life* of S. T. C. p. 248) says the poem is an 'imitation of the old-fashioned rhymes which introduce Minnesang's Frühling.'

In Mr. S. M. Samuel's annotated copy of *Sib. Leaves* Coleridge has drawn his pen through the second stanza.

138. *Water Ballad*, p. 143.

This appeared, without note or comment, in the *Athenæum* for October 9, 1831; and was first collected in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80.

139. *Names*, p. 144.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Aug. 17, 1799; then in *Keepsake* for 1829 (1828); and was first collected in *P. W.* 1834. It was always printed without acknowledgment to Lessing, of whose 'Die Namen' it is a translation.

DIE NAMEN.

Ich fragte meine Schöne:
Wie soll mein Lied dich nennen?
Soll dich als Dorimana,
Als Galathee, als Chloris,
Als Lesbia, als Doris,
Die Welt der Enkel kennen?
Ach! Namen sind nur Töne;
Sprach meine holde Schöne,
Wähl' selbst. Du kannst mich Doris,
Und Galathee und Chloris

Und —— wie du willst mich nennen :
Nur nenne mich die deine.

LESSING, *Werke*, Bd. i. S. 50.
Ed. Lachmann-Maltzahn,
Leipzig, 1853.

Coleridge once gave *Names* to Cottle, as one of a number of translations of his from the German (*Rem.* p. 287), with the title of 'My Love.' The text differs little from the others. The same may be said of a MS. copy found among papers c. 1799. *Names* has been set as a four-part song by F. Champneys (Novello, c. 1884).

140. *The Exchange*, p. 144.

Probably first printed in a newspaper, for it appears in the *Poetical Register* for 1804 (1805) in the 'Fugitive' section. I have printed this text at p. 144, because it is evidently more correct than that copied from the *Literary Souvenir* of 1826, in *P. and D. W.* 1877-80. 'Her father's *love*' is absurd, whereas 'Her father's *leave*' is in accord with the best traditions and principles. The other variants are also improvements.

141. *Translation of a Passage in Ottfried's Gospel*, p. 144.

The note at the head of the poem is taken from the remarks in the *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 204, 205), by which the translation is there introduced. Coleridge adds, that while at Göttingen he read through Ottfried's paraphrase with Prof. Tychsen. He says the passage translated is from chap. v. ; but Mrs. H. N. Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 213) says it is from 'chap. xi.' and gives the reference : 'Otfridi Evang. lib. i. cap. xi. l. 73-108, contained in Schilter's *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Teutonicarum*, pp. 50, 51,' adding, 'The translation is a little condensed, but faithful in sense.' A few couplets of the original were added.

142. *Epitaph on an Infant*, p. 145.

I have thought it best to group the Epitaphs on infants, and the consequence is that this notorious one is a little belated. It first appeared (along with the *Elegy*, p. 31) in the *Morn. Chronicle*, Sept. 27, 1794 ; next in the *Watchman*, No. IX. May 5, 1796; then in every edition of Coleridge's Poems from 1796 to 1829, with the single exception of *Sib. Leaves*. In the first three it had a page all to itself. It was Lamb's special aversion — see his letters to Coleridge of June 10 and Dec. 2, 1796.

143. *On an Infant which died before Baptism*, p. 145.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. The lines were sent (from Göttingen) by Coleridge to his wife in the letter which replied to the announcement of the death of their own infant son, Berkeley. He says they were written 'for an Englishman at Göttingen whose child had died before christening,' and speaks of them as prophetic of Berkeley's death, the news of which had not reached him at the time he composed them.

144. *Epitaph on an Infant*, p. 145.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. It is not improbable that the lines refer to the poet's infant son, Berkeley.

145. *Lives written in the Album at Elbingerode*, p. 145.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 17, 1799 ; then in the *Ann. Anthol.* (1800). In one of the letters to his wife (written from the Hartz), printed partially in the *Amulet* for 1829, and completely in the *New Monthly Magazine* for October 1835, S.T.C. says : 'At the inn [at Elbinrode, as he then called the place] they brought us an Album, or Stamm-Buch, requesting that we would write our names and something or other as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines which I send to you, not that they possess a grain of merit as poetry, but because they contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbinrode.' [So spelled throughout.] Then follow the lines, without important variations in text.

In the *Ann. Anthol.* 'Brocken,' in line 1, has the footnote :—'The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.'

The quotation from Southey was printed also in the *Ann. Anthol.*

146. *Something childish, but very natural*, p. 146.

First printed in *Ann. Anthol.* for 1800 with the signature '*Cordomi.*' In his own copy he explains the signature by writing '*i.e.* Heart-at-Home.' The poet sent the lines to his wife in a letter dated 'Göttingen, April 23, 1799.[2] In the *Biog. Memoir* prefixed to the Tauchnitz reprint of the *Poems*, 1852, Ferd. Freiligrath says these lines are an 'imitation of the German popular song "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'," of which a friend has kindly given me a transcript from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn":—

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär',
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög' ich zu dir ;
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,
Bleib' ich all hier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir
Und red' mit dir ;
Wenn ich erwachen thu',
Wenn ich erwachen thu',
Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund' in der Nacht
Da mein Herz nicht erwacht
Und an dich gedenkt.
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,
Dein Herz geschenkt.

147. *Home-sick*, p. 146.

First printed in *Ann. Anthol.* for 1800 with the signature '*Cordomi*' (see preceding Note) and the 13th line reading thus :—

'Home-sickness is no *baby-pang*.'

The lines were sent to Poole in a letter from Göttingen, introduced thus :—

'O Poole ! I am homesick. Yesterday, or rather yesternight, I dittied the following hobbling Ditty ; but my poor muse is quite gone—perhaps she may return and meet me at Stowey.' Dr. Carlyon in his *Early Years*, etc. (1856, i. 66), in describing what Coleridge called 'the Carlyon-Parry-Greenative' to the Hartz, tells us that Coleridge *dictated* these lines in the Stamm-Buch of the Werningerode Inn, reserving his greater effort for Elbingerode. (This is not what Dr. Carlyon says, but it is evidently what he means. He omits the second stanza, but that may be only by an oversight.)

148. *The Day-Dream. From an Emigrant to his absent Wife*, p. 146.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Oct. 19, 1802. Next, in the *Poems*, 1852, with the following editorial note :—

'This little poem first appeared in the *Morning Post*, in 1802, but was doubtless composed in Germany. It seems to have been forgotten by its author, for this was the only occasion on which it saw the light through him. The Editors think that it will plead against parental neglect in the mind of most readers.'

149. *The Devil's Thoughts*, p. 147.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 6, 1799, as follows :—

I

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his snug little farm the Earth,
And see how his stock went on.

II

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swish'd his long tail,
As a Gentleman swishes his cane.

III

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable ;
'Oh—oh,' quoth he, for it put him in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

IV

An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation ;

And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death, in the Revelation.[1]

V

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, 'We are both of one college!
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of Knowledge.'[2]

VI

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
Hand-cuff a troublesome blade—
'Nimbly,' quoth he, 'do the fingers move
If a man be but us'd to his trade.'

VII

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
With but little expedition,
And he laugh'd, for he thought of the long debates
On the Slave Trade Abolition.

VIII

As he went through —— —— fields he look'd
At a solitary cell—
And the Devil was pleas'd, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.

IX

He past a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And he grinn'd at the sight, for his favourite vice
Is pride that apes humility.

X

He saw a pig right rapidly
Adown the river float,
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat.

XI

Old Nicholas grinn'd, and swish'd his tail
For joy and admiration—
And he thought of his daughter, Victory,
And her darling babe, Taxation.

XII

He met an old acquaintance
Just by the Methodist meeting;
She held a consecrated flag,
And the Devil nods a greeting.

XIII

She tip'd him the wink, then frown'd and cri'd,
'Avaunt! my name's ———,'
And turn'd to Mr. ——
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV

General ———'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake,
It was General Conflagration.

In 1834, the text followed 1828-29 for the first nine stanzas; between ninth and that about 'General ———' which ended both, came VI. VII. XII. XIII. of 1799, and these three, which seem to have been derived from one of the numerous more or less authentic texts which were printed in pamphlets about 1830-31 :—

XIV

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain House,
With a majority behind.

XV

The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How 'Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the Ark.'

XVI

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the ——

The issue of the *M.P.* which contained the

[1] 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death.'—Rev. ch. vi. 8. [Note in *M.P.*]

[2] 'This anecdote is related by that most interesting of the Devil's Biographers, Mr. John Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, and we have here the Devil's own testimony to the truth and accuracy of it.' [Note in *M.P.*]

squib had a great circulation, and in 1812 the verses were still remembered and quoted as Porson's, for that great and good man took as little pains to disavow their authorship as in the case of Matthews' *Eloïsa en dishabille*. In that year Shelley distributed his imitative broadsheet, *The Devil's Walk*; and in 1813 Byron his *The Devil's Drive*, 'the notion of which,' he tells Moore, he 'took from Porson's *Devil's Walk*.' In 1827 Southey was moved by 'the confident assertions still put forth that Porson was the author' of that delectable poem,' *The Devil's Walk* (*Letters*, 1856, iv. 51), to spin it out to fifty-seven stanzas, which still disfigure the complete editions of his Poetical Works. Again, in 1830-31, sundry versions, more or less incorrect, were issued in pamphlets, with bad illustrations by Robert Cruikshank, and less bad ones by T. Landseer. For an excellent account, by Mr. C. A. Ward, of this later history of the squib see *N. and Q.*, 7th ser. viii. 161. See also Southey's *P. W.* (one vol.), p. 166; or 1838, iii. 83. In spite of Coleridge's disclaimer that he meant nobody in particular by 'General ——,' the stanza has been frequently and impudently misquoted with various names filled in—especially in 'Thomas Clarkson: a Monograph' (1854, p. 212), where 'Gascoyne' is inserted, meaning a pro-slavery M.P. for Liverpool in 1806.

150. *Lines composed in a Concert-Room*, p. 148.

I have placed this among the 1799 poems because it was then first printed in the *Morning Post* (Sept. 24). In some form it probably existed in 1796, for an allusion in a letter of Lamb to Coleridge of July 5 of that year seems to point to it. It will be found in Ainger's *Letters*, i. 31, but I print from the original letter which has been tampered with by Talfourd:—'Have a care, good Master Poet, of the Statute *de Contumeliâ*. What do you mean by calling Madame Mara harlots and naughty things? The goodness of the verse would not save you in a Court of Justice.' But the poem may well be a recast of some early verses, for the 'dear Anne' to whom it is addressed may have been his favourite sister of that name (Ann) whom he lost in 1791. See 'Note 22.' The language infers that 'dear Anne' is still alive, and is rather more appropriate as coming from a brother to a sister than from a lover to his sweetheart. Though the scenery includes a 'lake,' it looks as if it had been sketched by the banks of the Otter. In the *Morning Post* the poem closed with these three stanzas, never reprinted until ed. 1877-80. The blanks in the MS. may have been filled in with something which prompted Lamb's mention of Madame Mara, nothing in the printed verses giving a clue to any particular songstress:—

'Dear Maid! whose form in solitude I seek,
Such songs in such a mood to hear thee sing,
It were a deep delight!—But thou shalt fling
Thy white arm round my neck, and kiss my cheek,
And love the brightness of my gladder eye,
The while I tell thee what a holier joy

'It were, in proud and stately step to go,
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout,[1]
To celebrate the shame and absolute rout
Unhealable of Freedom's latest foe,
Whose tower'd might shall to its centre nod.

'When human feelings, sudden, deep and vast,
As all good spirits of all ages past
Were armied in the hearts of living men,
Shall purge the earth and violently sweep
These vile and painted locusts to the deep,
Leaving un——— undebased,
A ——— world, made worthy of its God.

151. *Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire*, p. 149.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 24, 1799. Her Grace's *Passage over Mount Gothard* had been printed in the *M.P.* on the 21st, and in the *Morning*

[1] This line reappears in the Prelude, Sc. ii. of *Zapolya*.

Chronicle on the 20th, so that Coleridge must have written his *Ode* with expedition. The Duchess's poem was not printed as a book until 1802, and then only privately. Writing to his mother on the 6th January 1800, William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) says: 'I see the *Passage of St. Gothard* has found its way into the newspapers, and from the correctness of the text and length of the notes, I suppose by design of the author. I like it much better than I did when I saw it in MS. . . . The great fault is that a poem inscribed to her children should begin with an address to Italy. She ought in justice to her children to have given them one or two stanzas more, for now they are tagged on to the tail of a poem in which they seem to have no business' (*Lord Melbourne's Papers*, 1889, p. 10).

Coleridge reprinted the *Ode* in the *Ann. Anthol.* for 1800, and in all the editions of his Poems after that date.

In his own copy of the *A.A.* he made some emendations with his pen. He struck out ll. 68-77, a sacrifice probably prompted by Lamb's remark, August 14, 1800 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 130): 'By the bye, where did you pick up that scandalous piece of private history about the Angel and the Duchess of Devonshire? If it is a fiction of your own, why truly 'tis a very modest one *for you*.' But the 'scandal' was not omitted in *Sib. Leaves*.

152. *A Christmas Carol*, p. 150.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Dec. 25, 1799; then in *Ann. Anthol.* 1800; and afterwards in all editions of Coleridge's poems. The Carol was probably inspired by the passage of Ottfried (p. 144).

153. *Talleyrand to Lord Grenville*, p. 151.

I have thought it better to print this political squib *verbatim et literatim* as it first appeared, rather than to follow any of the slight changes introduced by the editor of the reprint in *Essays on his own Times* (i. 233). The verses were never reprinted by Coleridge.

154. *The Keepsake*, p. 154.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 17, 1802, with the signature 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ': then in *Sib. Leaves*, etc. It had been composed two years before, and, possibly, with Dorothy Wordsworth in the poet's mind, for 'Emmeline' was Wordsworth's poetical name for his sister. Constantly, when Wordsworth had written 'Dorothy' in the drafts of his verses, he altered the name to 'Emmeline' before sending the MS. to the printer.

The *M.P.* version lacked the first line here; and ll. 18-21 ran thus:—

> 'In the cool morning twilight, early waked
> By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
> Leaving the soft bed to her sister,
> Softly she rose and lightly stole along,
> Her fair face flushing in the purple dawn,
> Adown the meadow to the woodbine bower.'

In the list, frequently mentioned in these Notes, this poem was entered as 'Forget-me-not.'

155. *Lines to W. Linley, Esq.*, p. 155.

First printed in *Annual Anthology*, 1800, which led to its being placed among the poems of that year. But I have since found the original manuscript, which is dated 'Donhead, Sept. 12, 1797.' The lines are headed by Coleridge 'To Mr. William Linley.' In the *Ann. Anthol.* the additional heading was supplied, but only with initials. The differences of text are unimportant. William Linley was the brother of the beautiful Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Joshua's 'St. Cecilia.'

156. *A Stranger Minstrel*, p. 155.

First printed in *Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson, written by herself. With some Posthumous Pieces*, 1801, iv. 141; and, again, in her *Poetical Works*, 1806, i. xlvii. The poem was first collected in ed. 1877-80.

The verses were sent to Mrs. Robinson a few weeks before her death, which took place on Dec. 28, 1800.

Mrs. Robinson was 'Perdita.' Some time before her death she retired to a cottage in the Lake country. Coleridge had known her previously in London, and their mutual admiration was pronounced. Coleridge wrote to Poole (unpublished letter of

Feb. 1, 1801) : 'Poor dear Mrs. Robinson! you have heard of her death. She wrote me a most affecting heart-rending letter a few weeks before she died to express what she called her death-bed affection and esteem for me.' He quotes a few lines of the letter, which expresses an intense desire to see the summit of Skiddaw once more. 'I should never quit the prospect (she writes); it would be present till my eyes were closed for ever.'

It was no doubt in response to this letter that Coleridge sent *The Stranger Minstrel*, though he says nothing of it to Poole. Poole was much affected by Coleridge's letter : 'I sighed from the bottom of my heart,' he writes ; and asks, 'Should no muse dwell a moment on the affecting theme?' Perhaps the inquiry suggested to Coleridge the next poem—*The Mad Monk*.

The Stranger Minstrel contains one unhappy line—the forty-fifth—as addressed to Perdita :—

'His voice was like a monarch wooing.'

When writing the opening passage Coleridge probably had in his mind Wordsworth's lines, which he often heard repeated at Alfoxden less than three years before :—

'I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines written in Early Spring.

157. *The Mad Monk*, p. 156.

First printed in *The Wild Wreath* (1804), edited by M. S. Robinson, a daughter of 'Perdita.' It was first reprinted in the 'Supplement' to Coleridge's *P. and D. W.*' 1877-80. See preceding 'Note.'

158. *The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone*, p. 157.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Dec. 4, 1800, with the title—'The Two Round Spaces : A Skeltoniad.' A squib is always best in its original form, and this I have preferred to print, rather than the revised version given in the *P. W.* 1834. Two others were given in *Fraser's Magazine* for Feb. and May 1833 respectively ; a fourth is printed in J. Payne Collier's *Old Man's Dears*, i. 35 ; and yet a fifth exists in a MS. in the British Museum. The 'fellow from Aberdeen' was Sir James Mackintosh, a man whom Coleridge heartily detested.

When the verses were reprinted in 1834 this note was prefixed :—'See the apology for the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter." This is the first time the author ever published these lines.[1] He would have been glad had they perished ; but they have now been printed repeatedly in magazines, and he is told that the verses will not perish. Here, therefore, they are owned, with the hope that they will be taken, as assuredly they were composed, in mere sport.' The verses were excluded from the edition of 1852.

159. *The Snow-drop*, p. 158.

This fragment is here printed for the first time. In quality it is very unequal, but there are some lines which no one but Coleridge could have written. The draft title and the letter explain the motive and intention of the verses. There are five stanzas more, but they are too imperfect for print.

LINES WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PERUSAL OF MRS. ROBINSON'S SNOW DROP.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,

I am one of your many readers who have been highly gratified by some extracts from Mrs. Robinson's 'Walsingham' : you will oblige me by inserting the following lines [composed] immediately on the perusal of her beautiful poem, 'The Snow Drop.' ZAGRI.

160. *On Revisiting the Sea-shore*, p. 159.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 15, 1801, and signed 'Εστησε.' The lines were sent to Southey in a letter dated 'Bishop Middleham, Aug. 11, 1801.'

161. *Ode to Tranquillity*, p. 159.

First printed, without signature, in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 4, 1801, with these

[1] Were they, then, printed in the *M. Post* without Coleridge's sanction? Very unlikely.—ED.

two stanzas for opening. They were never reprinted by Coleridge :—

Vix ea nostra voco.

What statesmen scheme and soldiers work,
Whether the Pontiff or the Turk
Will e'er renew th' expiring lease
Of Empire ; whether War or Peace
Will best play off the Consul's game ;
What fancy-figures, and what name
Half-thinking, sensual France, a natural slave,
On those ne'er broken chains, her self-forged chains, will grave ;

Disturb not me ! Some tears I shed
When bow'd the Swiss his noble head ;
Since then, with quiet heart have view'd
Both distant fights and treaties crude,
Whose heap'd-up terms, which fear compels,
(Live Discord's green combustibles,
And future fuel of the funeral pyre)
Now hide, and soon, alas ! will feed the low-burnt fire.

There were no indented lines in the *M.P.* The *Ode*, as truncated, was printed in *The Friend*, 'No. I. Thursday, June 1, 1809,' with this introduction : 'But all intentional allusions to particular persons, all support of, or hostility to, particular parties or factions, I now and for ever utterly disclaim. My Principles command this Abstinence, my Tranquillity requires it.'

'Tranquillity ! thou better name,' [etc.]

162. *Dejection : an Ode*, p. 159.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Oct. 4, 1802—Wordsworth's wedding-day—with signature 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.' See 'APPENDIX G.' But this was not the original form of the poem : when first written it was addressed to Wordsworth by name—'William' standing for the 'Edmund' of the *Morning Post*. In the Appendix to the third volume of his edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, Prof. Knight gives this information taken from two autograph copies of the *Ode* existing among the Coleorton papers, one of them being signed 'S. T. Coleridge to William Wordsworth.' The other is imperfect, for S. T. C. breaks off at the line

'My shaping spirit of Imagination,'

adding : 'I am so weary of this doleful poem that I must break off.' My own impression is that the asterisks of the *M.P.* stand merely for the few lines added in *Sib. Leaves*. That these lines existed in Oct. 1802 is certain, as they were then sent to J. Wedgwood (see further on in this Note).

In his Latin letter to Coleridge of Oct. 9, 1802 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 185), Lamb makes allusion to the appearance of the *Ode* in a passage thus translated by Canon Ainger : 'I am wonderfully pleased to have your account of the marriage of Wordsworth (or perhaps I should say of a certain *Edmund* of yours). All blessings rest on thee, Mary ! [Mrs. Wordsworth] too happy in thy lot. . . . I wish thee also joy in this new alliance, Dorothy, truly so named, that other *gift-of God*.'[1]

When the *Ode* was next printed (*Sib. Leaves*, 1817), considerable and notable alterations had been made, but the text underwent no further changes. The following are the more remarkable divergences between the original and the revised versions. 'Lady,' it will be observed, takes the place of 'Edmund' ; the line between 36 and 37—

'A boat becalm'd ! a lovely sky-canoe,'

disappears ; a new line is introduced (66)—

'Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower' ;

the address which preceded Stanza VI. ('V.' of *M.P.*) is omitted ; the gap which followed the line

'My shaping spirit of Imagination'

in the *M.P.* is partially filled up by ll.

[1] See also, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June 1887, a very interesting paper by Canon Ainger—'Coleridge's "Ode to Wordsworth"'—in which the significance of *Dejection : an Ode* is interpreted, both as regards Coleridge and Wordsworth, with much insight. I should have been glad, had it been possible, to have incorporated the whole in this Note.

87-95 (p. 161); in l. 120 (p. 162) 'Otway' is substituted for 'Edmund'; and lastly —most significant change of all—the concluding passage, in which Wordsworth was invoked as 'Brother and Friend,' and 'lofty Poet,' reappears, but abbreviated and discharged, as far as possible, of all colour of personality.

The same decolorising process was applied to the lines addressed to Wordsworth on hearing *The Prelude* (p. 176), when they came to be printed in *Sib. Leaves*. The same sad reason operated in both cases—between composition and publication 'whispering tongues' had caused the two friends to stand aloof for nearly two years, and the reconciliation which followed had not wholly done away 'the marks of that which once had been.'

ll. 37, 38. Coleridge quotes these lines in *Maxilian* (*Blackwood's Mag.* January 1822), and they are quoted by Wordsworth in his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra (1809, p. 135; see *Prose Works*, i. 132).

ll. 47-75; *and, in continuation*, ll. 29-38. In the 'Appendix' to Cottle's *Early Recollections* (ii. 201-240) will be found a reprint from 'Felix Farley's (Bristol) Journal' of some *Essays on the Fine Arts*, contributed by Coleridge in August 1814. In the third, 'On the principles of genial criticism concerning the Fine Arts, especially those of Statuary and Painting,' these lines are quoted with the signature 'S. T. C., MS. Poem.' The lines are introduced by a quotation from Plotinus (unreferenced, but it is from ENN. I. lib. vi. ch. 3, and is very incorrectly printed). 'Plotinus, difficult indeed, but under a rough and austere rind concealing fruit worthy of Paradise; and if obscure, *at tenet umbra Deum!*' [I substitute for the original, Thomas Taylor's translation, as Plotinus's Greek is 'difficult indeed']:—'When, therefore, sense beholds the form in bodies, at strife with matter, binding and vanquishing its contrary nature, and sees form gracefully shining forth in other forms, it collects together the scattered whole, and introduces it to itself, and to the indivisible form within; and renders it consonant, congruous, and friendly to its own intimate form.'

'A divine passage' (continues Coleridge) 'faintly represented in the following lines, written many years ago by the writer, though without reference to, or recollection of, the above.'

The construction of the quotation from *Dejection* is remarkable—the identification of 'this light, this glory, this fair luminous mist' with 'that green light that lingers in the west'; and it is also notable that Coleridge should have, in 1814, described a poem published in 1802 as still 'in MS.' In the text of the quotation are a few various readings of no great importance.

ll. 21-28. In a 'Scholium' on the foregoing passage and quotation, Coleridge remarks that 'the sensation of pleasure always precedes the judgment, and is its determining cause. We find [the object] agreeable. But when we declare an object beautiful, the contemplation or intuition of its beauty precedes the *feeling* of complacency, in order of nature at least; nay, in great depression of spirits may even exist without sensibly producing it.' And then he quotes ll. 21-28 without a hint that they come from the same poem. The passage in the 'Essay' which immediately follows is printed as a fragment in Allsop's *Letters*, etc. ii. 42-44.

ll. 80-81. 'Ere I speak of myself in the tones, which are alone natural to me under the circumstances of late years [c. 1813-15], I would fain present myself [in *Satyrane's Letters*, 1799-1800] to the Reader as I was in the first dawn of my literary life—

> 'When Hope grew round me, like the climbing vine,
> And fruits and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.'
>
> (*Biog. Lit.* 1817, ii. 182.)

To this passage the Editor of the 1847 edition (ii. 186) adds the apposite note:—

> *Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*
> GEORG. ii. v. 82.

ll. 86-93. In a letter to Josiah Wedgwood, of October 20, 1802 ('This is my birthday, my thirtieth'—the 21st was really the birthday), Coleridge wrote: 'I found no comfort but in the direct speculations: in the "Ode to Dejection" which you were pleased with, these lines, in the ori-

ginal, followed the line, "My shaping spirit of Imagination," '—and then he quotes ll. 87-93, the sole difference in text being in the last—

'And now is almost grown the *temple* of my soul.'

COTTLE, *Rem.* p. 444.

ll. 117-125. Here, of course, the reference is to Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray*, rendered not the less palpable by the successive changes from 'William' to 'Edmund,' and from 'Edmund' to 'Otway.' The germ of the passage occurs in a letter (unpublished) to Poole a whole year earlier: 'Greta Hall, Feb. 1, 1801.—O my dear, dear Friend! that you were with me by the fireside of my study here, that I might talk it over with you to *the tune of this night-wind that pipes its thin, doleful, climbing, sinking notes, like a child that has lost its way, and is crying aloud, half in grief, and half in the hope to be heard by its mother.' Lucy Gray* had just been printed (*L.B.* 1800), and Poole was then reading the copy Wordsworth sent him, so that he would not fail to catch the allusion.

163. *The Picture; or, The Lover's Resolution*, p. 162.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 6, 1802. Lamb had arrived home from his visit to Greta Hall on the day before, and on the 8th he wrote thus to Coleridge, in a letter only a small portion of which has been published: 'I was pleased to recognise your blank-verse poem (the Picture) in the *Morn. Post* of Monday. It reads very well, and I feel some dignity in the notion of being able to understand it better than most Southern readers.' This settles the scenery of the poem, as well as the date of its composition. It was conveyed from the *Morning Post* to the *Poetical Register* for 1802 (1804) with but little change in text; but it reappeared in *Sib. Leaves* (1817) a good deal altered. Lines 17-26 and 34-42 had been added, and also, by way of the *Errata*, ll. 126-133, and some minor textual changes were effected. The poem, indeed, was kept under the file up to 1829.

ll. 17-25. On the 27th May 1814, when Coleridge was the guest of Mr. Wade at Bristol, and, perhaps, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, he wrote thus to Cottle, who was at the time recovering from an illness: 'I have had more than a glimpse of what is meant by death and utter darkness, and the worm that dieth not. . . . But the consolations, at least the *sensible* sweetness of hope, I do *not* possess. On the contrary, the temptation which I have constantly to fight up against, is a fear that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were offered to my choice, I should choose the former. This is, perhaps, in part, a constitutional idiosyncrasy, for when a *mere boy*, I wrote these lines—"Oh, what a wonder seems the fear of death" [etc. *Monody on Chatterton*, ll. 1-4, p. 61]; and in my early manhood, in lines descriptive of a gloomy solitude, I disguised my own sensations in the following words [mark the adaptations of the text of *The Picture*]:—

'Here Wisdom might abide, and here Remorse!
Here too, the woe-worn [written over *heart-sick* erased] Man, who weak in soul,
And of this busy human Heart a-weary,
Worships the spirit of *unconscious Life*
In Tree or Wild-flower. Gentle Lunatic!
If so he might not *wholly cease* to BE,
He would far rather not be that he is;
But would be something that he knows not of,
In Woods, or Waters, or among the Rocks.'

[I quote from the original letter, printed incorrectly in *Rem.* p. 381.]

ll. 79-86. In Mr. Samuel's annotated copy of *Sib. Leaves*, Coleridge has drawn his pen down the margin at these lines, and after correcting the text to that of 1829, he writes: 'These lines I hope to fuse into a more continuous flow, at least to articulate more organically.' The hope was not realised.

ll. 28-30. See 'Note 123' for a cancelled stanza in *Love*, in which the crazed knight in crossing the woodman's path had his 'feet gored' by 'low stubs.'

ll. 150-153. Cf. entry No. 36 in

'Commonplace Book, c. 1795-97' (in ADDENDA) :—'The subtle snow in every breeze, rose curling from the Grove, like pillars of cottage smoke.' (When printing this in the *Remains*, the editor took liberties with Coleridge's diction.)

164. *Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouni*, p. 165.

First printed in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 11, 1802, with the following title and introductory note :—

'CHAMOUNI, THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE.

'[Chamouni is one of the highest mountain valleys of the Barony of Faucigny in the Savoy Alps; and exhibits a kind of fairy world, in which the wildest appearances (I had almost said horrors) of Nature alternate with the softest and most beautiful. The chain of Mont Blanc is its boundary; and besides the Arve it is filled with sounds from the Arveiron, which rushes from the melted glaciers, like a giant, mad with joy, from a dungeon, and forms other torrents of snow-water, having their rise in the glaciers which slope down into the valley. The beautiful *Gentiana major*, or greater gentian, with blossoms of the brightest blue, grows in large companies a few steps from the never-melted ice of the glaciers. I thought it an affecting emblem of the boldness of human hope, venturing near, and, as it were, leaning over the brink of the grave. Indeed, the whole vale, its every light, its every sound, must needs impress every mind not utterly callous with the thought —Who *would* be, who *could* be an Atheist in this valley of wonders! If any of the readers of the MORNING POST have visited this vale in their journeys among the Alps, I am confident that they will not find the sentiments and feelings expressed, or attempted to be expressed, in the following poem, extravagant.]'

Any one reading this might very naturally suppose that Coleridge had composed the poem in the Vale of Chamouni, or with the impressions of its scenery fresh on his mind's eye; but he never saw the place, and never acknowledged that he was indebted for the germ of the poem, and for many of its words and images, to the following stanzas by Frederike Brun (*née* Münter), a German poetess, who called her poem 'Chamouni at Sun-rise,' and addressed it to Klopstock. This was pointed out by De Quincey in *Tait's Magazine* for September 1834 (p. 510); but he allowed that Coleridge had 'created the dry bones of the German outline into the fulness of life.'

'Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!

'Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss,
Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse stützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz?

'Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
"Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen?"

'Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn?
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogengetümmel?

'Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berstenden Eis;
Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
Jehovah rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüstert's an rieselnden Silberbächen.'

What may possibly have prompted Coleridge to concealment is stated in the apology put forward by his nephew in the Preface to the *first* edition of *Table Talk* (1835), who pleads that Coleridge could not have had 'any ungenerous wish to conceal the obligation,' for 'the words and images that are taken are taken bodily and without alteration, and not the slightest art is used—and a little would have sufficed —to disguise the fact of any community

between the poems.' Had Coleridge been borrowing from Schiller or Goethe, this would have been a fair, though hardly a sufficient excuse; but the author borrowed from was obscure, or had merely a local reputation. See Wordsworth's *Prose Works* (iii. 442) for a proof that, even to him, Coleridge had never spoken of any source but his own imagination.

Between 1802 and 1829, Coleridge made many alterations in the text of the Hymn, which it will be interesting to read in an early form. A year after it had appeared in the *Morning Post*, he revised it, and sent the revised copy to the Beaumonts. This version will be found in 'APPENDIX F,' taken from the *Coleorton Letters*, edited by Professor Knight, 1886 (i. 26).

Four versions belong to *The Friend*. I. The MS. now in the Forster Collection at S. Kensington. II. *The Friend*, No. XI.—first issue. III. Ditto, second (contemporary) issue. IV. Ditto, first issue as corrected by the Errata et Corrigenda printed in No. XIII. It was in IV. that ll. 70-80 (with some slight verbal differences) first appeared. In II. the passage ran :—

'Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou—
Who, as once more I lift my Head bow'd low,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Slow travel with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury Cloud,
To rise before me. Rise, thou aweful Form,
Rise like a Cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit,' etc.

165. *To Matilda Betham*, p. 167.

I sent these lines to the *Athenæum* (March 15, 1890) with this introduction :—

'I found the following verses in a volume of miscellaneous tracts, bound up apparently by Southey, and now in the Forster Library at South Kensington. They are printed in a fragment of what appears to have been a privately printed autobiographical sketch of Miss Matilda Betham, the cherished friend of the Southeys and the Lambs. The fragment is probably unique, for Miss Betham's distinguished niece and biographer, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, informs me she was unaware of the existence of anything of the kind.'

Mr. E. B. Betham (great-nephew of Miss Matilda Betham), who also was unaware of the existence of the verses or autobiography, replied that 'Boughton' was Lady Boughton, wife of Sir Charles Rouse-Boughton, Bart.

ll. 18, 19. Cf. TENNYSON, *The Princess* (vii. 269).

'Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.'

166. *An Ode to the Rain*, p. 168.

This seems to have been printed in the *Morning Post* about October 1802. Coleridge writes thus to J. Wedgwood, Oct. 20, 1802 :—

'The poetry I have sent [to the *M. P.*] is merely the emptying of my desk. . . . I never dreamt of acknowledging either then [Epigrams signed 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ,' Sept. and Oct. 1802 : see pp. 447-450], or the Ode to the Rain' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 445).

ll. 21, 22. Cf. *Youth and Age*—

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.'

167. *Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath*, p. 169.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Sept. 24, 1802, with the heading, '*Inscription on a jutting stone over a spring.*' In the annotated copy of *P. W.* 1828, frequently mentioned in these Notes, Coleridge wrote at the foot of this poem : 'This fountain is an exact emblem of what Mrs. Gillman was by nature, and would still be if the exhaustion by casualties, and anxious duties, and hope-surviving hopes had not been too disproportionate to the "tiny" and never-failing spring of reproductive life at the bottom of the pure basin. No "drouth," no impurity from without, no alien ingredient in its own composition—it was indeed a crystal Fount of water undefiled. But the demand has been beyond the supply! the exhaustion in merciless disproportion to the reproduction! But, God be praised! it is *immortal*, and shoots up its bright column of living waters,

where its God will be the Sun whose light it reflects! and its place in Christ the containing and protecting Basin. 1832.'

168. *The good, great Man*, p. 169.

Although Coleridge sent this to the *Morning Post* as an 'Epigram,' I have thought it better placed among the poems. He quoted it in *The Friend*, No. XIX. Dec. 28, 1809, in the course of a disquisition on the proverb which says that 'Fortune favours Fools.' No, says Coleridge, good men may not find the fortune which fools seek and sometimes find, but they find what they themselves seek—each class adopts the appropriate means to the desired end. 'In this sense the Proverb is current by a misuse, or a catachresis at least, of both the words, Fortune and Fools.

ll. 14, 15. No doubt Coleridge had in his mind Hooker's words (*Eccl. Pol.* Bk. V.): 'Half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial which of the two in the end would prevail,—the side which had all, or else the part which had *no friend*, but *God* and *Death*, the one a Defender of his Innocency, the other a finisher of all his troubles.' I found this reference pencilled by an unknown hand on the margin of a copy of the *Remains*, i. 53.

169. *Answer to a Child's Question*, p. 170.

First printed in *Morning Post*, Oct. 16, 1802, with the heading: '*The Language of Birds: Lines spoken extempore to a little child in early spring.*' When reprinted in *Sib. Leaves* and after, the two couplets I have placed within [ ] were omitted. This poem has been at least twice set to music —*The Song of the Birds*, by J. M. Capes, 1863; and as *I love and I love*, by S. Marshall, 1861.

170. *The Pains of Sleep*, p. 170.

First printed in 1817, in the pamphlet with *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. In the introduction to *Kubla Khan* it was thus alluded to: 'As a contrast to this vision I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.'

In *Poems*, 1852, the verses were printed with a note saying that 'it has been recently ascertained to have been written in 1803.' On the 22nd Sept. 1803, soon after his return from his Scotch tour, Coleridge wrote thus to Sir G. and Lady Beaumont (*Coleorton Letters*, i. 6):—

'Previously to my taking the coach, I had walked 263 miles in eight days, in the hope of forcing the disease [gout] into the extremities—and so strong am I, that I would undertake at this present time to walk 50 miles a day for a week together. In short, while I am in possession of my will and my reason, I can keep the fiend at arm's length; but with the night my horrors commence. During the whole of my journey three nights out of four I have fallen asleep struggling and resolving to lie awake, and, awaking, have blest the scream which delivered me from the reluctant sleep. Nine years ago I had three months' visitation of this kind, and I was cured by a sudden throwing off of a burning corrosive acid. These dreams, with all their mockery of guilt, rage, unworthy desires, remorse, shame, and terror, formed at that time the subject of some Verses, which I had forgotten till the return of the complaint, and which I will send you in my next as a curiosity.'

The statement regarding the 'visitation nine years ago' is entirely uncorroborated. Coleridge seems not to have sent the verses to the Beaumonts; but a fortnight later he writes thus to Poole (Oct. 3): 'God forbid that my worst enemy should ever have the Nights and the Sleeps that I have had night after night — surprised by sleep, while I struggled to remain awake, starting up to bless my own loud scream that had awakened me — yea, dear friend! till my repeated night-yells had made me a nuisance in my own house. As I live and am a man, this is an unexaggerated tale. My dreams became the substances of my life.' Then follow, in the letter, without further introduction and with but a few verbal differences, ll. 18-32 of *The Pains of Sleep*. The rest of the poem was probably written about the same time. De Quincey relates similar experiences in a cancelled passage of his *Confessions*, which is printed only in the notes to Dr. Garnett's edition of that work (Parchment Library

ed. 1885, p. 263). Coleridge had returns of these 'visitations' long after he was supposed to have abandoned the abuse of opium. See, for instance, a letter of July 31, 1820, and another of March 4, 1822, in Allsop's *Letters*, etc. 1836, i. 78 (or 1864, p. 42) and 1836, ii. 84 (or 1864, p. 169) respectively. See also Note to *The Visionary Hope*, below (No. 171); and Gillman's *Life*, p. 246.

ll. 51, 52.——'me, who from my childhood have had no avarice, no ambition, whose very vanity in my vainest moments was, nine-tenths of it, the desire, and delight, and necessity of loving and of being beloved.' (To Sir G. B., Oct. 1, 1803, in *Coleorton Letters*, i. 15.)

171. *The Visionary Hope*, p. 171.

There being no certainty as to the date of this poem, I have grouped it with *The Pains of Sleep*, because although certainly composed somewhat later, it is a variation on the same theme. Both may be compared with *Remorse*, Act iv. Sc. i. ll. 68-73 (p. 386), and it is to be noted that these lines appear neither in the *Osorio* MS. nor in the first edition of *Remorse*. They were added in the second edition. See also an interesting quotation of this passage—altered, and twice altered — in *Biog Lit.* chap. xviii. (1817, ii. 72).

I have added the two little fragments—both printed for the first time—*An Exile* and *Homeless* in this place because they harmonise with *The Visionary Hope*, and might have been lost sight of amid other surroundings.

172. *To Asra*, p. 171.

These verses, now printed for the first time, accompanied a MS. copy of one of Coleridge's poems presented to a friend in 1803.

173. *Phantom*, p. 172.

This is a dream-poem — found in a Diary kept during the voyage to Malta. First printed in 1834.

174. *Sonnet translated from Marini*, p. 172.

This was found in a very much tortured draft among papers of Coleridge mostly belonging to the Malta period. I have pieced out the text as well as I could. The following is the Italian original :—

ALLA SUA AMICO.

Sonetto.

Donna, siam rei di morte. Errasti, errai ;
Di perdon non son degni i nostri errori,
Tu che avventasti in me si fieri ardori ;
Io che le fiamme a sì bel sol furai.

Io che una fiera rigida adorai,
Tu che fosti sord' aspra[1] a' miei dolori ;
Tu nell' ire ostinata, io negli amori :
Tu pur troppo sdegnasti, io troppo amai.

Or la pena laggiù nel cieco averno :
Pari al fallo n' aspetta. Arderà poi,
Chi visse in foco, in vivo foco eterno
Quivi : se Amor fia giusto amboduo noi
All' incendio dannati, avrem l' inferno,
Tu nel mio core, ed io negli occhi tuoi.

Opere del Cavalier Giambattista Marino, congiunte di nuovi componimenti inediti. Nuova Edizione, con un discorso preliminare di Giuseppe Zirardini. Napoli, 1861, p. 550.

175. *A Sunset*, p. 172.

These lines were sent by Coleridge to 'William Worship, Esq., Yarmouth,' on April 22, 1819. In the letter accompanying them he writes : 'The lines are little worth your or the lady's acceptance. But as the autography was the main desideratum, I thought that unpublished, and as far as I know, never to be published Lines would be more *ad propositum* than better ones transcribed from print.' The lines with a few verbal differences occur in a note-book dated Malta, Aug. 16, 1805, and with the statement that they were written as 'nonsense verses, merely to try a metre ; but they are by no means contemptible.'

176. *Constancy to an Ideal Object*, p. 172.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828, but, i

[1] So in Zirardini. I think *aspra* must be a misprint for *aspe*, or *aspide*, or *aspido* (=an asp). Neither FLORIO (1598) nor BARRETTI (1831) has *aspra*.—ED.

believe, written in Malta. It is one of the dream-poems, like *Phantom* (p. 172) and *Phantom or Fact?* (p. 207), though the latter was written twenty years later.

ll. 9, 10. Cf. 'After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death!' (*Allegoric Vision*, 'APPENDIX J,' p. 534).

l. 30. 'This phenomenon, which the author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the *Aids to Reflection*:—

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius; as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognises it as a projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre."'—*Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 220. [Note by S. T. C.]

177. *Farewell to Love*, p. 173.

First printed in *Gentleman's Magazine*, Nov. 1815; then in *Lit. Remains*, i. 280; also in Allsop (*Letters*, etc. 1864, p. 76). I believe it was composed in Malta.

178. *What is Life?* p. 173.

First printed in the *Lit. Souvenir* for 1829; then in *Lit. Remains* and dated '1829'; first collected in *Poems*, 1852. Coleridge sent the lines to Mr. Worship of Yarmouth (see 'Note 175') in 1819, stating that he wrote them when he was aged 'between 15 and 16.' His memory served him badly, for they were really composed at Malta on the '16th August 1805, the day of the Valetta Horse-racing—bells jangling, and stupefying music all day.' In the Diary they are immediately preceded by the lines I have called *A Sunset* (p. 172), which were begun as nonsense verses. The lines, *What is Life?* have this note: 'Written in the same manner and for the same purpose, but of course with more consciousness than the two stanzas on the preceding leaf' [i.e. *A Sunset*]. Cf. Alvar's speech in *Remorse* (Act iii. Sc. i. p. 379, l. 44)—

> 'I call up the Departed!
> * * * *
> Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> *With noise too vast and constant to be heard:*
> Fitliest unheard!'

179. *The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree*, p. 173.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828. In 1829 a few verbal alterations were made in the text both of prose and verse.

ll. 28-30. See Allsop's *Letters*, etc. 1864, p. 208.

l. 31. In a letter (unpublished) written in 1819 to a young friend who was about to be married Coleridge wrote: 'O! that you could appreciate by the light of other men's experience the anguish which prompted the ejaculation

> Why was I made for love, yet love denied to me?

or the state of suffering instanced by the following description:—

> Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
> Though tired in heart and limb:
> He loved no other place, and yet
> Home was no home to him.'
> [*v. Three Graves*, p. 91.]

180. *Separation*, p. 175.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. Believed to have been written on the voyage to Malta. In ed. 1848 there is the following note: 'The fourth and last stanzas are adapted from the twelfth and last of Cotton's *Chlorinda*:—

> 'O my Chlorinda! could'st thou see
> Into the bottom of my heart,
> There's such a Mine of Love for thee,
> The treasure would supply desert,

'Meanwhile my Exit now draws nigh,
When, sweet Chlorinda, thou shalt see
That I have heart enough to die,
Not half enough to part with thee.

'The fifth stanza is the eleventh of Cotton's poem.'

181. *A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback, etc.*, p. 175.

First printed in *The Amulet* for 1833 with this title; then in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834 with the title of *A Versified Reflection* (see 'Note 127'), with this note:—'The following stanza (it may not arrogate the name of poem) or versified reflection, was composed while the author was gazing on three parallel *Forces*, on a moonlight night, at the foot of Saddleback Fell.' The 'reflection' was doubtless made at Saddleback Fell, but it was versified at 'Olevano [Tuscany], March 8, 1806,' while Coleridge was on his way home from Malta.

182. *To a Gentleman* [*William Wordsworth*], *etc.*, p. 176.

Composed at Coleorton Farmhouse in January 1807, where Coleridge with Hartley was Wordsworth's guest. It was first printed in *Sib. Leaves* (1815, pub. 1817), but with title and text much altered from the original MS. which was sent to the Beaumonts at the time. The changes are so numerous and so significant that I have printed the original copy in 'APPENDIX H' to this volume. Almost as completely as in the case of *Dejection* (see 'Note 162') Coleridge removed all traces of personality. The interested reader will prefer to seek out the changes for himself, but a reference may be given to a few of the more important:—ll. 1; 5-11; 61-64; 82; 107, 108. Between the last mentioned this line was omitted in print;—

('All whom I deepliest love—in one room all!')

Coleorton Farmhouse contained at the time—besides Coleridge and his little son Hartley—Wordsworth, his wife and children, his sister Dorothy, and his sister-in-law Miss Sarah Hutchinson. It was a cruel line; for it excluded not merely his wife—from whom a formal separation had almost been arranged—but his children Derwent and Sara; to say nothing of Thomas Poole. It is inconceivable how Coleridge should have permitted the line to stand in the copy made for the Beaumonts—whom also he professed to love deeply.

The magnificent passage comprising ll. 62-78 (p. 526), never printed by Coleridge, should not be overlooked.

ll. 45-47. By 'an Orphic tale' Coleridge meant, 'philosophic blank verse, perfect models of which may be found in Wordsworth' (Notes on Barclay's 'Argenis,' *Lit. Rem.* i. 255).

ll. 65-75. 'In this exculpation I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims which others are entitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I have effected am I to be judged by my fellow men; what I could have done is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentering my powers to the realisation of some permanent work. But to verse rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning for

Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
[etc.]

These will exist, for the future, I trust only in the poetic strains, which the feelings at the time called forth. In those only, gentle reader,

"Affectus animi varios, bellumque sequacis
Perlegis invidiæ; curasque revolvis inanes;
Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
Perlegis et lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Vox aliudque sonat. Jamque observatio vitæ

Multa dedit:—lugere nihil, ferre omnia: jamque
Paulatim lacrymas rerum experientia tersit."'
(*Biog. Lit.* 1817: *end of chap. x.*)

The Latin lines are from Petrarch's *Epistles*, lib. i. Barbato Salmonensi. Basil. 1554, i. 76 (Ref. in *B. L.* 1847). Part of the same passage was used as motto to the 'Love Poems' division in *Sib. Leaves* and later. See 'Note 123.'

l. 98. 'A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.'—*The Friend*, p. 220. [Note by S. T. C. in *Sib. Leaves*. The passage is in 'Satyrane's Letters,' *Biog. Lit.* (1817) ii. 196; (1847) ii. 197.]

In Knight's *Life of Wordsworth* (ii. 255) there is a very interesting letter from Coleridge to Wordsworth dated 'Calne, May 30, 1815,' in which he states that he had 'never determined' to print the *Lines*, and certainly should not have done so 'without having first consulted' Wordsworth. 'I wanted no additional reason for its not being published in my life-time, than its *personality* regarding myself. . . . It is for the biographer, not the poet, to give the *accidents* of *individual* life. . . . Otherwise, I confess to you, prudential reasons would not have weighed with me, for there is nothing in the lines, as far as your powers are concerned, which I have not as fully expressed elsewhere.' The letter, all of which is deeply interesting, closes thus: 'God bless you! I am, and never have been other than, your most affectionate S. T. COLERIDGE.'

183. *Recollections of Love*, p. 178.

First printed in *Sib. Leaves* (1815-1817). The date of composition worked out by the 'eight springs' of the second stanza gives the summer (or later) of 1807, but Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge thinks the poem may have been written in 1803, regarding the 'eight' as merely a 'figure of speech,' used because in its place more harmonious than six or nine, or what not. I have therefore put both dates, and queried both. I introduce here an early unprinted fragment of prose, because not only is it very charming in itself, but it lights up one of the stanzas of the *Recollections of Love*. It is called

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN THE COURT OF LOVE.

Why is my Love like the Sun?

1. The Dawn = the presentiment of my Love.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with thy name: yet why
That obscure [over *aching*] Hope: that yearning Sigh?
That sense of Promise everywhere?
Beloved! flew thy spirit by?

2. The Sunrise = the suddenness, the all-at-once of Love—and the first silence—the beams of Light fall first on the distance, the interspace still dark.

3. The Cheerful Morning—the established Day-light universal.

4. The Sunset—who can behold it, and think of the Sun-rise? It takes all the thought to itself. The Moon-reflected Light—soft, melancholy, warmthless—the absolute purity (nay, it is always *pure*, but) the incorporeity of Love in absence—Love *per se* is a Potassium—it can subsist by itself, tho' in presence it has a natural and necessary combination with a comburient principle. All other Lights (the fixed Stars) not borrowed from the absent Sun—Lights for other worlds, not for me. I see them and admire, but they irradiate nothing.

The exquisite fragment (No. 63, p. 460), beginning—

'Within these circling hollies, woodbine-clad'—

was probably composed as the opening of *Recollections of Love*, and abandoned on account of a change of metre.

184. *A Day-Dream*, p. 179.

First printed in *The Bijou* for 1828.

There cannot be any doubt, I think, that the 'Asra' of *this* poem is Miss Sarah Hutchinson; 'Mary,' her sister (Mrs. Wordsworth); 'our sister and our friend,' Dorothy and William Wordsworth.

Compare with the first line, *Remorse*, last two lines of the footnote (p. 375)—

'So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!'

185. *To Two Sisters*, p. 179.

First printed in the *Courier*, Dec. 10, 1807. The signature was 'SIESTI,' but this disguise of 'ESTEESI' proved too thin, and Mrs. Coleridge was highly displeased. When the poet's wife and the children left Bristol under the escort of De Quincey in 1807, Coleridge was to have proceeded at once to London to deliver lectures at the Royal Institution, but he fell ill and was nursed by these two pretty and kind sisters, the elder being the wife of J. J. Morgan, then resident in Bristol. The Morgans afterwards removed to Hammersmith, later to the neighbourhood of Bath, and later still to Calne, and in all these homes Coleridge had an honoured place and was tenderly cared for.

The poem was never reprinted, but in *P. W.* 1834 these few lines were inserted with the heading—

On taking Leave of ——, 1817.[1]

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!
O for some dear abiding-place of Love,
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,
Might brood with warming wings!—O fair as kind,
Were but one sisterhood with you combined,
(Your very image they in shape and mind)
Far rather would I sit in solitude,
The forms of memory all my mental food,
And dream of you sweet sisters, (ah, not mine!)
And only dream of you (ah, dream and pine!)
Than have the presence. and partake the pride,
And shine in the eye of all the world beside!

[1] A misprint for '1807' in 1834, and repeated in all subsequent editions until 1877-80.—Ed.

The editor of *P. and D. W.* 1877-80, by an oversight, states that these lines were printed in *Sib. Leaves*. He was the first to reprint the poem of 1807 in its integrity.

186. *A Tombless Epitaph*, p. 180.

First printed, without a title, in *The Friend*, No. XIV. Nov. 23, 1809. A note says: 'Imitated, in the movements rather than the thought, from the VIIth of Gli Epitafi of Chiabrera:—

'Fu ver, che Ambrosio Salinero a torto
Si pose in pena d' odiose liti,' etc.

The poem received its title when reprinted in *Sib. Leaves* (1817), but from first to last the text was left unaltered, except in the correction of *outlets* to *inlets* in the 16th line.

Of course Satyrane was Coleridge himself, and the poem should be read as a portrait exquisitely and in the main truly drawn, allowing for the inevitable romantic point of view. He allows Alhadra to add a touch or two to his own, in the portrait she draws of her husband (*Remorse*, Act i. Sc. ii. ll. 241-243, p. 367).

187. *For a Market-Clock — Inscription for a Time-Piece*, p. 181.

The former printed for the first time from a letter to Poole (1809); the latter from *Table Talk*, 1835, *Appendix* ii. 360. I give H. N. Coleridge's date, '1830,' but feel obliged to add a query, believing the lines to belong to a much earlier date.

188. *The Virgin's Cradle-Hymn*, p. 181.

First printed in the *Courier*, Aug. 30, 1811, with the following introductory note:—

'[About thirteen years ago or more, travelling through the middle parts of Germany, I saw a little print of the Virgin and Child in the small public-house of a

Catholic village with the following beautiful Latin lines under it, which I transcribed. They may be easily adapted to the air of the famous Sicilian Hymn, *Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes*, by the omission of a few notes.]'

In the *Morning Post*, Dec. 26, 1801, the Latin lines *only* appeared as from a 'Correspondent in Germany.' Coleridge was doubtless the 'Correspondent.' The piece has been frequently set to music—by Booth (1859), Moysen (1872), Howells (1874), etc.

189. *To a Lady offended by a sportive Observation — Reason for Love's Blindness*, p. 181.

The former appeared in *Omniana* (1812), i. 238, and when collected in *P. W.* 1828, the latter was linked with it.

190. *The Suicide's Argument*, p. 182.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828. It is found in a note-book of 1811, preceded by this couplet :—

'Complained of, complaining, there shov'd and here shoving,
Every one blaming me, ne'er a one loving.'

191. *The Pang more sharp than all*, p. 182.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828. This poem is misplaced, for since dating it, conjecturally, as '? 1811,' I have learnt that the draft of a portion (roughly, ll. 19-20) has been found dated 1807, while another (about ll. 37-40) is written on paper with the water-mark of '1819.' '1811' has thus the doubtful merit of being a nearly correct *mean* date. I copy the later draft :—

'—— within my Heart
The Magic child as in a magic glow
Transfused, and ah! he *left* within my Heart
A loving image and a counterpart.'

'—— into my Heart
As 'twere some magic glass, the magic child
Transfused his Image and full counterpart;
And then he left it like a Sylph beguiled
To live and learn and languish incomplete!
Day following day, more rugged grows my path,
A Blank upon my Heart, and Hope is dead and buried—
Yet this deep yearning will not die—yet Love
Clings on and cloathes the marrowless remains
Like the fresh moss that grows on dead men's bones :
Quaint mockery! and fills its scarlet cups
With the chill dew damps of the Charnel House.
O ask not for my Heart! My Heart is but
The darksome vault where Hope is dead and buried,
And Love with Asbest Lamp bewails the corse.'

* * * *

What is 'the Pang more sharp than all' the poet does not reveal until the close. It is not that Esteem, even Self-esteem, turns to Compassion; not even the failure of wonted Kindness :—

'O worse than all! O pang of pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!'

And Love absent, if it has once been present, is Love dead, and without power to be born again—as we are told in the 'Envoy' to *Love's Apparition and Evanishment* (p. 208).

192. *In many ways does the full heart reveal, etc.*, p. 183.

I have placed this motto here out of what may possibly be its true chronological position, because it is an echo of *The Pang, etc.*

193. *The Night-Scene*, p. 183.

First printed in *Sib. Leaves* (1815-17), rewritten in 1813 from a drama begun and left in a fragmentary condition in 1801, under the title '*The Triumph of Loyalty*, an Historic Drama in Five Acts.'

l. 14.

But thou art stern, and with unkindling *countenance.*

This has hitherto been printed incorrectly *unkindly.*

ll. 50-56. Cf. Alhadra's speech in *Remorse*, iv. iii. ll. 17-20 (also in *Osorio*, v. 'APPENDIX D'); also Browning's *Sordello*, Bk. iii. in *P. W.* 1868, ii. 97.

194. *A Hymn*, p. 185.

First printed in *Poems*, 1852, with the following note:—

The manuscript of this poem, which is now printed for the first time, was communicated to the Editors by J. W. Wilkins, Esq., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with the following memorandum:—

'The accompanying autograph, dated 1814, and addressed to Mrs. Hood, of Brunswick Square, was given not later than the year 1817, to a relative of my own, who was then residing at Clifton (and was, at the time at which it passed into his hands, an attendant on Mr. Coleridge's lectures, which were in course of delivery at that place), either by the lady to whom it is addressed, or by some other friend of Mr. Coleridge. It was subsequently placed among other papers, and its existence was partially forgotten, until last year, when it finally passed into my hands. J. W. WILKINS.'

195. *The Butterfly*, p. 185.

First printed as 'from an unpublished poem of the author' in *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 82, *n.*); then in *The Amulet* for 1833.

196. *Glycine's Song*, p. 186.

Reprinted here, lest so charming a lyric should be overlooked. As a prose draft of it exists, it is believed to be a translation.

The song was set to music by W. Patten in 1836; and again, with the title 'May Song,' in 1879, by R. H. Loehr. The *Hunting Song* in 'Zapolya' was set by Macfarren in Hullah's *Singer's Lib. of Concerted Music*, No. 22, 1859.

197. *Time, Real and Imaginary*, p. 187.

First printed in *Sib. Leaves* with the statement in the Preface (*q.v.* 'APPENDIX K') that it was a 'schoolboy poem,' and this explanation:—'By imaginary Time I meant the state of a schoolboy's mind when on his return to school he projects his being in his day-dreams, and lives in his next holidays, six months hence; and this I contrasted with real Time.' This, I have little doubt, is one of the many instances in which Coleridge amused himself and his friends by affixing impossible—or, at all events, highly improbable—dates to his compositions. These lines may embody some school-boy dream of holidays and his sister Ann; it may even have received some shape in boyhood, but not its present shape—that must have been impressed at a later date, probably c. 1815-17, when *Sib. Leaves* was in the press. Whatever may be the truth about these verses, it is necessary to warn the student that the favourite epithet 'schoolboy' attached by Coleridge to any poem of his is of no value as evidence.

198. *Israel's Lament*, p. 187.

The title-page of the pamphlet states that the English translation is 'by S. T. Coleridge, Esq.' The Hebrew and English are on opposite pages. The imprint is: 'Printed by H. Barnett, 2 St. James's Place, Aldgate, and sold by T. Boosey, 4 Old Broad St. [etc.], 1817.'

199. *The Tears of a grateful People*, p. 188.

Although out of its chronological place, I have thought it best to print this with the other translation from the Hebrew. Coleridge's name is not given on the title-page, where it is stated that the Dirge is 'translated by a Friend.' I believe, however, there is no doubt that Coleridge was the 'Friend.' The imprint is the same as in the other except that there is no date. The year, of course, was 1820.

200. *Limbo*, p. 189.

Two fragments—*Moles* and *Limbo*—first collected in *P. W.* 1834 are here united with their connecting context. *Moles* (ll. 6-10) was first printed in *The Friend* (1818, iii. 215)—'They' referring to 'the partizans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the *Nihil nisi ab extra.*'

Limbo (ll. 11 to the end) was first printed in *P. W.* 1834.

201. *The Knight's Tomb*, p. 190.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. There is no means of arriving at the date of composition, except the circumstance that a few lines were quoted by Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe* (i. 156), published in 1820 :—

'To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dust,
And their good swords rust ;—
Their souls are with the saints, I trust.'

Sir Walter was quoting, of course, from memory. Gillman (*Life*, p. 227) tells us that this convinced Coleridge that Scott was the author of the Waverley Novels. 'The lines were composed as an experiment for a metre, and repeated by the author to a mutual friend, who repeated them again at a dinner-party to Scott on the following day.' This does not help us to the date, but I am disposed to believe that I may have post-dated it ('?1817') even considerably. On the other hand, if it was an early composition, it would probably have been sent to the *Morning Post*, or the *Courier*, or included in *Sib. Leaves*.

202. *On Donne's Poetry*, p. 190.

Printed in *Lit. Rem.* i. 148, from 'notes written by Mr. Coleridge in a volume of Chalmers's Poets, belonging to Mr. Gillman,' and now first collected.

203. *Fancy in nubibus*, p. 190.

First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November 1819. In his Prefatory Memoir in the Tauchnitz edition of Coleridge's Poems, F. Freiligrath states that 'the last five lines of "Fancy *in nubibus*" belong to Stolberg (see his stanzas "*An das Meer*").' These are the lines alluded to by Freiligrath :—

'Der blinde Sänger stand am Meer,
Die Wogen rauschten um ihn her,
Und Riesenthaten goldner Zeit
Umrauschten ihn im Feierkleid.

'Es kam zu ihm auf Schwanenschwung
Melodisch die Begeisterung,
Und Iliad und Odyssee
Entsteigen mit Gesang der See.'

There are interesting allusions to the sonnet in two contemporary letters of Lamb to Coleridge (Ainger's *Letters*, ii. 32 and 311 ; ii. 230 and 345). Examination of the original letters at the first references enables me to say that phrase which has puzzled Lamb's editors—'Who put your marine sonnet about Browne into *Blackwood*?'—was written thus : 'Who put your marine sonnet, *and* about Browne, into *Blackwood*?' In the same number there is a note on Sir Thomas Browne by Coleridge, but not contributed by him. It is signed 'G. J.'—very probably James Gillman's initials reversed.

204. *To Nature*, p. 190.

First printed by Allsop (*Letters*, etc., 1836, i. 144; 1864, p. 76) along with *Farewell to Love* (p. 173). Of *To Nature* he says : 'The second sonnet I have found on a detached piece of paper, without note or observation. How it came into my possession I have now forgotten, tho' I have some faint impression that I wrote it down from dictation.'

205. *Youth and Age*, p. 191.

First printed in *The Bijou*, and in *The Literary Souvenir*, both for 1828. The double publication was the result of some mistake on Coleridge's part. The poem as then printed closed with the 38th line :—

'That youth and I are house-mates still.'

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1832 there appeared the following lines entitled 'The Old Man's Sigh : a Sonnet,' prefaced by some rambling remarks headed 'What is an English Sonnet?' In the course of these Coleridge states that the verses below are an 'out-slough, or hypertrophic stanza of a certain poem called "Youth and Age,"' and (ironically) that as they consist of exactly fourteen lines, they have a right to be called 'an English Sonnet' :—

'Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
In our old age,
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars
of the still narrowing cage—

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss'd;
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.
O! might Life cease! and Selfless Mind
Whose total *Being* is *Act*, alone remain behind!

'18*th May* 1832—Grove, Highgate.'

In 1834, a recast of these lines was added to *Youth and Age*. Coleridge wrote them in Rotha Quillinan's Album with date, 'Grove, Highgate, April 1832,' and as a poem the lines were probably composed about that time, although the four opening lines are found in the first complete draft of *Youth and Age* written in 1823.

In 1828, when Coleridge (with Wordsworth and Dora) was passing through Brussels on the Rhine tour, he wrote the following lines in an album:—

'Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve;
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
As we creep feebly down life's slope.
Yet courteous dame, accept this truth—
Hope leaves not us, but we leave hope,
And quench the inward light of youth.'

(See Colley Grattan's *Beaten Paths*, 1865, ii. 139.)

The first draft was a false start, opening with

'Flowers are lovely, love is flower-like,'

and coming to a stop very soon; but it had this charming introduction, now printed for the first time:—

10 Sept. 1823. Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock.

On the tenth day of September,
Eighteen hundred and twenty-three,
Wednesday morn, and I remember
Ten on the clock the hour to be
[*The watch and clock do both agree*].[1]

An *Air* that whizzed διὰ ἐγκεφάλου (right across the diameter of my brain) exactly like a Hummel Bee, *alias* Dumbeldore, the gentleman with Rappee Spencer, with bands of red and orange plush Breeches, close by my ear, at once sharp and buzzy, right over the summit of Quantock at earliest dawn just between the Nightingale that I stopt to hear in the copse at the foot of Quantock, and the first sky-lark that was a Song-Fountain, dashing up and sparkling to the Ear's eye, in full column or ornamented shaft of sound in the order of Gothic Extravaganza, out of sight, over the Cornfields on the descent of the Mountain on the other side—out of sight, tho' twice I beheld its mute shoot downward in the sunshine like a falling star of silver:—

Area Spontanea.

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a shelt'ring tree—
O the Joys that came down shower-like,
Of Beauty, Truth, and Liberty,
When I was young, ere I was old!
[*O Youth that wert so glad, so bold,*
What quaint disguise hast now put on?
Would'st make-believe that thou art gone?
O Youth! thy Vesper-bell . . .][2]

Thou always wert a masker bold—
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone!

O Youth, so true, so fair, so free,
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,
Thou always . . .

Ah! was it not enough, that Thou
In Thy eternal Glory should outgo me?
Would'st thou not Grief's sad Victory allow
* * * *
Hope's a Breeze that robs the Blossoms
Fancy feeds, and murmurs the Bee.
* * * *

This was a false start, but is not less interesting than the true one which follows in the MS. and which was kept up until the exquisite poem was completed—apparently almost in one heat—down to and past

'That Youth and I are Housemates still!'—

going on to

'Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful Eve:

[1] This *Christabel*-like line is erased.—Ed.

[2] Lines within [ ] erased.—Ed.

Where no hope is, Life's a warning
That only serves to make [*us*] me grieve,
Now I am old.'

In an autograph copy possessed by Mr. E. H. Coleridge the metrical feet are marked in the first division; the passage beginning 'Flowers are lovely' is numbered as '2,' and that beginning 'Dew-drops,' etc. as '3.'

The two closing lines of 'The Old Man's Sigh' are a curious instance of Coleridge's tendency to allow scientific controversy to stray into his poetry—a tendency which he vehemently disclaimed (see the Conclusion of the *Biog. Lit.*) The lines were no doubt written deliberately as a protest against the corpuscular theory, which was one of his *bêtes noires*: see the posthumous *Theory of Life* (1848, p. 11).

206. *The Reproof and Reply*, p. 191.

First printed in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, along with, in answer to a friend's letter, *Love and Friendship opposite* (p. 207), *Lines to a Comic Author* (p. 451), and the two versicles about Cologne (p. 452): the four pieces grouped under this heading — 'Lightheartedness in Rhyme. By S. T. Coleridge.' 'I expect no sense worth listening to, from the man who never dares talk nonsense.'—ANON.

207. *Love's First Hope*, p. 193.

First printed among the 'Miscellaneous Poems' in *P. W.* 1834, under the title 'First Advent of Love,' and without date. In ed. 1852 it was given the first place in the volume (instead of *Genevieve*) with the following 'Note':—

The early date assigned to these exquisite lines is derived from a memorandum of the author. 'Relics of my School-boy Muse; *i.e.* fragments of poems composed before my fifteenth year. [Coleridge was 15 in October 1787.]

LOVE'S FIRST HOPE—
"O fair is Love's first hope," etc.

The concluding stanza of an Elegy on a Lady, who died in early youth:—

O'er the raised earth the gales of evening sigh;
And see a Daisy peeps upon its slope!
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye;
Even on the cold Grave lights the Cherub Hope!

AGE.—A stanza written forty years later than the preceding:—

Dew-drops are the Gems of Morning,
But the Tears of dewy Eve!
Where no hope is, Life's a warning,
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old.
S. T. C. *Sept.* 1827.'

The light-hearted way in which Coleridge affixed dates to his compositions has already been pointed out ('Note 178') and commented on ('Note 197'). This is another illustration. In a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature on April 28, 1869, the late Mr. C. Mansfield Ingleby pointed out that for a great deal of the substance of these lines Coleridge was indebted to Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

'Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the heat of summer.'

There could be no doubt of it; but it did not settle the date of appropriation. That is arrived at by the following memorandum in Coleridge's handwriting, dated 1824. 'A pretty unintended couplet in the prose of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

"And sweeter than a gentle south-west wind
O'er flowery fields and shadowed waters creeping
In summer's extreme heat."'

Had Coleridge been attracted by these words in the *Arcadia* at some previous period, and prompted to expand them into anything so exquisite as *Love's First Hope*, he could hardly have forgotten the circumstance, and, had he remembered, would hardly have omitted to note it in this memorandum of 1824. I have little doubt that it was in 1824 that he composed *Love's First Hope*, and that he was dreaming when he wrote the memorandum of 1827. I have reverted to his own title.

208. *Alice Du Clos*, p. 193.

A 'Note' in ed. 1852 states: 'It has been found impossible to ascertain the date

of *Alice Du Clos* and some of the others. . . . As a whole they possess a distinct character which certainly belongs to the Poet's 'later life.'

209. *Love, a Sword*, p. 195.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828. Omitted in 1829 and in 1834. Excluded from 1877-80, because the Editor used a copy of 1829, and believed 1828 to be identical. Included in *Aldine* (1885), because the Editor used a copy of 1828. He, too, believed the 1829 to be identical. A rough draft of the lines, late, but undated, occurs in a note-book.

210. *A Character*, p. 195.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. J. Payne Collier prints a portion in his *Old Man's Diary*, iv. p. 56, saying it is from a MS. given him by Martin Burney, who had it from Lamb. The MS. was headed 'A Trifle.' It is a very interesting set of verses; although, in a somewhat different vein, as autobiographical as *A Tombless Epitaph*. Scholars tell me that 'Ἔστησε' is not *even* 'Punic Greek' for 'he hath stood' (ll. 72, 73).

211. *The Two Founts*, p. 196.

First printed in *The Bijou* for 1828. In Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* (1863, i. 337) it is stated that this poem was addressed to Mrs. Aders, whose name is so well known to readers of Lamb. She was the daughter of Raphael Smith, the engraver, and a beautiful woman of great charm and accomplishment, especially as a painter. She died, I believe, about 1854. The Aderses had a villa at Godesberg, on the Rhine, and were visited there in 1828 by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dora Wordsworth. Julian Young was a fellow-guest, and gives an interesting account of the visit in his *Memoir* of his father, C. M. Young (1871, pp. 115-125).

In the annotated copy of *P. W.* 1828 this stanza is marked for interpolation between stanzas 4 and 5:—

'Was ne'er on earth seen beauty like to this,
A concentrated satisfying sight!
In its deep quiet, ask no further bliss—
At once the form and substance of delight.'

And these are given as an alternative reading to lines 19 and 20:—

'Looks forth upon the troubled air below,
Unmoved, entire, inviolably bright.

The draft is dated '1826.'

212. *Duty surviving Self-love*, p. 197.

First printed in *P. W.* 1828. The first draft with its prose introduction is now first printed from the autograph dated 1826. 'Constantius,' of course, was Coleridge himself:—

QUESTION, ANSWER, AND SOLILOQUY.

And are *you* (said Alia to Constantius, on whose head sickness and sorrow had antedated Winter, ere yet the time of Vintage had passed), Are you the happier for your Philosophy? And the smile of Constantius was as the light from a purple cluster of the vine, gleaming through snow-flakes, as he replied, The Boons of Philosophy are of higher worth, than what you, O Alia, mean by Happiness. But I will not seem to evade the question—Am *I* the happier for my Philosophy? The calmer at least and the less unhappy, answered Constantius, for it has enabled me to find that selfless Reason is the best Comforter, and only sure friend of declining Life. At this moment the sounds of a carriage followed by the usual bravura executed on the brazen knocker announced a morning visit: and Alia hastened to receive the party. Meantime the grey-haired philosopher left to his own musings continued playing with the thoughts that Alia and Alia's question had excited, till he murmured them to himself in half audible words, which at first casually, and then for the amusement of his ear, he *punctuated* with rhymes, without however conceiting that he had by these means changed them into poetry.

SOLILOQUY.

Unchanged within, to see all changed without—
Is a blank lot, and hard to bear, no doubt!
Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret
When thy own body *first* the example set?
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou may'st shine on! nor heed,

Whether the Body in reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite :
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *are*; nor love them less,
Because to *thee* they are not what they were !

S. T. C. *Sept.* 2, 1826.

213. *Lines suggested by the last Words of Berengarius*, p. 198.

First printed in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827. In a footnote to the title was there given the *Epitaphium Testamentarium* (p. 210).

214. *Sancti Dominici Pallium*, p. 198.

First printed (with the names in blank) in *P. W.* 1834. I have no doubt the 'Friend' (so far as there may have been any interlocutor) was Southey, whose *Book of the Church* had been attacked by Charles Butler. Southey was moved to much indignation, and lost no time in replying by his *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.

215. *The Improvisatore*, p. 200.

First printed in *The Amulet* for 1828, with an introductory note having little to do with the article, and which has not been reprinted. *The Improvisatore* was first collected in 1829 and reprinted in 1834. Some later editors have mutilated the piece by leaving out the prose setting.

ll. 5-8 of "Answer," p. 202. Cf. *To Mary Pridham* (p. 203), ll. 7-10.

216. *Work without Hope*, p. 203.

First printed in *The Bijou* for 1828 with this title, followed by the words, 'Lines composed on a day in February.' In 1828 these were changed to 'Lines composed on the 21st February 1827.' In the *P. W.* 1828 and 1829 an unfortunate misprint occurred in the first line, *Stags* having been substituted for *Slugs*; but this was corrected in 1834. Strange to say, there has been some controversy on the subject, and the editor of the *Aldine* edition (1885) deliberately adopted *stags*, 'having no doubt that it is the correct reading.' A reference which I have been able to make to the first draft settles the point definitely. Coleridge, having first written 'snails,' erased the word, and substituted 'slugs.' The only line in the draft which varies from print is the eleventh. Coleridge first wrote :—

'With unmoist lip and wreathless brow I stroll.'

He left this, but, with a query, wrote above it this alternative :—

'With lips unmoisten'd, wreathless brow I stroll.'

Here is the draft with its context, never before printed :—

Strain in the manner of George Herbert, which might be entitled THE ALONE MOST DEAR ! *a Complaint of Jacob to Rachel, as in the tenth year of his service, he saw in her, or* fancied *that he saw, some symptom of alienation.*

'All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair'—
[etc. with difference in eleventh line, to :—]
'And Hope without an object cannot live !'

'I speak in figures, inward thoughts and woes,
Interpreting by shapes and outward shews,
? Where daily nearer me } more close with
? What time and where } magic ties,
Line upon line, and thickening as they rise,
The world her spidery threads on all sides spun,
Side answering side with narrow interspace.
My Faith (say I—my Faith and I are one)
Hung as a Mirror there ! And face to face
(For nothing else there was, between or near)
One sister-mirror hid the dreary Wall,
But *That* is broke ! and with that bright Compeer
I lost my object, and my inmost All.
Faith in the Faith of THE ALONE MOST DEAR !
Jacob Hodiernus.
Ah ! me ! !'

The whole of this seems to have been written in 1825, but as it is not quite certain, the poet's printed date, '1827,' has been retained.

On the 18th March 1826 Coleridge

wrote thus to Lady Beaumont, almost in the words of *Work without Hope*, and makes confession more freely and frankly than he was used :—

'Though I am at present sadly below even *my* par of health, or rather unhealth, and am the more depressed thereby from the consciousness that in this yearly resurrection of Nature from her winter sleep, amid young leaves and blooms and twittering nest-building birds, the sun so gladsome, the breezes with such healing on their wings, all good and lovely things are beneath me, above me, and everywhere around me, and all from God, while my incapability of enjoying, or, at best, languor in receiving them, is directly or indirectly from myself, from past procrastination, and cowardly impatience of pain' (*Coleorton Letters*, ii. 246).

217. *The Garden of Boccaccio*, p. 204.

First printed in *The Keepsake* for 1829, where it accompanied a drawing by Stothard. Coleridge there appended the notes printed with the text.

218. *Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*, p. 206.

First printed in *The Keepsake* for 1830 under the title : '*The Poet's Answer to a Lady's Question respecting the Accomplishments most desirable in an Instructress of Children*.

The lines were reprinted in *P. W.* 1834, but may easily be overlooked there as they are on a leaf at the end of Vol. III. ('Wallenstein'), and are not mentioned in the 'Contents.'

219. *Lines written in Miss Barbour's Commonplace Book*, p. 207.

In 1883 an inaccurate version of these lines, copied from the *New York Tribune*, was contributed to the *Athenæum*. In the following year my friend Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was good enough to procure for me from the venerable lady to whom the lines were addressed—Mrs. Collins of Baltimore—a true copy, which I sent to the *Athenæum* (May 3, 1884). It seems they first appeared in print in the *New York Mirror* for Dec. 19, 1829, a paper then edited by G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis.

220. *Love and Friendship opposite*, p. 207.

See 'Note 206.'

221. *Forbearance*, p. 208.

The first line comes from Spenser. In *The Shepherd's Calendar* (Februarie), in his first speech old Thenot tells Cuddie that he

'Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came.'

222. *Love's Apparition and Evanishment*, p. 208.

First printed in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834 (without the *Envoy*), signed and dated 'S. T. Coleridge, August 1833.'

The 'Envoy' was not added until 1852. I doubt if these four lines had originally any connection with the poem. They were composed on April 24, 1824, thus—and, as Coleridge says, 'without taking my pen off the paper'—

'Idly we supplicate the Powers above :
There is no resurrection for a Love
That unperturb'd, unshadow'd, wanes away
In the chill'd heart by inward self-decay.
Poor mimic of the Past ! the love is o'er
That must *resolve* to do what did itself of yore.'[1]

Then followed, without a break, these four lines, the original, doubtless, of those printed as 'Desire' in *P. W.* 1834, and now as 'Fragment 89' (p. 465) :—

'Desire of pure Love born, itself the same ;
A pulse that animates the outer frame,
And takes the impress of the nobler part,
It but repeats the Life, that of the Heart.'

223. *Love's Burial-Place*, p. 209.

First printed in the *P. W.* 1828, with a slightly different text, and this title : 'The Alienated Mistress : A Madrigal. (From an unfinished Melodrama).' Next,

[1] These lines were quoted in a letter to Allsop, Apr. 27, 1824 (*Letters*, etc., 1864, p. 216).

in *The Amulet* for 1833, as given at p. 209.

224. *To the Young Artist, Kayser of Kaserwerth*, p. 209.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. Kayser made an excellent pencil drawing of Coleridge's head, which is now in the possession of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

225. *My Baptismal Birth-Day*, p. 210.

First printed in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834, with the title: 'My Baptismal Birth-day. Lines composed on a sick-bed, under severe bodily suffering, on my spiritual birthday, October 28th.' The first line ran thus:—

'Born unto God in Christ—in Christ my ALL!'

and other lines had been altered before the poem was printed in 1834.

Emerson visited Coleridge on the 5th of August 1833. When he was leaving, Coleridge recited to him 'with strong emphasis, standing, ten or twelve lines, beginning "Born unto God in Christ"' (ENGLISH TRAITS, *First Visit to England*).

When he composed the lines, Coleridge probably had in his mind the passage in the *Religio Medici* (Part I. Sect. 45. See Dr. Greenhill's admirable 'Golden Treasury' edition, 1885, p. 70).

Coleridge expands the thought in another direction in 'Fragment 96' (p. 467).

226. *Epitaphium Testamentarium*, p. 210.

First printed in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827, as a footnote to the *title* of *Lines suggested by the last words of Berengarius*. The 'Epitaph' reads ἐπιδανοῦς, which is clearly a misprint, and Coleridge probably wrote ἐπιθανοῦς, a word which although not classical is to be found in Suidas's Lexicon. I have therefore ventured to substitute it for the unintelligible ἐπιδανοῦς, and the 'Epitaph' may thus be translated—'The Testamentary Epitaph of S. T. C. the dying [or moribund], written with his own hand. What things I may leave are either nought or of no account, or hardly my own. The filthy dregs I give to Death: the rest, I return to Thee, O Christ!'

227. *Epitaph*, p. 210.

First printed in *P. W.* 1834. In a copy of Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra* (now in the British Museum), copiously annotated by Coleridge in 1833, are these drafts of the 'Epitaph.' I printed them in the *Athenæum* for April 7, 1888.

'Epitaph
in Hornsey Church yard
Hic Jacet S. T. C.

Stop, Christian Passer-by! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
There lies a Poet: or what once was He.
[*Up*] O lift thy soul in prayer for S. T. C.
That He who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped thro' Christ. Do thou the same.'

'ETESI's [for Estesi's] Epitaph.

Stop, Christian Visitor! Stop, Child of God,
Here lies a Poet: or what once was He!
[*O*] Pause, Traveller, pause and pray for S. T. C.
That He who many a year with toil of Breath
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death.
And read with gentle heart! Beneath this sod
There lies a Poet, etc.

'Inscription on the Tomb-stone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the Initials of his Name than by the Name itself.'

In a copy of an old *Todten-Tanz* which belonged to Thomas Poole, Coleridge wrote the following:—

ESTEESE'S αυτοεπιταφιον

Here lies a Poet; or what once was he:
Pray, gentle Reader, pray for S. T. C.

That he who threescore years, with toil-
some breath,
Found Death in Life, may now find Life
in Death.

Coleridge was fond of writing epitaphs on himself. In the last year of his life he gave an engraved portrait to a lady, and wrote under it, 'S. T. Coleridge, *æt. suæ* 63 [for 62].

'Non famosus erat sed erat facundus Ulysses.'—Ovid.

Then he erased 'amosus,' and wrote 'ormosus' above.

228. *The Fall of Robespierre*, p. 211.

First printed as a pamphlet (see 'Appendix K,' p. 537).

This dedicatory letter served as Preface:—To H. Martin, Esq., of Jesus College, Cambridge. Dear Sir—Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the empassioned and highly figurative language of the French Orators, and to develope the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.—Yours fraternally, S. T. Coleridge.

Jesus College, *September* 22, 1794.

It will be remarked that neither title-page nor dedication contains any hint of the joint authorship.

When H. N. Coleridge was preparing S. T. Coleridge's *Literary Remains* (1836), he received the following account of the origin of *The Fall of Robespierre* from Southey:—

'It originated in sportive conversation at poor Lovell's, and we agreed each to produce an Act by the next evening—S. T. C. the first, I the second, and Lovell the third. S. T. C. brought part of his; I and Lovell, the whole of ours. But L.'s was not in keeping, and therefore I undertook to supply the third also by the following day. By that time S. T. C. had filled up his. A dedication to Mrs. Hannah More was concocted, and the notable performance was offered for sale to a bookseller in Bristol, who was too wise to buy it. [Coleridge] took the MSS. with him to Cambridge, and there re-wrote the first Act at leisure, and published it. My portion I never saw from the time it was written till the whole was before the world. It was written with newspapers before me, as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse. I have no desire to claim it now, but neither am I ashamed of it; and if you think proper to print the whole, so be it' (*Lit. Rem.* i. 3; *Life and Corr.* of R. S. i. 217).

It was printed in the *Lit. Rem.* accordingly, at the beginning of the first volume, with spelling and typography modernised.

In *Conciones ad Populum* (1795, p. 66), Coleridge quoted a passage from the first Act of *The Fall of Robespierre*, with the following footnote: 'A Tragedy, of which the First Act was written by S. T. Coleridge.'

229. *Wallenstein*, p. 226.

First printed, in two parts, in 1800. For titles, etc. see 'Appendix K.' The house of Longmans had acquired a manuscript copy, which Schiller had made expressly for translation into English and publication simultaneously with the original in Germany. It was attested by him on the 30th September 1799. Coleridge had just returned from Germany, and was engaged to make the translation. He worked at it for some time in the winter, first at lodgings in Buckingham Street, Strand, and then at Lamb's.[1] In the spring he went on a visit to Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, and finished the work there on or about the 22nd April. Wordsworth told Mr. Justice Coleridge many years after that 'there was nothing more astonishing than the ease and rapidity with which it was done.' On the 21st April 1800 he wrote to a friend from Dove Cottage: 'Tomorrow morning I send off the last sheet of my irksome, soul-wearying labour, the translation of Schiller'; and on the 1st

1 'I am living in a continuous feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks. . . . He is engaged in translations, which I hope will keep him this month to come.'—*Lamb to Manning*, March 17, 1800.

November following he excuses himself for not finishing *Christabel*, by 'the deep unutterable disgust which I had suffered in the translation of the accursed *Wallenstein* [which] seemed to have struck me with barrenness' (To J. Wedgwood, in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 439). Previously, in July, he had written to the same correspondent (p. 437): 'It is a dull heavy play, but I entertain hopes that you will think the language for the greater part natural, and good common-sense English.' His sense of ungrateful task-work is doubtless partly accountable for the following outburst in a letter to the Editor of the *Monthly Review* from 'Greta Hall, Keswick, Nov. 18, 1800.—In the review of my translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* (*Rev.* for October), I am numbered among the partisans of the German theatre. As I am confident there is no passage in my preface or notes from which such an opinion can be legitimately formed, and as the truth would not have been exceeded if the direct contrary had been affirmed, I claim it of your justice that in your Answers to Correspondents you would remove this misrepresentation. The mere circumstance of translating a manuscript play is not even evidence that I admired that one play, much less that I am a general admirer of the plays in that language.—I remain, etc. S. T. COLERIDGE.'

The translation was almost a complete failure from the publishers' point of view. The bulk of it was probably sold off as a remainder; and when, in 1824, Carlyle was writing his *Life of Schiller* in the *London Magazine*, it was unprocurable, and he had to estimate it by quotations. Judging by these, he says, 'we should pronounce it, excepting Sotheby's *Oberon*, to be the best, indeed the only sufferable translation from the German, with which our literature has yet been enriched.'

And in after years Coleridge himself looked back on his *Wallenstein* with some complacency. In a note to Essay XVI. of *The Friend* (1818, i. 204—it is suppressed in later editions), he thanks Sir Walter Scott[1] for quoting it 'with applause.' Sir Walter certainly said 'Coleridge had made Schiller's "Wallenstein" far finer than he found it' (Lockhart's *Life*, iv. 193). In another passage in *The Friend* (1818, iii. 99) Coleridge again makes his acknowledgments to Sir Walter and other 'eminent and even popular literati.' He told Allsop (probably about 1820) that *Wallenstein* was a specimen of his 'happiest attempt, during the prime manhood of his intellect, before he had been buffeted by adversity or crossed by fatality' (*Letters*, etc. 1864, p. 51).

[1] I have failed to find the passage in Scott; but it may be in some note to *The Legend of Montrose*, for Dugald Dalgetty fought both under and against Wallenstein.

NOTES TO 'THE PICCOLOMINI.'

Act i. Sc. iv. ll. 46 *et seqq.* pp. 235-237. In a presentation copy of *Wallenstein* 'To Mr. John Anastasius Russell, from the Translator, S. T. Coleridge, 1808,' the following observations are added in the poet's handwriting:—

'The great main moral of this play is the danger of dallying with evil thoughts under the influence of superstition, as did Wallenstein; and the grandeur of perfect sincerity in Max Piccolomini, the unhappy effects of insincerity, though for the best purposes, in his father Octavio' (Note to *Preface*, Part I. in ed. 1877-80).

Act i. Sc. iv. ll. 68-71. See *The Friend*, 1818, i. 203 and iii. 343.

THEKLA'S SONG, p. 260.

'I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

'*Thekla* (*spielt und singt*).

'Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

'LITERAL TRANSLATION.

'*Thekla* (*plays and sings*).

'The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

'I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamond Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

'The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the green-wood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.'
[Note of S. T. C. 1800, etc.]

The text here differs from that printed by Lamb in *Works*, 1818, i. 42, and again by Canon Ainger (Poems, Plays, and Essays). Lamb did not again reprint the verses. None of these translations shews that Thekla was addressing the Virgin Mary —*Du Heilige* being feminine. Schiller afterwards added to Thekla's song.

Act ii. Sc. xii. ll. 102-105, p. 266. It is pointed out by Ferd. Freiligrath in the *Athenæum*, Aug. 31, 1861, that Coleridge has here misapprehended the meaning of *Taboriten*, which he has translated 'minstrels.' Taboriten was the name of a branch of the Hussites.

Act iv. Sc. vii. ll. 159-178, p. 291. In *The Friend*, 1818, Essay VI. iii. 343, Coleridge applies this to Sir Alex. Ball.

NOTES TO
'THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.'

Act i. Sc. iv. ll. 48, 49, p. 311. Cf. *Remorse*, Act iii. Sc. ii. ll. 45, 46.

Act ii. Sc. vi. l. 50, p. 324. In all editions up to and including 1829, Coleridge has this note. It has not been reprinted since:—

'I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation.

'Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt,
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile
Gährt's in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstöhrung.

'WALLENSTEIN.

'Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlersbrust gestaltet.
O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verstecktesten der Geister,
Den Lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt' ich ihn, ersog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,

Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

'LITERAL TRANSLATION.

'Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, etc.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.'

Act iv. Sc. v. p. 347. This dialogue between Thekla and Neubrunn has been transferred almost bodily to *Remorse*, Act iii. Sc. ii.—the dialogue between Teresa and Valdez. The passages were not in *Osorio*.

Act iv. end of Sc. vi. p. 349. Schiller supplied the answer to the question of Thekla's fate in his poem, 'Thekla, Eine Geisterstimme' (Thekla, the Voice of a Spirit), which was translated by Matthew Arnold—'Thekla's Answer'—first published in his *Poems*, 1853.

Act v. Sc. i. ll. 94-114, p. 351. See *The Friend* (1818), iii. 101.

Two attempts have been made to fit Coleridge's *Wallenstein* to the English stage. In 1823, as Southey informs Ticknor that 'Coleridge talks of ... adapting his translation of *Wallenstein* for the stage—Kean having taken a fancy to exhibit himself in it' (*Life and Corr.* v. 142). In the Forster Collection at South Kensington is preserved a copy of the translation marked for acting by Macready.

Very interesting accounts of the original MSS. from which Coleridge translated were contributed to the *Athenæum* for June 15 and August 31, 1861, by Ferdinand Freiligrath. The MS. of the 'Camp' seems to have disappeared.

230. *Remorse*, p. 360.

This Tragedy, a recast of *Osorio* (see 'APPENDIX D'), was first performed at Drury Lane, January 23, 1813, and ran for twenty nights. It was published at same time as a pamphlet and went immediately into a second and third edition (see 'APPENDIX K' for titles, prefaces, prologue by Lamb, and epilogue by Coleridge).

Osorio is first heard of in March 1797, when Coleridge tells Cottle (*E.R.* i. 232) that Sheridan has asked him to write a Tragedy. 'I have no genius that way,' he adds, 'Robert Southey has.' It was finished to the middle of the fifth act by September 13, and Coleridge took the MS. to Bowles. By the middle of October it was sent off to Drury Lane—'without hope of its success, or even of its being acted,' Coleridge told Thelwall. He heard of its rejection by the beginning of December (see Notes to Preface to *Remorse* in 'APPENDIX K'). The MS. was not returned, but formed part of the scanty salvage of the fire at D. L. in 1809, and, after vicissitudes, came to light, and was printed in 1873[1] (see *Athenæum*, April 5, 1890, Art. 'Coleridge's *Osorio* and *Remorse*').

The present owner of this MS. was kind enough to send it across the Atlantic that I might verify it with the printed text; while another, which appears to be

[1] 'OSORIO: a Tragedy. As originally written in 1797, by S. T. Coleridge. Now first printed ... with the various readings of *Remorse* and a Monograph on the history of the Play. ... By the author of *Tennysoniana*. London: J. Pearson, 1873.' The editor of this was also the editor of *P. and D. W.* of S. T. C. 1877-80.

that given by Coleridge to Dr. Carlyon, was courteously entrusted to me that I might extract a few very interesting notes with which Coleridge had enriched it while in Germany (see introductory note to OSORIO in 'APPENDIX D'). It has also the little 'Preface' which Dr. Carlyon printed in his *Early Years and Late Reflections* (1856, i. 143). In this Coleridge calls his play everything that is bad —'imperfect,' 'obscure,' 'a mere embryo.' 'The growth of OSORIO's character is nowhere explained, and yet I had most clear and psychologically accurate ideas of the whole of it.' In September 1800 Coleridge told Godwin (*Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1864) he had abandoned an intention of rewriting the play. In January 1801 he told Poole he had 'greatly added to and altered' it and was about to publish it 'as a poem.' But he did not, and nothing more is heard of the piece until 1812, when, by the encouragement of Lord Byron, *Osorio*, recast and entitled *Remorse*, was produced at Drury Lane in January 1813. It was also published as a pamphlet (see 'APPENDIX K,' p. 545). The Prologue by Lamb was a refurbished 'Rejected Address' composed for the D. L. Committee's prize in the previous October. *Remorse* ran for twenty nights, a good success for those days, and was acted in the provinces. Coleridge told Poole that he would get more by it 'than by all my literary labours put together—nay, thrice as much subtracting my heavy losses by the "Friend" — £400, including the Copyright.'

Act i. Sc. i. p. 360. This scene did not exist in *Osorio*.

Act i. Sc. i. ll. 56-59, p. 361. Cf. *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 165-168, p. 73.

Act i. Sc. ii. ll. 218-220, p. 367. See these lines in 'Fragment 18,' p. 454. Coleridge no doubt had in his mind these lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Palamon and Arcite are conversing in prison :—

'This is all our world :
We shall know nothing here, but one another :
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes,
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it.'

Lamb had called his attention to the passage (June 14, 1796), though in another connection.

Act i. Sc. ii. l. 229, p. 367. This line is also in the lines *Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune*, p. 68.

Act i. Sc. ii. l. 337, p. 369. In an annotated copy Coleridge says that here there should be a half-pause and dropping of the voice—to suit the relaxation of the metre. He adds that Gifford expressed himself in Murray's shop to the effect that for this line Coleridge deserved whipping— 'this line!' (he exclaims) which he 'had conceited to be a little beauty.'

Act iii. Sc. i. ll. 40-44. Cf. *What is Life?* p. 173.

Act iii. Sc. i. *Song*, p. 379. In Wordsworth's *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1822) there is this Note to his *Hymn for the Boatmen*, etc., which also has the refrain '*Miserere Domine*':—'See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy of "The Remorse," Why is the Harp of Quantock silent?'

In the annotated copy of *P. W.* 1828, Coleridge corrects the twelfth line of Song

'On the *yellow* moonlight sea'

to *quiet*: calling it a 'strange misprint.' In *Osorio* he wrote 'quiet,' but up to 1834 the word had always been 'yellow,' and is allowed so to stand in two carefully corrected copies of *Remorse* (second edition) I have examined.

Act iii. Sc. ii. ll. 45, 46, p. 382. Taken from the *Death of Wallenstein*, i. iv. ll. 48, 49, p. 311. In an annotated copy of *Remorse* Coleridge says he will some day weed out from it this and other plagiarisms from himself and Schiller in the *Wallenstein*.

Act iii. Sc. ii. ll. 122 to end of speech, p. 383. In an annotated copy Coleridge writes : 'It was pleasing to observe, during the rehearsal, all the actors and actresses, and even the mechanics, on the stage, clustering round while these lines were repeating, just as if it had been a favourite strain of music.'

Act iii, Sc. ii, ll, 158-167, p. 384,

These speeches taken almost bodily from the dialogue between Thekla and Neubrunn in *Death of Wallenstein*, Act iv. Sc. v. p. 347.

Act iv. Sc. i. ll. 18-20, p. 385. Cf. *The Lime-tree Bower my Prison*, ll. 17-19, p. 93.

Act iv. Sc. i. ll. 37, 38, p. 386. In an annotated copy Coleridge speaks of the trouble he had to teach De Camp to speak these lines properly—'a hurried undervoice—as anticipating Ordonio's scorn, and yet unable to suppress his own superstition!'

Act iv. Sc. i. ll. 68-73. See an interesting comment on this in *Biog. Lit.* (1817, ii. 72). Compare with *The Pains of Sleep* (p. 170) and *The Visionary Hope* (p. 171). See *Athenæum*, June 25, 1892, Art. 'Coleridge's *Osorio* and *Remorse*.'

Act iv. Sc. ii. p. 388. In the second edition a note to the heading 'Scene ii.' directed the reader to the 'Appendix,' where was printed *The Foster-Mother's Tale*. See p. 83, 'Note 107,' and 'APPENDIX K.'

Act iv. Sc. ii. ll. 51-62. Cf. 'Fragment 79,' p. 462.

Act iv. Sc. iii. ll. 1-24, and long stage direction which follows. This was first printed in second edition. I am disposed to think Alhadra's soliloquy was not spoken on the stage, for fear the pit should interpret 'hanging woods' as 'the gallows.' See a curious passage which seems to point to this in *Remains*, ii. 48, 49, under 'The Drama generally, and Public Taste.' See *Athenæum*, June 25, 1892, Art. 'Coleridge's *Osorio* and *Remorse*.'

Act v. Sc. i. p. 392. A long scene which opened the act in *Osorio* (*q.v.*) was omitted. In *Remorse* it opens with *The Dungeon* (see p. 85), and the following lines (31-105) were composed for *Remorse*.

Act v. Sc. i. ll. 172-175. Cf. *The Ancient Mariner*, ll. 255-258.

Act v. Sc. i. ll. 252, etc., pp. 397, 398. There must have been three distinct issues of the 'first edition' of *Remorse*. This portion differs in the copies used respectively in editing *Osorio* (1873) and *P. and D. W.* (1877-80), and all the copies I have examined agree in differing from these two. To go into the *minutiæ* would take more space than the importance of the matter warrants, but the following Note attached to l. 248 (p. 397) in ed. 1877-80 will shew one of the versions of the crisis of the tragedy. There is not a word of it in any copy of the first edition I have seen. The curious may see the matter gone into with some detail in the *Athenæum*, April 5, 1890:—

'In the first edition of *Remorse*, after the cry of "No mercy!" "Naomi advances with the sword, and Alhadra snatches it from him and suddenly stabs Ordonio. Alvar rushes through the Moors and catches him in his arms." After Ordonio's dying speech there are "shouts of Alvar! Alvar! behind the scenes. A Moor rushes in."

Moor. We are surprised! Away! away! this instant!
The country is in arms! Lord Valdez heads them,
And still cries out, "My son! my Alvar lives!"
Haste to the shore! they come the opposite road.
Your wives and children are already safe.
The boat is on the shore—the vessel waits.
Alhadra. Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety
Thy word stands pledged.
Alvar. Arm of avenging Heaven!
I had two cherish'd hopes—the one remains,
The other thou hast snatch'd from me: but my word
Is pledged to thee; nor shall it be retracted.—1813.'

About 1820, Coleridge told Allsop, 'The *Remorse* is certainly a great favourite of mine, the more so as certain pet abstract notions of mine are therein expounded.'

231. *Zapolya*, p. 399.

First printed as a pamphlet before Christmas 1817. See 'APPENDIX K,' p. 552. It was composed at Calne in the winter of 1815-16, under encouragement from Lord Byron, and rejected in March 1816 by the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre in favour of Maturin's *Bertram*—the butterfly which Coleridge broke on the wheel in *Biog. Lit.* The MS. was put into

Murray's hands for publication, and money advanced on it, but in March 1817, and against Coleridge's protests, it was redeemed by Rest Fenner and published by him. 'It might go down in a *collection*, but alone it would be neither profitable to [the publisher] nor creditable to me. . . . If I published "Zapolya" *at all*, it should be with a dramatic essay prefixed and two other tragedies,[1] the *Remorse* greatly improved as one' (Coleridge to Fenner's partner, Curtis, March 17, 1817, printed in *Lippincott's Mag.* June 1874). Fenner's action was justified by the success of *Zapolya*, from the publisher's point of view, at least, for two thousand copies were sold.

PART II. Act i. Sc. i. ll. 25-28, p. 411. See an amusing story of the 'metaphysics' in these lines told by Coleridge in the concluding chapter of *Biog. Lit.*

Glycine's Song, p. 422. See also p. 186 and 'Note 196.'

PART II. Act iv. Sc. i. ll. 44-49, p. 434. These lines were first added in 1829, and ll. 50-53 rewritten.

PART II. Act iv. Sc. ii. ll. 4-6, pp. 435, 436. The editor of 1877-80 says that in a copy of *Zapolya* then in Mr. Pickering's possession, Coleridge had added some new lines here, making the passage read thus :—

'That but oppress'd me hitherto, now scares me.
You will ken Bethlen?
Glycine. O at farthest distance,
Yea, oft where Light's own courier-beam exhausted
Drops at the threshold, and forgets its message,
A something round me of a wider reach
Feels his approach, and trembles back to tell me.
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you.'

[1] Coleridge appears to have written another play in the winter of 1815-16, which was declined by Covent Garden. See letter to Dr. Brabant printed in *Westm. Rev.* of July 1870 (p. 5), and Lamb's letters to Wordsworth of April 9 and 26, 1816 (Ainger's *Letters*, i. 302, 304). The MS. of the second play seems to have disappeared without leaving any other trace.

232. *Job's Luck*, p. 444.

First printed in *M. Post*, Sept. 26, 1801, with the heading 'The Devil outwitted' : next as 'Epigram' in *The Keepsake* for 1829. A correspondent of *N. and Q.* (1st ser. ii. 516) points out that it is a translation of one of Owen's *Epigrams*, Bk. iii. 199.

233. *Epigram* 14, p. 444.

See an absurd story adapting this epigram 'to the author of *The Ancient Mariner*' in *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 28. Coleridge reprinted the original lines, without note or comment, in *The Keepsake* for 1829.

234. *Epigrams* 15 *and* 16, pp. 444, 445.

In his own copy of the *Ann. Anth.* (1800) Coleridge drew his pen through these and wrote on the margin : 'Dull and profane.'

235. *Epigram* 25 (*the Epitaph on Hazlitt*), p. 446.

Considering the virulence with which Hazlitt had attacked and pursued him, Coleridge's prose reflection (here first printed) is, perhaps, as kind and forgiving as could have been expected ; but one feels that Coleridge falls short of the occasion in this lame adaptation of an old 'epitaph' originally and essentially inappropriate.

236. *Epigrams* 33-52, pp. 447-450.

The good, great Man (p. 169) was included in this series. In the second of the two issues of *The Friend*, No. XII., *Epigrams* Nos. 33, 54, 36, 35, 40, and 42 were printed on p. 192, replacing 'Specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom' discarded. These double (contemporaneous) issues do not extend beyond No. XII. In *The Friend*, 'Epigram 42' was headed 'For a *French* House-dog's Collar.' '*Epigram* 49.' See some remarks *àpropos* in *Table Talk*, May 7, 1830. Lamb admired the effusion, and said of the series : 'Take 'em altogether, they are as good as Harrington's.'

237. *Epigram* 53, p. 450.

Sent to J. Wedgwood with the statement that it was composed 'while dreaming that I was dying at the "Black Bull" Inn, on Sept. 13, 1803' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 467).

238. *Epigram* 54, p. 450.

It is believed that this refers to the Lord Lonsdale (the first Earl) who wronged the Wordsworths.

239. *Epigrams* 64 *and* 65, p. 452.

There is no mistaking the local colour infused into these versicles. They must have been inspired by the poet's only visit to Cologne during the Rhine tour of 1828. Julian Young met the party at the Aders's house at Godesberg, and is my authority for the far inferior No. 66.

240. *Cholera cured Beforehand*, p. 452.

This doggerel was written with the view of amusing Coleridge's pupil, Joseph Henry Green, during the epidemic of 1832.

241. *Fragment* 62, p. 460.

Written after Coleridge had parted company with William and Dorothy Wordsworth on the Scotch tour of 1803. See *Recoll. of a Tour . . . by D. W.*, edited by J. C. Shairp, 1874; and *Coleorton Letters*, edited by W. Knight, 1888, i. 6-9.

242. *Fragment* 76, p. 462.

Compare with this the following from a letter written in 1806 to W. Allston, printed in *Scribner's Mag.* Jan, 1892: 'Enough of it, continual vexations and preyings upon the spirit. I gave my life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me—for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance. But they pluck out the wing-feathers from the mind.'

243. *Fragment* 81, p. 463.

Ashley Green is the village near Bath in which Coleridge lived with the Morgans, before they all removed to Calne.

244. *Fragment* 89, p. 465.

'Desire.' See 'Note 222.'

245. *Fragment* 95, p. 467.

'To a Child.' To Miss Fanny Boyce, afterwards Lady Wilmot Horton. First printed in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 28, 1888.

246. *Fragment* 96, p. 467.

Cf. *My Baptismal Birth-Day*, p. 210; and see 'Note 225.'

247. *Fragment* 105, p. 468.

Coleridge is here, consciously or unconsciously, stabbing himself. In 1804 he received a severe lecture from Southey on his habit of overstrained expressions of affectionateness to all and sundry (*L. and Corr. of R. S.* ii. 266, 267).

248. *Prize Ode*, '*Appendix B*,' p. 476.

By the kindness of the Vice-Chancellor, and of the Registrary of the University of Cambridge, I am enabled to print from the official MS. copy Coleridge's long-forgotten Sapphic Ode, for which he received in 1792 the Browne Gold Medal. Nothing has hitherto been known of it except the few stanzas which Coleridge printed as a note to his portion of the *Joan of Arc* of 1796—the lines to which the note is appended being that which became l. 438 of *The Destiny of Nations* (p. 78). These stanzas will be found in 'Note 162.'

Coleridge's success proved very gratifying to his family as well as to himself, and he received from his elder brother, George, the following congratulatory lines, which I am permitted to print here by the courtesy of the representatives of the writer:—

IBE HÆC INCONDITE SOLUS.

Say, *Holy Genius* — Heaven-descended beam,
Why interdicted is the sacred Fire
That flows spontaneous from thy golden Lyre?

Why Genius like the emanative Ray
That issuing from the dazzling Fount of Light
Wakes all created Nature into Day—
Art thou not all-diffusive, all-benign?
Thy *partial* hand I blame. For *Pity* oft
In Supplications Vast—a weeping child
That meets me pensive on the barren wild,
And pours into my Soul Compassion soft,
The never-dying strain commands to flow—
Man sure is vain—nor sacred Genius hears—
Now speak in Melody—now weep in Tears.
G. C.

The distinguished scholar who did me the kindness to revise the proofs of the Prize Ode, considers that it is scarcely worthy of Coleridge, and is also likely to create an unfair impression as to the standard of such exercises among those who do not realise the wide difference between the academic conditions of 1792 and those of a quarter of a century later. It is necessary to keep this in mind, but the Ode, with all its sins on it, has an historical as well as a personal interest. It no doubt represented fairly enough the undergraduate standard of scholarship in pre-Porsonian days, seeing that it won the prize in a wide competition, and that in the same year Porson placed Coleridge among a selected four to fight for the Craven Scholarship, in succession to himself, along with such prize-boys as Samuel Butler, Keate, and Bethell. Butler gained the Craven, but if not the rose, it is worth remembering that Coleridge lived near it, and did not waste all his time at the University on current politics, as is commonly believed.

But one emendation has been made in the text of the Ode—γεύονται (l. 85) having been substituted for the unintelligible γενοίνται of the MS. It is true that the substituted word is not itself metrically permissible, but it is probably what Coleridge wrote, meaning, 'Your daughters taste justice' (*i.e.* its blessings). It may be as well to mention that the accentuation is not Attic, but Aeolic, as is fitting in a Sapphic ode.

See 'Note 102.' A translation of the four stanzas of the Ode therein quoted, was printed in *The London Magazine* for October 1823. It was signed "Olen," the pseudonym of Sir Charles A. Elton, Bart.

I may here give a fragment which, though hardly admissible to the text, is worthy of preservation. In his *Beaten Paths* (1865, ii. 117), T. Colley Grattan describes a night ramble about Namur with Coleridge, when the latter was making his Rhine tour of 1828 with Wordsworth and Dora. 'He took me by the arm, and in his low recitative way he rehearsed two or three times, and finally recited, some lines which he said I had recalled to his mind, and which formed part of something never published. He repeated the lines at my request, and as well as I could catch the broken sentences I wrote them down immediately afterwards with my pencil as follows:—

'And oft I saw him stray,
The bells of fox-glove in his hand—and ever
And anon he to his ear would hold a blade
Of that stiff grass that 'mong the heath-flower grows,
Which made a subtle kind of melody,
Most like the apparition of a breeze,
Singing with its thin voice in shadowy worlds.'

INDEX TO THE POEMS, ETC.

[For Poems and Fragments which have no title, see 'Index to the First Lines.']

ABSENCE: a farewell Ode, 15.
Ad Lyram, Imitation of Casimir, 28.
ADAPTATIONS, 471.
ADDENDA, 443.
Advent of Love [i.e. *Love's First Hope*], 193.
Age, Youth and, 191.
Akenside, Elegy imitated from, 31.
Album, Written in an, 451.
Alcæus to Sappho, 470.
Ale, Song in Praise of, 445.
Alice du Clos, 193.
Allegoric Vision, 534.
Alternative, The, 451.
Always Audible, 447.
'Amelia,' With Fielding's, 20.
Anacreon, An Ode in the Manner of, 19.
Ancient Mariner, The Rime of the, 95, 512.
Anna and Harland, 11.
Answer to a Child's Question, 170.
Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital, 3.
Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' 527.
Aristophanes, Imitated from, 465.
Asra, To, 171.
Ass, To a young, 35, 477.
Association of Ideas, 466.
Author and his Friend, A Dialogue between an, 449.
Authors and Publishers, 451.
Autumnal Evening, Lines on an, 24.
Autumnal Moon, Sonnet to the, 3.

BABY BATES, To, 470.
Bala Hill, On, 33.
Ballad of the Dark Ladié, The, 136.
Baptismal Birthday, On my, 210.
Barbour, Lines to Miss, 207.
Bastile, Destruction of the, 6.
'Beareth all Things,' 208.
Berengarius, Lines suggested by the last Words of, 198.
Betham, To Matilda, 167.
Birth of a Son, Sonnets on receiving News of, 66.
Birthday, On my baptismal, 210.
Blossom, On observing a, 63.
Blossoming of the solitary Date-Tree, The, 173.
Boccaccio, The Garden of, 204.
Bowles (W. L.), Adaptation of, 474.
Bowles, Sonnet to the Rev. W. L. [First Version], 40.
Bowles, Sonnet to the Rev. W. L. [Second Version], 41.
Brent, To Mrs. Morgan and Miss, 179.
Brevity of the Greek and English compared, 462.
British Stripling's War-Song, The, 141.
Brockley Coomb, Lines composed while climbing, 46.
Brooke, Lord, Adaptation of, 471.
Brunton, To Miss, 31.
Burke, Sonnet to, 38.
Butterfly, The, 185.

CAIN, The Wanderings of, 112.
Candle, To my, 450.
Carol, A Christmas, 150.
Casimir, *Ad Lyram*, Imitation of, 28.
Cataract, On a, 141.
Catullian Hendecasyllables, 140.
Chamouni, Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of, 165, 521.
Character, A, 195.
Charity, 45.
Charity, Humility the Mother of, 208.
Charity in Thought, 468.
Chatterton, Monody on the Death of—First Version, 8; Latest Version, 61.

Child, To a, 467.
Child's Evening Prayer, A, 175.
Child's Question, Answer to a, 170.
Cholera cured Beforehand, 452.
Christabel, 116.
Christening of a Friend's Child, On the, 83.
Christmas Carol, A, 150.
Christ's Hospital, Anthem for the Children of, 3.
Circassian Love-Chaunt, Lewti, or the, 27.
Coleridge, To the Rev. George, 81.
Cologne, 452.
Comic Author, Lines to a, 451.
Complaint of Ninathóma, The, 20.
Concert-Room, Lines composed in a, 148.
Connubial Rupture, On a late, 69.
Constancy to an ideal Object, 172.
Cottage, Over my, 459.
Cottle, To Joseph, 50.
Cradle Hymn, The Virgin's, 181.
Critic, To a, 447.
Critics, Modern, 451.
Curious Circumstance, On the, that in the German Language the Sun is Feminine and the Moon Masculine, 449.

DANIEL, SAMUEL, Adaptations of, 472.
Dark Ladié, The Ballad of the, 136.
Darwiniana [*i.e.* 'The Hour when we shall meet again'], 47.
Date-Tree, The Blossoming of the, 173.
Day-Dream, A, 179.
Day-Dream, The: From an Emigrant to his absent Wife, 146.
Dejection: an Ode, 159, 522.
Departing Year, Ode on, 78.
Desire, 465.
Destiny of Nations, The, 70.
Devil's Thoughts, The, 147, 621.
Devonshire Roads, 10.
Discovery made too Late, On a, 34.
Domestic Peace, 33, 215.
Donne, Adaptation of, 471.
Donne's Poetry, On, 190.
Drinking *versus* Thinking, 446.
Duchess of Devonshire, Ode to, 149.
Dungeon, A, 454.
Dungeon, The, 85, 392, 508.
Dura Navis, 1.
Duty surviving Self-Love, 197.

EARTH, Hymn to the, 138.
Education, Love, Hope, and Patience in, 206.
Egoismus, Fichtean, 463.
Elbingerode, Lines written at, 145.
Elegiac Metre described and exemplified, The Ovidian, 140.
Elegy, Imitated from Akenside, 31.
Eminent Characters, Sonnets on, 38.
Eolian Harp, The, 49.
EPIGRAMS, ETC., 443.
Epilogue to 'The Rash Conjurer,' 461.
Epitaph, A Tombless, 180.
Epitaph [on himself], 210, 450.
Epitaph on a bad Man, 446.
Epitaph on a mercenary Miser, 448.
Epitaph on William Hazlitt, 446.
Epitaphium Testamentarium, 210.
Ἔρως ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἐταῖρος, 183.
Erskine, Sonnet to, 38.
Evening Star, To the, 11.
Exchange, The, 144
Exile, An, 171.
Experiments in Metre, 470.

FADED FLOWER, The, 31.
Falconer's *Shipwreck*, To a Lady with, 185
FALL OF ROBESPIERRE, THE, 211.
Fancy *in nubibus*, 190.
Farewell to Love, 173.
Fayette, Sonnet to La, 39.
Fears in Solitude, 127.
Fichtean Egoismus, 463.
Fielding's 'Amelia,' With, 20.
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, 111.
—— Apologetic Preface to, 527.
First Advent of Love ['Love's First Hope'], 193
Forbearance, 208.
Fortune, To, 27.
Fortune, To a young Man of, 68.
Foster-Mother's Tale, The, 83, 501.
Fountain on a Heath, Inscription for a, 169.
Founts, The Two, 196.
Fragment from an unpublished Poem, 64.
FRAGMENTS, 453, 459.
France: an Ode, 124.
French Revolution, To a young Lady with a Poem on the, 6.
Friend in Answer to a Melancholy Letter, Lines to a, 43.
Friend, To a young, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author, 67.
Friend together with an Unfinished Poem, To a, 37.
Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever, Lines on a, 35.
Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me, Sonnet to a, 66.
Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry, To a, 69.
Friends, The Three Sorts of, 468.
Friendship, Love and, opposite, 207.

Frost at Midnight, 126.

Garden of Boccaccio, The, 204.
Genevieve, 1.
Gentle Look, The, 23.
Gentleman [Wordsworth], To a, 176, 525.
German, From the, 143.
German Language, Sun and Moon in the, 449.
German Poet, From an old, 449.
German Student's Album, Lines in a, 444.
Glycine's Song in *Zapolya*, 186, 422.
Godwin, Sonnet to W., 41.
Good, great Man, The, 169.
Graves, The Three, 85.
Greek and English compared, Brevity of the, 462.
Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, 476.
Grenville, Talleyrand to Lord, 151.

Happiness, 17.
Happy Husband, The, 178.
Hazlitt, Epitaph on William, 446.
Heath, Inscription for a Fountain on a, 169.
Hendecasyllables, Catullian, 140.
Heraclitus, Translation from, 464.
Hexameter described and exemplified, The Homeric, 140.
Hexameters addressed to W. and D. Wordsworth, 137.
Higginbottom, Sonnets of Nehemiah, 110.
Homeless, 171.
Homeric Hexameter, The, 140.
Home-sick, 146.
Honor [*i.e.* 'Philedon'], 16.
Hope, The Visionary, 171.
Hope, Work without, 203.
Hort, To the Rev. W. J., 44.
Hour when we shall meet again, The, 47.
House-dog's Collar, For a, 448.
Human Life, A sober Statement of, 473.
Human Life, On the Denial of Immortality, 186.
Humility the Mother of Charity, 208.
Hunting Song in *Zapolya*, 186, 437.
Husband, The Happy, 178.
Hymn, A, 185.
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni, 165, 521.
Hymn to the Earth, 138.
Hymns—Moon, 457.

Ideal Object, Constancy to an, 172.
Ideas, Association of, 466.
Imitation, On, 17.
Imitations, 28.
Immortality, Human Life, On the Denial of, 186.
Improvisatore, The, 200.
Infant, Epitaph on an ['Ere sin could blight'], 145.
Infant, Epitaph on an ['Its balmy lips'], 145.
Infant, To an, 44.
Infant which died before Baptism, On an, 145.
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath, 169.
Inscription for a Time-piece, 181.
Inscription in Nether-Stowey Church (Translation), 83.
Inside the Coach, 10.
Insignificant, On an, 443.
Invocation, An, 10.
Irving, To Edward, 465.
Israel's Lament, 187.

Job's Luck, 444.
Julia, 4.

Kayser of Kaserwerth, To the young Artist, 209.
Keepsake, The, 154.
Kepler, Epigram on, 461.
Kindness, Profuse, 468.
Kiss, The, 30.
Kisses, 23.
Knight's Tomb, The, 190.
Koskiusko, Sonnet to, 39.
Kubla Khan, 94.

La Fayette, Sonnet to, 39.
Lady offended by a sportive observation, To a, 181.
Lady weeping, On a, 12.
Lesbia, To (Catullus), 28.
Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt, 27.
Life, 7.
Life, Human, on the Denial of Immortality, 186.
Life? What is, 173.
Limbo, 189.
Lime-tree Bower my Prison, This, 92.
Linley, Esq., Lines to Wm., 155.
Lloyd, Poems to, 67, 68.
Lloyd, Sonnet to, 68.
Love, 135.
Love and Friendship opposite, 207.
Love, a Sword, 195.
Love, Farewell to, 173.
Love, Hope, and Patience in Education, 206.
Lover's Complaint, A, 20.
Lover's Resolution, The Picture, or the, 162.
Love's Apparition and Evanishment, 208.
Love's Blindness, Reason for, 181.
Love's Burial-Place, 209.
Love's First Hope, 193.

Mad Monk, The, 156.
Mahomet, 139.
'Man of Ross, The,' Lines to, 33.
Marini, Sonnet from, 172.

Market-Clock, For a, 181.
Mathematical Problem, A, 13.
Melancholy: a Fragment, 34.
Melancholy Letter, Lines to a Friend in Answer to a, 43.
Metre, Experiments in, 470.
Metrical Feet, a Lesson for a Boy, 140.
Milton, Adaptation of, 473.
Minstrel, A Stranger, 155.
Miser, Epitaph on a Mercenary, 448.
Moles [included in 'Limbo'], 189.
Monk, The Mad, 156.
Monody on a Tea-Kettle, 12.
Monody on the Death of Chatterton—First Version, 8; Latest Version, 61.
Moon, Sonnet to the Autumnal, 3.
Morgan, To Mrs., and her Sister, 179.
Moriens Superstiti, 29.
Morienti Superstes, 29.
Μωροσοφία, or Wisdom in Folly, 449.
Motto for a Transparency, 450.
Muse, To the, 5.
Music, 10.
Mutual Passion, 143.

NAMES, 144.
Napoleon, 423.
Narcissus, To a certain Modern, 447.
Nature, To, 190.
Ne plus ultra, 199.
Nehemiah Higginbottom, Sonnets of, 110.
Nightingale, The, A Conversation Poem, 131.
Nightingale, To the, 45.
Night-Scene, The, 183.
Nil pejus est cælibe vitâ, 2.
Ninathóma, The Complaint of, 20.
Nonsense Sapphics, 465.
Nose, The, 5.
Not at Home, 207.

OSORIO: a Tragedy, 479.
Ossian, Imitated from, 20.
Otter, To the River, 23.
Ottfried, Translation from, 144.
Ovidian Elegiac Metre, The, 140.

PAIN, 11.
Pains of Sleep, The, 170.
Pang more sharp than all, The, 182.
Parent, To a Proud, 445.
Parliamentary Oscillators, 36.
Passion, Mutual, 143.
Phantom, 172.
Phantom or Fact? 207.
Philedon, 16.
Piccolomini, The, 226.
Picture, The, or the Lover's Resolution, 162.
Pindar, Translation from, 464.
Pitt, Sonnet on, 40.
Pixies, Songs of the, 21.
Poem, To a Friend with an Unfinished, 37.
Pondere non numero, 447.
Poole, Lines to Thomas, 459.
Prayer, A Child's Evening, 175.
Premiers and First Consuls, A Hint to, 446.
Pridham, To Mary, 203.
Priestley, Sonnet on, 39.
Primrose, To a, 64.
Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, Greek, 476.
Profuse Kindness, 468.
Progress of Vice, 8.
Published, To one who, in Print what had been entrusted to him by my Fireside, 448.
Pye, To Mr., 444.

QUÆ nocent docent, 4.

RAIN, An Ode to the, 168.
Raven, The, 18, 475.
Reader of his own Verses, On a, 444.
Reason for Love's Blindness, 181.
Recantation, illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox, 133.
Recantation, The [*i.e.* 'France: an Ode'], 124.
Recollection, 566.
Recollections of Love, 178.
Reflections on having left a place of Retirement, 52.
Religious Musings, 53.
REMORSE, 360.
Remorse, Prologue and Epilogue to, 547.
Reproof and Reply, The, 191.
Revisiting the Sea-shore, On, 159.
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The, 95, 512.
'Robbers, The,' To the Author of, 34.
ROBESPIERRE, THE FALL OF, 211.
Rose, The, 23.
Ross, Lines written at the King's Arms, 33.
Ruined House in a romantic Country, On a, 111.
Rumford, Count, 64.

SABBATH-DAY, 456.
Saddleback, A Thought suggested by a View of, 175.
Sancti Dominici Pallium, a Dialogue, 198.
Schiller, Sonnet to, 34.
School for College, Sonnet on quitting, 15.
Sea-shore, On revisiting the, 159.
Self-knowledge, 208.
Self-love, Duty surviving, 197
Sentimental, 451.
Separation, 175.
Sheridan, Sonnet to R. B., 42.

Shipwreck, To a Lady with Falconer's, 185.
Shurton Bars, Lines written at, 47.
Siddons, Sonnet on Mrs., 41.
Sigh, The, 29.
Silver Thimble, The, 51.
Simplicity, To, 110.
Singer, On a Bad, 445.
Sister, On seeing a Youth affectionately welcomed by a, 13.
Sister's Death was inevitable, On receiving an Account that his only, 13.
Sisters, To Two, 179.
Slanderer, On a, 443.
Slave Trade, Greek Prize Ode on the, 476.
Sleep, The Pains of, 170.
Snow-drop, The, 158.
Sober Statement of Human Life, A, 473.
Solitude, Fears in, 127.
Something childish, but very natural, 146.
Song, *ex improviso*, 206.
Songs of the Pixies, 21.
Sonnet to a Friend who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me, 66.
Sonnets attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers, 110.
Sonnets on Eminent Characters, 38.
Sonnets on receiving news of the Birth of a Son, 66.
Southey, Sonnet to Robert, 42.
Southwell, Robert, Adaptation of, 473.
Spenser, Lines in the Manner of, 46.
Spring in a Village, Lines to a beautiful, 24.
Stanhope, Sonnet to Earl, 43.
Stanhope, Sonnet to Lord, 42.
Starling, The Death of the [Catullus], 29.
Stranger Minstrel, A, 155.
Stripling's War-Song, The British, 141.
Suicide's Argument, The, and Nature's Answer, 182.
Sun, Spots in the, 450.
Sunset, A, 172.
Supper, Written after a Walk before, 44.

Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, 151.
Tea-Kettle, Monody on a, 12.
Tears of a grateful People, 188.
Tell's Birth-place, 142.
Thimble, The Silver, 51.
Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland, 175.
Three Graves, The, 85.
Time, Real and Imaginary, 187.
Time-piece, Inscription for a, 181.
To ——, 64.
Tombless Epitaph, A, 180.
Tombstone, The two round Spaces on the, 157.
Tooke, Verses addressed to J. Horne, 65.
Tranquillity, Ode to, 159.
Translation from Pindar, 464; Heraclitus, 464.
Translation of a Passage in Ottfried's Gospel, 144.
Translation of Latin Verses by Wrangham, 30.
Transparency, Motto for, 450.
Trevenen, In the Album of Miss, 206.
Two Founts, The, 196.
Two round Spaces on the Tombstone, The, 157.
Two Sisters, To, 179.

Unfinished Poem, To a Friend together with an, 37.
Unfortunate, An, 32.
Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre, To an, 32.
Unfortunate Woman whom the Author had known in the Days of her Innocence, To an, 32.

Vice, Progress of, 8.
Village, Lines to a beautiful Spring in a, 24.
Virgin's Cradle Hymn, The, 181.
Visionary Hope, The, 171.
Visit of the Gods, The, 142.

Wallenstein, 226.
Wallenstein, The Death of, 305.
Wanderings of Cain, The, 112.
War-Song, The British Stripling's, 141.
Water Ballad, 143.
Welsh, Imitated from the, 33.
Westphalian Song, 143.
Wills of the Wisp, The, 460.
Wisdom in Folly, 449.
Wish, A, 19.
Wordsworth, *Ad Vilmum Axiologum*, 138.
Wordsworth, Dejection: an Ode (addressed to), 159, 522.
Wordsworth, Hexameters addressed to William and Dorothy, 137.
Wordsworth, To William, Composed on the night after his recitation of a poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind, 176, 525.
Work without Hope, 203, 643.

Young Ass, To a, 35, 477.
Young Lady, To a, on her Recovery from a Fever, 131.
Young Lady, To a vain, 448.
Young Lady, To a, with a Poem on the French Revolution, 6.
Young Man of Fortune, Addressed to a, 68.
Youth affectionately welcomed by a Sister, On seeing a, 13.
Youth and Age, 191.

Zapolya: a Christmas Tale, 399.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

An asterisk (*) indicates that the verses are now printed or collected for the first time.

A BIRD, who for his other sins, 195.
A blessed lot hath he, who having passed, 81.
A chance may win that by mischance was lost, 473.
A green and silent spot, amid the hills, 127.
*A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,' 451.
A joke (cries Jack) without a sting, 445.
A little further, O my father, 113.
A long deep lane so overshadow'd, 455.
A lovely form there sate beside my bed, 207.
A low dead Thunder mutter'd thro' the night, 462.
*A maniac in the woods, 456.
A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep, 67.
A poor benighted Pedlar knock'd, 448.
*A sumptuous and magnificent Revenge, 461.
A sunny shaft did I behold, 186, 422.
A sworded man whose trade is blood, 175.
A wind that with Aurora hath abiding, 469.
Admire they know not what, 473.
Ah! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life! 44.
Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams, 185.
All are not born to soar—and ah! how few, 17.
All look and likeness caught from earth, 172.
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair, 203.
All thoughts, all passions, all delights, 135.
Almost awake? Why, what is this, and whence, 36.
An evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late! 447.
An excellent adage commands that we should, 450.
An Ox, long fed with musty hay, 133.
*And arrows steelled with wrath, 458.
*And cauldrons the scoop'd earth, a boiling sea, 454.
And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild! 149.
*And oft I saw him stray, 654.
*And re-implace God's Image in the Soul, 458.
*And snow whose hanging weight archeth some still deep river, 469.
*And this is your peculiar art, I know, 468.
And this place our forefathers made for men! 85.
And this reft house is that the which he built, 111.
*And with my whole heart sing the stately song, 457.
*And write Impromptus, 454.
*Are there two things, of all which men possess, 171.
As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking, 445.
As I am rhymer, 452.
As late each flower that sweetest blows, 23.
*As late in wreaths gay flowers I bound, 19.
As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain, 7.
As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale, 38.
As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine, 155.
As oft mine eye with careless glance, 51.
*As the appearance of a star, 469.
*As the tir'd savage, who his drowsy frame, 566.
As when a child on some long winter's night, 41.
As when far off the warbled strains are heard, 39.
*As when the new or full Moon urges, 462.
At midnight by the stream I roved, 27.
Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song, 70.
Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh, 43.

'BE, rather than be call'd, a child of God,' 145.
Behind the thin grey cloud that cover'd, 456.
*Behold yon row of pines, that shorn and bow'd, 463.
Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun, 174.
*Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie, 446.
*Beneath this thorn when I was young, 85.
Beneath yon birch with silver bark, 136.
*Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve, 472.
**Bowed spirit*, 457.
*Bright clouds of reverence, sufferably bright, 469.

Britons! when last ye met, with distant streak, 65.
Broad-breasted Pollards, with broad-branching heads, 456.
Broad-breasted rock—hanging cliff that glasses, 453.

Call the World Spider; and at fancy's touch, 465.
Charles, grave or merry, at no lie would stick, 447.
Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first, 66.
Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand, 207.
χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν, ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν, 463.
'Come hither, gently rowing,' 143.
Come; your opinion of my manuscript! 449.
*Complained of, complaining, there shov'd, and here shoving, 637.
Cupid, if storying Legends tell aright, 23.

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween, 69.
Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West! 23.
Dear tho' unseen! tho' hard has been my lot, 203.
Deep in the gulph of Guilt and Woe, 8.
Depart in joy from this world's noise and strife, 83.
Desire of pure Love born, itself the same, 644.
Dewdrops are the gems of morning, 639.
Didst thou think less of thy dear self, 448.
Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar, 47.
*Dim specks of entity, 455.
*Discontent mild as an infant, 455.
Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come, 447.
Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove, 170.
Doris can find no taste in tea, 444.
Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet, 181.
*Due to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power, 454.

Each Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf! 449.
Each crime that once estranges from the virtues, 468.
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother, 138.
Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan, 35.
Encinctured with a twine of leaves, 113.
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, 170.
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, 175.
Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade, 145.
Ere the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no, 182.
*Est meum et est tuum, amice! et si amborum nequit esse, 460.
Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus, 463.

Farewell, parental scenes! a sad farewell! 15.
Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth, 173.
*Fear thou no more, thou timid Flower! 158.
'Fie, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this be you?' 191.
*Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant? 466.
For she had lived in this bad world, 455.
Frail creatures are we all! To be the best, 208.
*Friend, Lover, Husband, Sister, Brother! 171.
Friend of the wise! and Teacher of the Good! 176.
*Friend pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt, 465.
*Friends should be *weigh'd*, not *told*; who boasts to have won, 447.
From his brimstone bed at break of day, 147, 621.
From me, Aurelia! you desired, 448.
*From the Miller's mossy wheel, 456.
*From yonder tomb of recent date, 443.

Gently I took that which ungently came, 208.
Γνῶθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime, 208.
*God and the World we worship both together, 471.
God be with thee, gladsome Ocean! 159.
God no distance knows, 454.
God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all, 210.
Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire, 450.
Good verse *most* good, and bad verse then seems better, 47.
Grant me a patron, gracious Heaven! whene'er, 458.
*Great goddesses are they to lazy folks, 465.
*Great things such as the Ocean counterfeit infinity, 458.

*Hartley fell down and hurt himself, 456. [521
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star, 165
He too has flitted from his secret nest, 182.
Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story! 140.
Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell, 379.
Heard'st thou yon universal cry, 6.
Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony, 10.
Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe, 68.
Her attachment may differ from yours in degree 207.
*Here lies a Poet; or what once was he, 645.
Here lies the Devil—ask no other name, 447.
*Here sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming, 450.

'Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses, 465.
Hippona lets no silly flush, 445.
*His native accents to her stranger's ear, 467.
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead, 462.
Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse, 444.
How long will ye round me be swelling, 20.
How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits, 169.
*How sweet, when crimson colours dart, 470.
How warm this woodland wild recess! 178.
Hush! ye clamorous Cares! be mute! 44.

I ASK'D my fair one happy day, 144.
*I have experienced the worst the world can wreak on me, 462.
I have heard of reasons manifold, 181.
I heard a voice from Etna's side, 156.
I hold of all our viperous race, 445.
I know it is dark; and though I have lain, 168.
I love, and he loves me again, 143.
I mix in life, and labour to seem free, 64.
I never saw the man whom you describe, 83.
I note the moods and feelings men betray, 198.
I sigh, fair injured stranger! for thy fate, 69.
*I speak in figures, inward thoughts and woes, 643.
*I stand alone, nor tho' my heart should break, 467.
I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw, 145.
I too a sister had! too cruel Death! 13.
*I touch this scar upon my skull behind, 466.
*I yet remain to mourn the hours of youth, 474.
*Idly we supplicate the Powers above, 644.
If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom, 186.
If I had but two little wings, 146.
If Love be dead, 209.
If Pegasus will let thee only ride him, 13.
If the guilt of all lying consists in deceit, 443.
If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light! 146.
If while my passion I impart, 33.
Imagination; honourable aims, 174.
In a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer, 457.
In darkness I remain'd—the neighbour's clock, 454.
In Köhln, a town of monks and bones, 452.
In many ways does the full heart reveal, 183.
*In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes, 452.
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column, 140.
*In this world we dwell among the tombs, 455.
In vain I praise thee, Zoïlus! 448.
In vain we supplicate the Powers above, 209.
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 94.
*Into my Heart, as 'twere some magic glass, 637.
Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear? 182.
It is an ancient Mariner, 95, 521.
It may indeed be phantasy when I, 190.
It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breathed, 42.
Its balmy lips the infant blest, 145.

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing, 444.
Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground, 463.
Jem writes his verses with more speed, 444.
Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace, 4.

KAYSER! to whom, as to a second self, 209.
Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow, 143.

*LADY, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same! 172.
'Lætus abi! mundi strepitu curisque remotus,' 83.
Last Monday all the papers said, 452.
Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon, 159.
*Let clumps of earth, however glorified, 469.
*Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar, 461.
*Let us not blame him: for against such chances, 460.
*Light cargoes waft of modulated sound, 453.
Like a lone Arab, old and blind, 208.
Like a mighty Giantess seiz'd in sore travail, 455.
*Little Daisy—very late spring. March, 453.
*Little Miss Fanny, 467.
*Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves, 19.
Love would remain the same if true, 200.
*Lov'd the same Love, and hated the same hate, 458.
Lovely gems of radiance meek, 12.
Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose, 52.
Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion! 460.

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow, 32.
Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve! 1, 561.
Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-robed Truth, 30.
Mark this holy chapel well! 142.
*Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune play'd, 167.
Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night! 3.
*Money, I've heard a wise man say, 451.
Most candid critic, what if I, 447.
Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn! 187.
Much on my early youth I love to dwell, 6.
Muse that late sang another's poignant pain, 12.
*Must there be still some discord mixt among, 472.
My eyes make pictures, when they are shut, 179.
My father confessor is strict and holy, 450.
My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains, 40.

*My heart seraglios a whole host of joys, 454.
*My irritable fears all sprang from Love, 460.
My Lesbia, let us love and live, 28.
My Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation, 151.
My Maker! of thy power the trace, 185.
My Merry men all, that drink with glee, 446.
My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined, 49.
Myrtle-leaf that, ill besped, 32.

*NATURE wrote Rascal on his face, 455.
Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave? 181.
Near the lone pile with ivy overspread, 31.
Never, believe me, 142.
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day, 131.
*No doleful faces here, no sighing, 443.
No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope, 198.
No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high, 461.
No private grudge they need, no personal spite, 451.
Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest, 148.
Nor travels my meandering eye, 47.
Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew, 40.
Not her's to win the sense by words of rhetoric, 464.
Not, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name, 43.
Now! it is gone.—Our brief hours travel post, 181.
Now prompts the Muse poetic lays, 8.

*O BEAUTY in a beauteous body dight! 461.
*O blessed Letters! that combine in one, 472.
*O! Christmas Day, O gloomy day, 171.
*O! Christmas Day, Oh! happy day, 171.
O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind! 193.
O form'd t' illume a sunless world forlorn, 41.
*O Friend! O Teacher! God's great gift to me! 525.
O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity*! 110.
O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease, 190.
O leave the lily on its stem, 612.
*O man! thou half-dead Angel! 458.
O meek attendant of Sol's setting blaze, 11.
O Peace, that on a lilied bank dost love, 46.
*Ὦ σκότω πύλας, Θάνατε, προλείπων, 476.
*O! Superstition is the giant shadow, 469.
O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more, 24.
*O th' Oppressive, irksome weight, 461.
O! what a life is the eye! 138.
O what a loud and fearful shriek was there, 39.
O what a wonder seems the fear of death, 61.
O would the Baptist come again, 444.
*O'er the raised earth the gales of evening sigh, 459.
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule, 206.
Of him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie, 446.
Of late, in one of those most weary hours, 204.
Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee, 178.
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll. 66.
*Oh! might my ill-past hours return again! 4.
Old age, 'the shape and messenger of Death. 454.
Old Harpy jeers at castles in the air, 448.
On a given finite line, 14.
On stern Blencartha's perilous height, 175.
On the broad mountain-top, 455.
On the wide level of a mountain's head, 187.
On wide or narrow scale shall Man, 17.
*Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee! 470.
Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze, 11.
Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near, 24.
One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sighed, 30.
Oppress'd, confused, with grief and pain, 188.
Our English poets, bad and good, agree, 449.
*Outmalice Calumny's imposthum'd tongue, 454.

PAINS ventral, subventral, 452.
Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn! 32.
Parry seeks the Polar ridge, 451.
*Pass under Jack's window at twelve at night 447.
Pensive at eve on the hard world I mus'd, 110.
Perish warmth unfaithful to its seeming! 454.
*Phidias changed marble into feet and legs, 466.
Pity! mourn in plaintive tone, 29.
*Poetry without egotism, comparatively uninteresting, 454.
Poor little foal of an oppressed race! 35, 477.
*Promptress of unnumber'd sighs, 27.

QUÆ linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt meâ. Sordes, 210.

*REPEATING such verse as Bowles, 459.
Resembles life what once was deem'd of light, 173.
Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards, 33, 570.
*Rid of a vexing and a heavy load, 474.
*Rush on my ear, a cataract of sound, 454.

SAD lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling, 171.
*Say what you will, Ingenious Youth! 443.
Scarce any scandal, but has a handle, 448.
Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die, 34.
Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng, 3.

She gave with joy her virgin breast, 144.
Since all that beat about in Nature's range, 172.
Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel! 45.
Sisters! sisters! who sent you here? 111.
Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling, 181.
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions, 444.
*Sole maid, associate sole, to me beyond, 461.
Sole Positive of Night! 199.
Southey! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear, 42.
Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time! 79.
Splendour's fondly-foster'd child! 149.
*Stanhope! I hail, with ardent Hymn, thy name! 42.
Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God, 210, 645.
Stop, Christian Visitor! Stop, Child of God, 645.
Stretch'd on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall, 34.
Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows, 140.
Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye, 455.
*Such love as mourning Husbands have, 460.
Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing, 445.
Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem, 63.
Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled, 45.
*Sweet Muse! companion of my every hour! 10.

TELL me, on what holy ground, 33.
*Terrible and loud as the strong Voice, 455.
That darling of the Tragic Muse, 31.
That France has put us oft to rout, 449.
That Jealousy may rule a mind, 207.
'The angel's like a flea,' 466.
*The builder left one narrow rent, 461.
The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made, 185.
The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar, 260.
The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning, 648.
The Devil believes that the Lord will come, 157.
*The dubious light sad glimmers o'er the sky, 20.
The early year's fast-flying vapours stray, 64.
The fervid Sun had more than halved the day, 16.
The Frost performs its secret ministry, 126.
The grapes upon the Vicar's wall, 88.
*The guilty pomp, consuming while it flares, 454.
The hour-bell sounds, and I must go, 29.
The indignant Bard composed this furious ode, 10.
*The merry nightingale that crowds, and hurries, 456.
The mild despairing of a heart resigned, 455.
*The Moon, how definite its orb! 469.
*The never-bloomless Furze, 456.
The piteous sobs that choke the virgin's breath, 68.
*The Pleasures sport beneath the thatch, 459.
The Poet in his lone yet genial hour, 460.
*The quick raw flesh that burneth in the wound, 454.
*The recluse hermit ofttimes more doth know, 471.
The rose that blushes like the morn, 451.
The shepherds went their hasty way, 150.
*The singing Kettle and the purring Cat, 461.
*The sole true Something—This, in Limbo's Den, 189.
The solemn-breathing air is ended, 28.
The stream with languid murmur creeps, 20.
*The subtle snow in every breeze, 456.
*The Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink), 454.
'The Sun is not yet risen,' 193.
*The sunshine lies on the cottage-wall, 456.
*The swallows interweaving there, 455.
The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry, 13.
The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil, 154.
*The tongue can't speak when the mouth is cramm'd with earth, 457.
*Then we may thank ourselves, 473.
*There are two births, the one when Light, 467.
There comes from old Avaro's grave, 443.
*There in some darksome shade, 470.
*These, Emmeline, are not the journies, 467.
These, Virtue, are thy triumphs, that adorn, 64.
They shrink in as moles, 189.
*This be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo! 138.
This day among the faithful placed, 83.
This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case, 463.
This is the time, when most divine to hear, 53.
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees, 169.
This way or that, ye Powers above me! 451.
*This yearning heart (Love! witness what I say), 467.
Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker, 44.
Tho' no bold flights to thee belong, 5.
Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress, 34.
Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile, 23.
*Though friendships differ endless *in degree*, 468.
Though roused by that dark Vizir Riot rude, 39.
Though veiled in spires of myrtle-wreath, 195.
Three truths should make thee often think and pause, 446.
Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood, 162.
Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme, 37.

Thy babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name, 445.
Thy lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast, 445.
Thy smiles I note, sweet early flower, 64.
*Thy stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow, 458.
'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place, 189.
'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try, 10.
*'Tis mine and it is likewise your's, 460.
'Tis not the lily-brow I prize, 206.
'Tis sweet to him who all the week, 146.
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, 116.
'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane! 180.
To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part, 179, 636.
To praise men as good, and to take them for such, 468.
*To tempt the dangerous deep, too venturous youth, 1.
*To wed a fool, I really cannot see, 447.
Tom Slothful talks, as slothful Tom beseems, 449.
Tranquillity! thou better name, 159.
Trŏchĕe trips frŏm lōng tŏ shŏrt, 140.
*Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way, 465.
'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be, 196.
*'Twas not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud, 469.
'Twas sweet to know it only possible, 456.
Two things hast thou made known to half the nation, 448.
*Two wedded hearts if ere were such, 461.

Unboastful Bard! whose verse concise yet clear, 50.
Unchanged within, to see all changed without, 197, 642.
*Under the arms of a goodly oak-tree, 475.
Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie, 446.
Underneath a huge oak tree, 18.
*Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk, 31.
Unperishing youth! 141.
Up, up! ye dames, and lasses gay! 186, 437.
*Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting, 172.
Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed, 139.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying, 191.
*Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay, 206.
Virtues and Woes alike too great for man, 20.

We ask and urge—(here ends the story!), 461.
We both attended the same College, 444.
We pledg'd our hearts, my love and I, 144.
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made, 159, 523.
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain, 92.
We'll live together, like two neighbour vines, 200.
*We've conquer'd us a Peace, like lads true metalled, 450.
*We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last, 450.
What? rise again with *all* one's bones? 444.
What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal! 468.
What boots to tell how o'er his grave, 468.
What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole, 447.
*What never is but only is to be, 467.
*What now, O Man! thou dost or mean'st to do, 181.
*What pleasures shall he ever find? 2.
What statesmen scheme, and soldiers work, 626.
What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus, 451.
When British Freedom for a happier land, 38.
*When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt, 462.
When Surface talks of other people's worth, 450.
When they did greet me father, sudden awe, 66.
When thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still, 448.
When thou to my true-love com'st, 143.
When Youth his faery reign began, 29.
Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee, 466.
*Wherefore art thou come? 454.
*Where'er I find the Good, the True, the Fair, 469.
*Where Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles, 454.
Where graced with many a classic spoil, 15.
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn? 190.
Where true Love burns, Desire is Love's pure flame, 465.
While my young cheek retains its healthful hues, 155.
Whom the untaught Shepherds call, 21.
Why need I say, Louisa dear! 131.
*William, my teacher, my friend! dear William and dear Dorothea! 137.
*Wisdom, Mother of retired Thought, 455.
With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots, 190.
With many a pause and oft reverted eye, 46.
*With many a weary step at length I gain, 33.
*With secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound, 454.

With skill that never Alchemist yet told, 458.
*Within my Heart, the magic child, 637.
Within these circling hollies, wood-bine clad, 460.
Within these wilds was Anna wont to rove, 11.

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause, 124.
Ye drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free, 445.
*Ye harp-controlling hymns! 464.
Ye souls unused to lofty verse, 5.
Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat high, 141.
Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat, 202.
Yet art thou happier far than she, 29.
*Yon row of bleak and visionary pines, 463.
*You come from o'er the waters, 470.
You loved the daughter of Don Manrique? 183.
Your Poem must *eternal* be, 444.
*You're careful o'er your wealth, 'tis true, 443.

THE END

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